

TRIUMPHANT PRAISES

A Collection of

SONGS

FOR USE IN

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP

EDITED BY

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK
AND H. L. GILMOUR

HALL-MACK CO.

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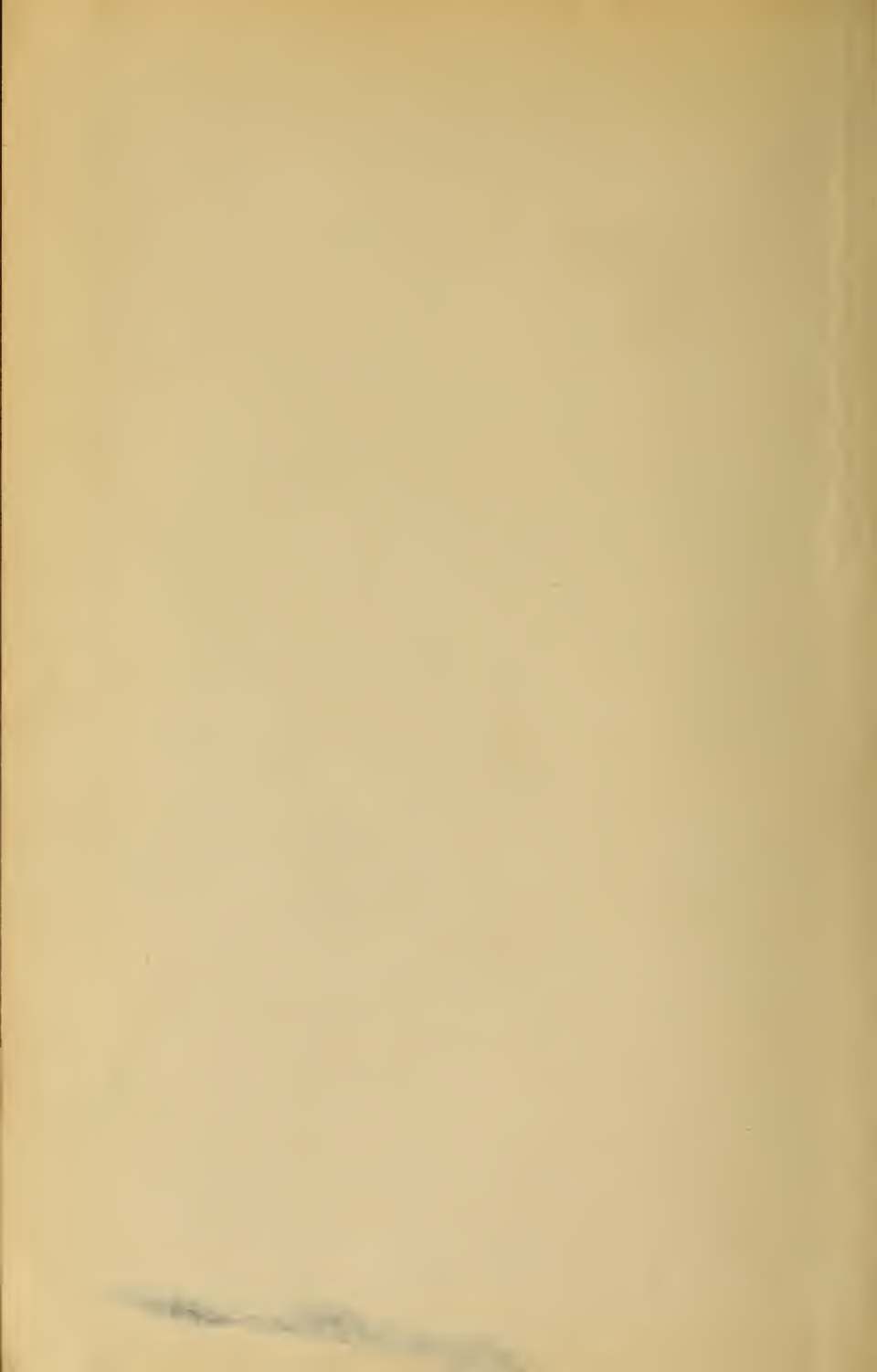
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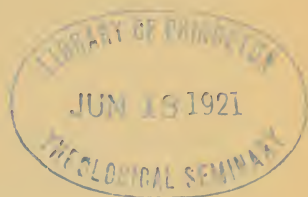
Section

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Miss E. Jessie Spooner.



TRIUMPHANT PRAISES.



FOR USE IN
MEETINGS OF CHRISTIAN
WORSHIP.



EDITED BY
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. H. L. GILMOUR.

HALL-MACK COMPANY,
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PREFACE.

To the many who look forward to our annual summer song book, we present TRIUMPHANT PRAISES, believing that we are giving the best of a successful series of books.

The editors have been assisted by contributions from the following writers: J. LINCOLN HALL, C. AUSTIN MILES, MAURICE A. CLIFTON, W. A. POST, HOWARD E. SMITH, and many others, thus giving a greater variety than ever before. The words have been carefully selected. Every poem has been made to stand the strictest criticism.

THE PUBLISHERS.

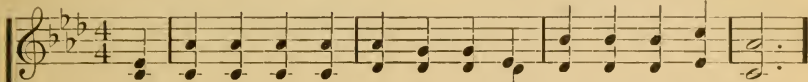
Philadelphia, June, 1901.

TRIUMPHANT PRAISES.

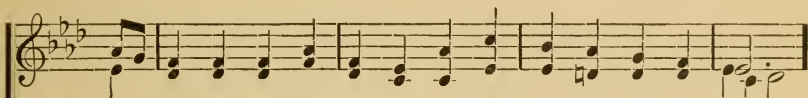
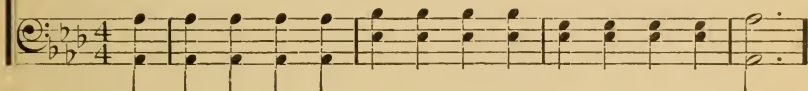
SEND THY BLESSING.

IRVIN H. MACK.

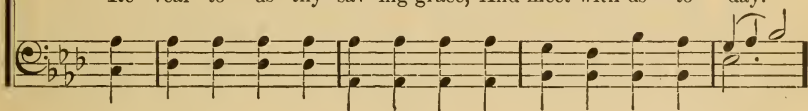
MAURICE A. CLIFTON.



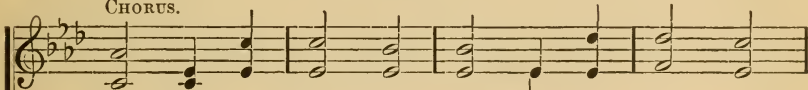
1. We come be-fore thy throne to-day, Thy promised presence claim;
2. We know that thou art pres-ent here, Thy grace to us re-veal;
3. O send to us thy quick'ning pow'r, All guilt and dross remove;
4. Ac-cept the homage that we bring, O Lord, we humbly pray;



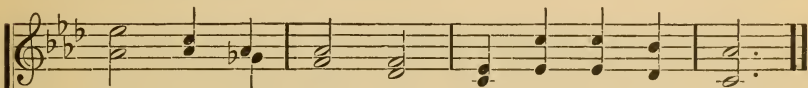
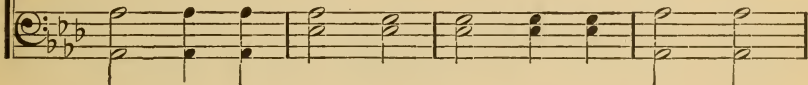
O come and en-ter now our hearts, And set our souls a - flame.
We fain would know thy blessed will, Thy ho - ly presence feel.
O let our waiting hearts be filled, Dear Saviour, with thy love.
Re-veal to us thy sav-ing grace, And meet with us to - day.



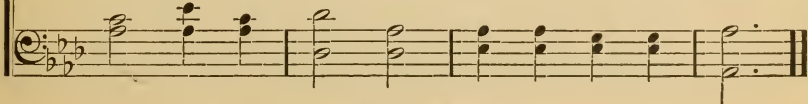
CHORUS.



Lord, send thy bless - ing, Lord, send thy bless - ing,



Lord, send thy bless - ing On our wait - ing souls.



No. 4.

THIS IS A FAITHFUL SAYING.

E. E. HEWITT.

GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the precious gospel sto - ry, Told to sinners long a - go;
 2. Now ac - cept this "faithful say - ing," Let it draw you to his feet;
 3. All your sins shall be for - giv - en, Washed in Calv'ry's stream to-day;
 4. Grasp a - new this "faithful say - ing," Trusting Jesus, doubt no more;
 5. Free - ly take the great sal - va - tion Bought up - on the cross for you;

O what comfort, O what glo - ry, From this blessed truth shall flow.
 Come to him, no more de - lay - ing, Find in him deliverance sweet.
 All your fet - ters shall be riv - en, All your darkness flee a - way.
 Pressing onward, watch - ing, pray - ing, En - ter ev - 'ry o - pen door.
 Bow the heart in a - dor - a - tion, Give your life in service true.

CHORUS. 1 Tim. 1: 15.

"This is a faithful say - ing, This is a faithful say - ing, This is a faithful

say - ing, And worthy of all ac - cep - ta - tion, That Christ Je - sus came, That

Christ Jesus came, That Christ Jesus came into the world to save sin - ners."

No. 5. THE ROYAL, CRIMSON FOUNTAIN.

J. B. MACKAY.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. From the heights of Calv'ry's mountain, O'er the earth extending wide, Flows a
 2. O, the crimson fount is flowing For the soul all stained with sin, Pure and
 3. In the cur-rent of this fountain, So exhaustless, wide and free, When I

royal, crimson fountain, Opened in the Saviour's side. He who, on his name be-
 spot-less hearts bestowing Unto all who enter in; For so wondrous is its
 found my sins forgiv-en, O what joy there came to me! For I felt an arm be-

liev-ing, Plunges deep beneath the flow, Life, eternal life, receiving, Rises
 power That, tho' scarlet be your stains, When you plunge, that selfsame hour, Not one
 neath me, And I heard a voice divine, Saying, "Fear not; I am with thee, I've re-

CHORUS.

washed as white as snow.
 blot of sin re-mains. } O the blood, the precious blood, I have
 deemed thee, thou art mine." }

plunged beneath the flow; In the royal, crimson fountain I've been washed as white as snow.

No. 6. I WILL SING AND TELL THE STORY.

HARRIET E. JONES.

Psalms 66: 16.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I will sing and tell the sto-ry, what the Lord has done for me; Since I
 2. He has held me in his keeping, thro' the toil-ing of the years, E-ven
 3. He has been my strong pavilion when my foes were like a flood, And has
 4. He has shared with me my burdens ev-'ry day and ev-'ry hour, Speaking

plunged beneath the fount with healing rife; From the sins that once enslaved me, he most
 when I grieved and sometimes slighted him; To his side again he led me, with the
 raised the standard promised in his word; With a lov-ing hand is a-ble, in their
 "peace, be still" when storms around me roll, Lends an ear to each petition, is in

D.S.—He is near to aid, and guide me, what-so

graciously has saved me, And my name is written in the book of life.
 bread of life he fed me, And restored the hope and faith fast growing dim.
 midst to spread a ta-ble, Makes my cup of joy run o-ver, praise the Lord.
 sick-ness my phy-si-cian, He's the blessed strength and refuge of my soul.

FINE.

ev - er may be - tide me, 'Till I reach the promised mansion built above.

CHORUS.

I will sing and tell the sto - ry, all my pil - grim way a - long;

Of my ev - er bless - ed Saviour and his love, prec-ious love.

D.S.

No. 7.

ON, ON, ON!

Rev. F. L. SNYDER.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

Tempo di marche.

1. On, on, on! Ye sol-diers of the Lord, Have in hand the
 2. On, on, on! Ye sol-diers of the Lord, 'Gainst the foe be
 3. On, on, on! Ye sol-diers of the Lord, You will have a

glo-rious gos-pel sword; On, on, on! To fight against the foe
 join'd in one ac-cord, Fighting on; the vic-to-ry is sure
 sure and rich re-ward, When the fight is end-ed here be-low,

CHORUS.

Trust-ing Je-sus as you go. }
 Trust-ing him for-ev-er-more. } On, on, on! Ye soldiers of the Lord,
 You will home to Je-sus go.

On, on, on! Keep step with one ac-cord; Fight-ing for your

Captain with an ar-my vast Vic-to-ry will come at last.

No. 8. WHEN THE BOOKS ARE OPENED.

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. When earth and sea shall pass a - way, And time shall cease to be,
 2. Be - fore the throne we all shall stand, All joy - ous or with fear;
 3. My name is in the Book of Life, Thro' Je - sus it is there;

We shall gather, great and small, At the angel's trumpet call To re-
 Thro' the Saviour's precious blood We may stand before our God And with
 And when all the dead shall rise, And we meet him in the skies, In the

CHORUS.

ceive our soul's e - ter - nal des - ti - ny. }
 rap - ture in his presence there ap - pear. } When the books are opened, When the
 glo - ry of my Saviour I shall share. }

books are opened In the presence of the great white throne; O the
 Hallelujah!

glorious meeting, O the joyous greeting, When the Lord shall welcome home his own.

No. 9.

NONE LIKE JESUS GIVES.

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. There's no peace like the peace that Je - sus gives; When the world is
 2. There's no rest like the rest that Je - sus gives, When the wea - ry
 3. There's no joy like the joy that Je - sus gives, No one else such

burdened with strife, Calm, blessed and pure, Undoubt - ed and sure, It is
 bur - dens I bear; On his loving breast, Content - ed and blest, I just
 joy can impart; Deep, deep in my soul The sweet joy-notes roll, And they

CHORUS.

fill - ing and still - ing my life. } The joy - bells are ringing, And my
 tell him and give him the care. }
 glad - den and light - en my heart. }

heart keeps singing, So hap - py and blest to - day; And peace without
 blest to-day;

measure, My soul's sure treasure, I find in Je - sus al - way.

No. 10. IN THE LOVE OF OUR REDEEMER.

E. E. HEWITT.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. There's a balm for ev - 'ry sor-row, there's a rose for ev - 'ry thorn;
 2. There's a bow for ev - 'ry storm-cloud, there's a star for ev - 'ry night,
 3. O to keep so close to Je - sus, thro' the Ho - ly Spir-it's power
 4. When the bat - tle shall be o - ver, and the ar - mor laid a - side,

There's a note of joy the wounded heart can sing; There's a stream that brings re-
 There's a staff to which the tremb'ling hand can cling; There's a light that shines in
 That our souls shall mount as if on ea-gle's wing; Then we'll meet life's trials
 We shall join the songs that thro' his pal-ace ring, We'll for-get the way we've

freshing to the spirit faint and worn, In the love of our Redeemer and our King.
 darkness, there's a morning pure and bright In the love of our Redeemer and our King,
 brave-ly o-ver-com-ing ev'ry hour, In the love of our Redeemer and our King.
 travell'd when we look upon our Guide, Praising Jesus, our Redeemer and our King.

CHORUS.

O what love, O what love, 'Tis a love that ho - ly
 redeeming love! redeeming love!

an-gels cannot sing; Wondrous love of our Redeemer, Priest and King.
 cannot sing.

No. 11.

THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

MRS. MARY R. TILDEN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sweet the refuge God secures me, Free from an-y rude a-larms,
 2. What tho' storms of grief assail me, Darkness veil the path I tread,
 3. When my feet draw near the river, Whose dark billows madly roll,

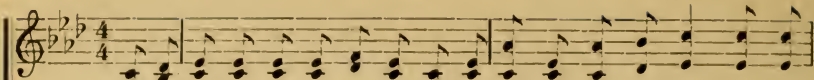
"Underneath," so he as-sures me, "Are the ev-er-lasting arms,"
 His great love can nev-er fail me, Underneath his arms are spread.
 His rich mercy shall de-liv-er And sustain my trusting soul.

CHORUS.

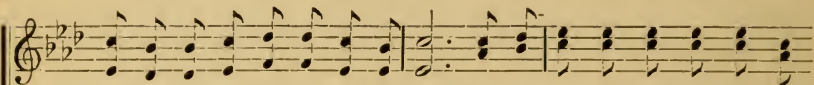
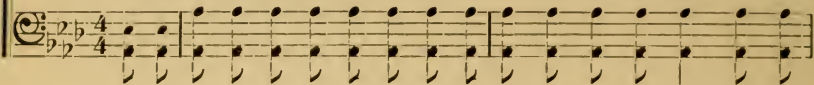
I am rest-ing, safely rest-ing, Sweetly resting on the
 I am resting, safely resting, resting, safely resting, Resting, safe-ly

ev-er-last-ing arms;..... I am rest-ing, safe-ly
 rest-ing on the ev-er-lasting arms; Resting, sweetly resting,

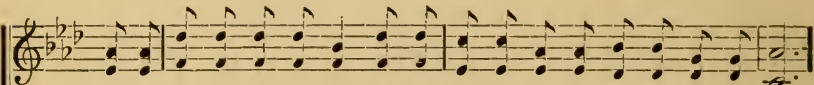
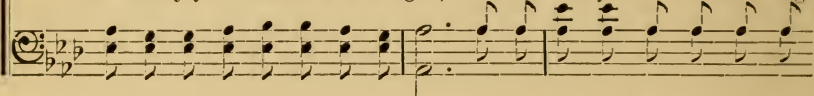
rest-ing, Sweetly resting on the ev-er-lasting arms.....
 resting, sweetly resting, Resting, sweetly resting on the ev-er-lasting arms.



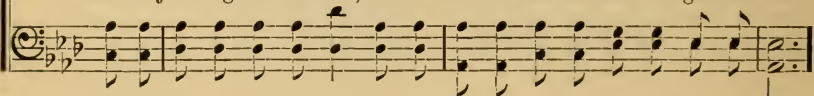
1. Since I'm saved and kept by Je-sus, with a joy-ful heart I sing While I
 2. Since the Saviour paid my ransom by his blood on Cal-va-ry, He hath
 3. Since I'm in the Mas-ter's keeping he hath giv-en peace and rest, In my



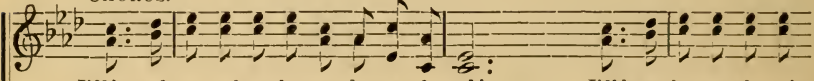
tell of him who died my soul to win, Knowing that thro' wondrous mer-cy
 ta-ken all my burden and my sin; He hath giv-en this as-sur-ance,
 heart the joys of heaven doth be-gin; In his mer-cy I am trust-ing



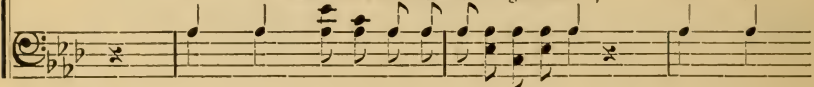
to his kingdom and his throne, I'll be welcome when the saved are gathered in.
 and I trust his blessed word, I'll be welcome when the saved are gathered in.
 and re-joic-ing in his love, I'll be welcome when the saved are gathered in.



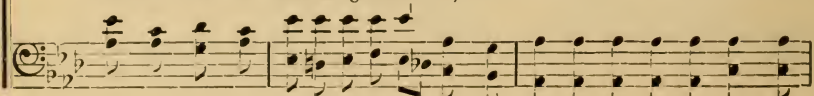
CHORUS.



I'll be welcome when the saved are gathered in, I'll be welcome when the
 I'll be welcome when the saved are gathered in, I'll be



saved are gathered in; Through the mer-cy of the Sav-iour, who
 welcome when the saved are gathered in;



I'LL BE WELCOME.—Concluded.

shows me grace and favor, I'll be welcome when the saved are gathered in.

No. 13. BEFORE THY DOOR HE'S STANDING.

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Be - fore thy door he's stand - ing, The night-damp on his locks ;
 2. Be - fore thy door he's stand - ing, While dark - er grows the night ;
 3. Be - fore thy door he's stand - ing, In all the cold and chill ;
 4. Be - fore thy door he's stand - ing, Now o - pen while you may ;

In soft - est voice he's call - ing, And gen - tly waits and knocks.
 Yet pa - tient - ly he's wait - ing, In all his King - ly might.
 With lov - ing voice he's plead - ing—And you re - fuse him still.
 The night wears on ; Oh, hast - en ! Lest he should turn a - way.

CHORUS.

Be-hold ! I stand at the door and knock ! " Arouse ! arouse ye with - in !

There's peace untold, Joys richer than gold, For all who let him in.

A heathen who had heard something of the Gospel, sought the missionary,
 E. E. HEWITT. saying, "tell me his name again." H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Tell me his name a-gain—won-der-ful name! Ho - ly and glo - ri - ous
 2. Tell me his name a-gain, beau-ti-ful theme, "Mighty to save" me, yea,
 3. Tell me his name a-gain, trou-ble is near; Dan- gers as- sail- ing me,
 4. Tell me his name a-gain, deep in my heart Dwells the sweet comfort that

ev - er the same, Name of the Cru - ci - fied, mar - vel - lous love,
 born to re - deem; Praise for the fountain that cleans - eth from sin,
 ma - ny a fear; Whis - per the name of my Sav - iour and Friend,
 name will im - part, Gil - e - ad's balm for life's sor - row and care,

CHORUS.

Name of the Ris - en One, reigning a - bove.
 Praise for the grace that shall vic - to - ry win.
 Bless - ed de - liv - er - ance Je - sus will send. } Tell me, O tell me his
 Key - note of anthems that swell "over there."

won - der - ful name, Tell, O tell, tell me his name. It's Je - sus, my

Sav - iour of Cal - va - ry's fame, That is his won - der - ful name.

1. I did not believe the sto - ry of a res - ur - rec - tion day,
2. So al - tho' I first drew near it when the world seemed dark and drear.
3. At the bless - ed cross of Je - sus, there I saw my path - way clear,
4. Now I take there all my bur - dens, there I car - ry ev - 'ry care,

Then the grave so dark and gloom - y filled my soul with deep dis - may ;
 Soon my heart was filled with singing when I heard the words of cheer ;
 At the bless - ed cross of Je - sus, there he wiped a - way each tear ;
 And I give them to the Mas - ter, so no lon - ger I de - spair ;

But I found one blessed morning ev - 'ry doubt was cleared away, As I
 As the bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it whispered to me "do not fear, There is
 There I bur - ied ev - 'ry sor - row, there I bur - ied ev - 'ry fear, As I
 Some sweet day my Lord will call me to come meet him in the air, As I

found one blessed morning ev - 'ry doubt was cleared away, As I

FINE.

stood be - side the cross of	Je - sus.	} Yes, I found it at the cross, I
hope in yon - der cross of	Je - sus."	
bowed be - fore the cross of	Je - sus.	
wait be - side the cross of	Je - sus.	

stood be - side the cross of Je - sus.

found it at the cross, At the cross, the blessed cross of Je - sus, There I

No. 16.

A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. A lep - er, I knelt at the feet of my Lord, Pol - lut - ed, and
 2. The sins of the past are all un - der the blood, My heart is made
 3. The win - ter of doubt - ing and dark - ness is gone, The night of re -

wea - ry with sin; In mer - cy he spoke in the life - giv - ing words,
 whit - er than snow; A mon - u - ment still of the mer - cy of God,
 bell - ion is past, The sum - mer of love and sun - shine has dawned,

CHORUS.

“I will, go in peace and be clean.” } The pre - cious blood is
 Re - joic - ing as on - ward I go. }
 I'm rest - ing in Je - sus at last.

all my plea, I'm a sin - ner saved by grace; The bur - den is

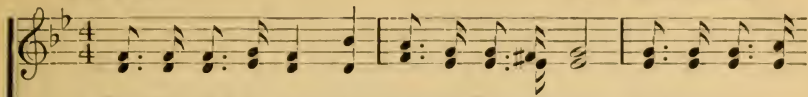
gone and my heart is made free, I'm a sin - ner saved by grace.

No. 17.

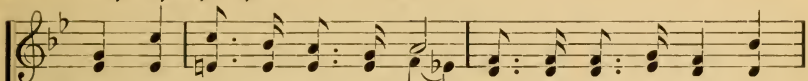
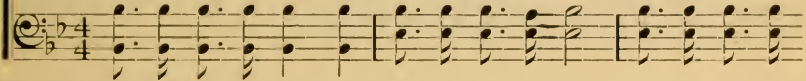
LIFT YOUR EYES TO JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT.

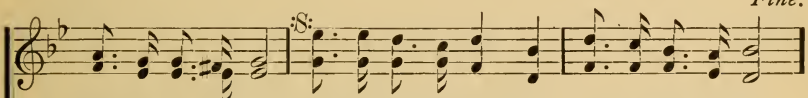
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



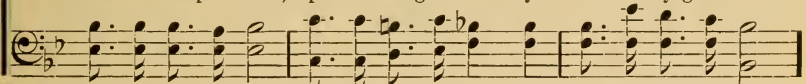
1. Lift your eyes to Je - sus; see the Cru - ci - fied, Bearing still the
2. Lift your eyes to Je - sus; he's not far a - way, Bending close be-
3. Lift your eyes to Je - sus in temptation's hour, All the ranks of
4. Lift your eyes to Je - sus, when in grief and pain, In life's stormy



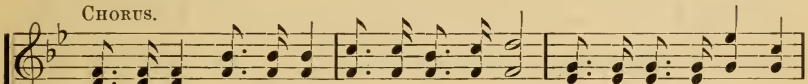
nail - prints in his hands and side; Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - v'ry,
 side you in his love to - day; Full of ten - der pit - y,
 dark - ness flee be - fore his power; "A - ble to de - liv - er"
 weath - er, in its beat - ing rain; He will give you com - fort,

*Fine.*

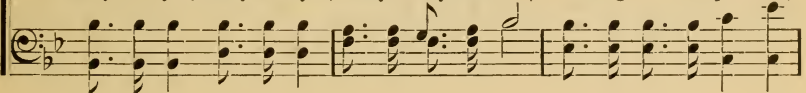
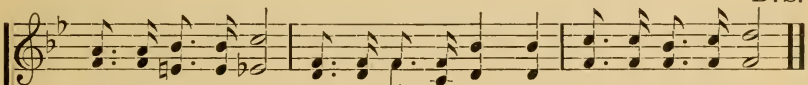
slain for you and me, Look and doubt no long - er; he will set you free.
 full of saving grace, Lift your eyes, believ - ing, and behold his face.
 for he conquered sin, And for all who trust him, will the vict'ry win.
 he will whisper cheer, Spread his light around you till the sky grows clear.

*D. S.*—"Look, and I will save you;" let your heart rejoice.

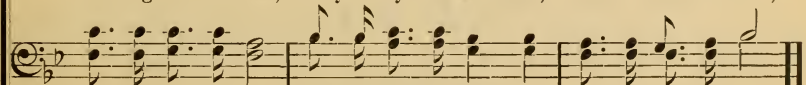
CHORUS.



Lift your eyes, lift your eyes, lift your eyes above; Leaning on his promise,

*D. S.*

trusting in his love; Lift your eyes to Je - sus, hear his blessed voice,



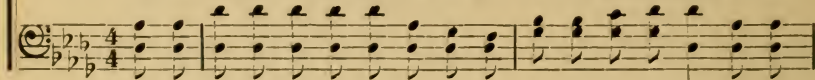
No. 18. WHEN THE PEARLY GATES UNFOLD.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

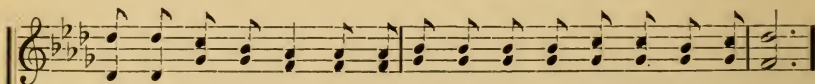
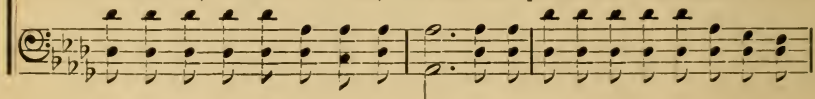
J. LINCOLN HALL.



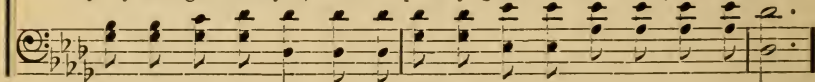
1. When our feet have reach'd the summit of the weary hills of earth, And the
2. Just be-yond the riv-er Jor-dan are sweet fields of living green, And the
3. Thro' the val-ley of the shad-ow we may journey un dismay'd, If we



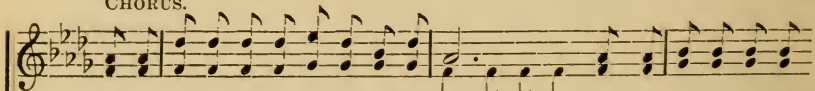
morning light is breaking o'er the sea, Then our hearts shall know no sadness when the fair im-mor-tal flow-ers we shall see, Where life's riv-er floweth ev-er by the trust his "Fear not, I will be with thee," "When thou passest thro' the waters thou shalt



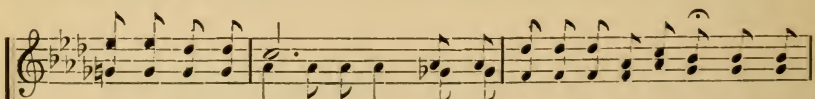
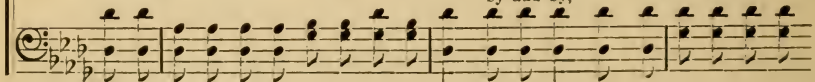
mists shall clear a - way, And the pearl-y gates un - fold for you and me. great white throne of God, When the pearl-y gates un - fold for you and me. by my strength be stay'd," Till the pearl-y gates un - fold for you and me.



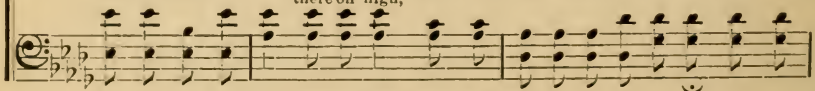
CHORUS.



There our hearts shall know no sadness by and by, But all love and joy and
by and by,



gladness there on high; We shall know not care and sorrow, on that
there on high,



WHEN THE PEARLY GATES UNFOLD.—Concluded.

glorious to-morrow, When the pearly gates unfold for you and me.

you and me.

No. 19.

THE BLOOD.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Flow-ing from Cal-va-ry's side, A wondrous stream by faith I see,
2. His love how can I proclaim, How can I pay the debt I owe,
3. Start-ing from Cal-va-ry's side, The spear that shed the sa-cred blood,
4. He all my ways shall di-rect, Thro' won-ders of his boundless grace,

Flow-ing a soul-cleansing tide, That blood is all my plea.
 How tell the pow'r of his name, His bound-less glo-ry show.
 O-pened a won-der-ful tide, That bore my heart to God.
 My heart shall ev-er re-lect, The beau-ty of his face.

CHORUS.

The blood, the blood, the wonderful blood, I plunge beneath the cleansing flood, I

rise re-deem'd to stand be-fore God, A son by grace di-vine.

No. 20.

I'LL NEVER TURN BACK.

M. LOUISE SMITH

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. The charms of the world al - lure me no more, I've found something
 2. When set - ting my love on things of the earth I failed to find
 3. Though Sa-tan's al - lure-ments charm for a - while, What bit - ter-ness
 4. Oh, bless - ed be God! my faith looks a - head To mansions in

bet - ter by far; The Sav - iour has shown me joys that sur-pass
 rest for my soul; But since up - on Christ my heart has been fixed
 comes in their train! The Christian's delights grow ev - er more bright,
 heav - en a - bove; How could I turn back a - gain to the world

CHORUS.

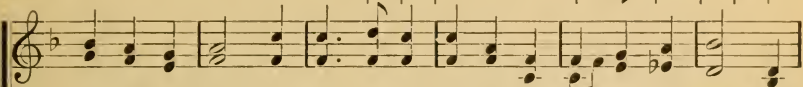
And pleasures the world can-not mar.
 My prais-es I can-not con-trol. } Oh, no, I will nev-er turn
 And life ev - er - last-ing he'll gain. }
 Since knowing the joys of his love?

back to the world, Oh, no, I will nev-er turn back; . . . I've found something
 no, nev-er turn back.

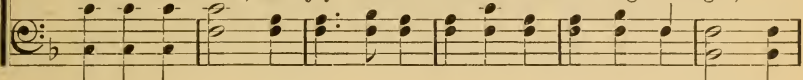
bet - ter than earth can impart, Oh, no, I will never turn back. . . .
 no, never turn back.



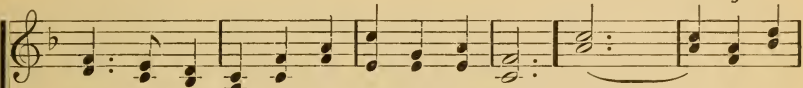
1. When wand'ring afar o'er the mountain of sin, In fruitless endeav-or some
2. I looked and beheld, thro' the halo of light Whose brightness dispelled the grim
3. The Saviour, approaching with wonderful grace, While love and compassion il-
4. The voice of my conscience spoke loudly within; With deepest contrition, be-
5. And now I no longer o'er sin's mountain roam, The prodi-gal child has re-



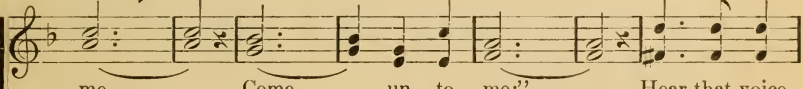
comfort to win, I heard, while around me the storm wildly beat, The
ter-rors of night, The form of my Saviour, none else could it be, Who
lumined his face, Cried, "Turn thee, O sinner, for why will you die? To
moaning my sin, I fell at the feet of the be-ing of light; He
turned to his home, And joy in the household of God rings to-night, Be-



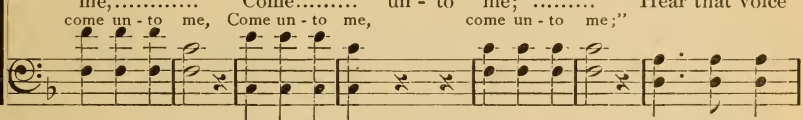
CHORUS. *A little faster.*



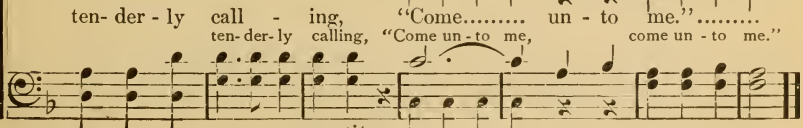
voice of one call-ing in accents so sweet: "Come..... un - to
thus was en - treating - ly call - ing for me:
res - cue and save thee I came from on high." }
washed me and clothed me in garments of white. "Come unto me,
cause a lost sin-ner has come to the light. }



me,..... Come..... un - to me;" Hear that voice
come un - to me, Come un - to me, come un - to me;"



ten - der - ly call - ing, "Come..... un - to me,"
ten - der - ly calling, "Come un - to me, come un - to me."



No. 22. WHAT A STORY OF MATCHLESS LOVE.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. 'Tis a sim-ple sto-ry, but wondrous sweet; Tho' an old, old
 2. 'Tis a bless-ed sto-ry of wondrous love In the heavens
 3. 'Tis a glo-rious sto-ry; so wondrous kind Was the Son of
 4. 'Tis a sim-ple sto-ry, yet wondrous deep; What a mind to

sto-ry, 'tis new; 'Tis a sto-ry sweet, Christians love to repeat, Be-
 born long a - go, Ere the Father's love sent his Son from above To
 God thus to die; In his finished work all my hope do I find His
 draw such a plan; He who promis - es has the pow'r still to keep; His

CHORUS.

cause the old sto - ry is true.
 call men from sor - row and woe. } What a sim-ple sto-ry, what a
 blood to my soul I'll ap - ply.
 love still will save sin - ful man.

sweet old sto-ry, What a sto - ry of matchless love; What a blessed

story, what a glorious story, Now its ech-o fills the courts a - bove.

E. E. HEWITT.

W. A. POST.

1. See the dear Saviour on Cal - va - ry's tree, Dy - ing for me,
 2. Look at him, pierced in his hands, feet and side, Dy - ing for me,
 3. Grace more abundant and mer - cy di - vine! Dy - ing for me,
 4. O, let us tell the good news of his love, Dy - ing for me,

dy - ing for me; Shedding his blood that my soul might be free,
 dy - ing for me; From the cross gushes sal - vation's rich tide;
 dy - ing for me; Light thro' the darkness shall ev - er - more shine,
 dy - ing for me; 'Till we shall see him in glo - ry a - bove,

CHORUS.

1, 2, 3.—Dying for you and for me. } Dying for you, dy - ing for me,
 4.—Living for you and for me. }

Love beyond measure we see;..... Je - sus, my Saviour, on
love we see;

Cal - va - ry's tree, Dy - ing for you and for me.

No. 24.

"IT IS JUST LIKE JESUS."

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Come burden'd one to Je-sus Christ with all your guilt, To save a world of
 2. Still more of grace the lov-ing Sav-iour would be-stow, There's sanctify-ing
 3. If heav-y is your bur-den, rough and steep the road, With no one near to
 4. Come now and trust his blessed "whoso-ev-er will;" Come as you are, and

sin-ners lost his blood was spilt; Your guilty soul with sin may red like
 pow'r in Cal-v'ry's crim-son flow, From in-bred sin he'll cleanse your heart and
 cheer your heart or share your load, Cast all your cares at Je-sus' feet and
 you will find him gra-cious still; He'll send the Ho-ly Com-fort-er your

crim-son be, He'll make it white as wool 'tis what he did for me.
 set you free, For this, oh praise his name is what he did for me.
 you will see He'll lift you and your burdens too, he does for me.
 guest to be A-bid-ing in your heart, 'tis what he does for me.

CHORUS.

'Tis just like Je-sus, 'tis just like Je-sus, To cleanse a reb-el

sin-ner's heart, from bond-age set him free; 'Tis just like Je-sus, 'tis

"IT IS JUST LIKE JESUS."—Concluded.

just like Je-sus, His full sal-va-tion to impart, 'tis what he did for me.

No. 25. THE DEBT IS PAID.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

DUET. SOPRANO AND TENOR.

1. For the world the debt is paid, Paid on Cal-v'ry's shameful tree;
2. "Love's redeem-ing work is done," Now the Lamb of God is slain;
3. I shall stand be-fore the throne, Nev-er from his side to roam,
4. Then a-round the throne of light, I that sac-ri-fice will sing;

There was full a-tone-ment made When the Sav-iour died for me.
 Slain for sins but not his own All the world's he must sus-tain.
 He will claim me as his own, Ev-er more to rest at home.
 Clad in robes of glo-ry bright, I shall stand be-fore my King.

CHORUS.

Je-sus has paid the debt I owe, Nothing remains for me to do.
has paid the debt I owe, remains

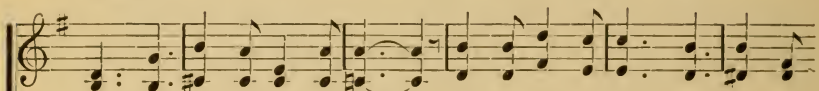
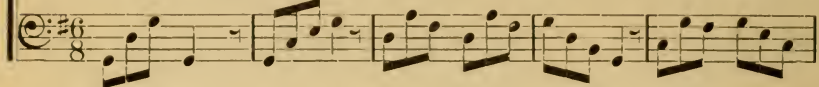
I will ac-cept the pardon di-vine: Now I am his and he is mine.
accept

E. E. HEWITT.

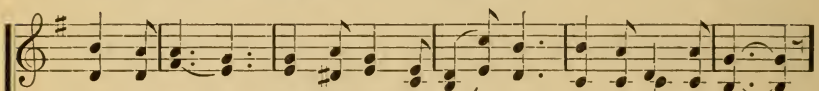
JNO. R. SWENEY.



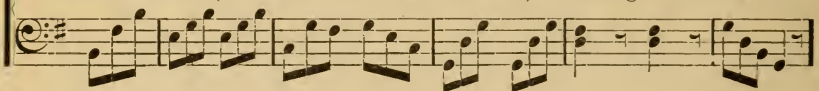
1. Seek ye first the king - dom; Not the things of earth, Priceless are the
2. Seek ye first the king - dom; Ev - er - lasting love Woos you to the
3. Seek ye first the king - dom; Seek the "Gift of God," 'Tis the Saviour's



treasures Of immor - tal worth. Like a flitting shad - ow, Time will
blessings From the land a - bove. Pardon and renew - al, Righteous -
of - fer, Purchased by his blood. Seek ye first his glo - ry; Be it



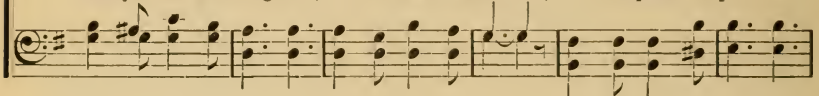
pass a - way, But the heav'nly rich - es Change not, nor de - cay.
ness and peace, Grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Joys that never cease.
life's sweet aim, Him to serve and hon - or, Trusting in his name.



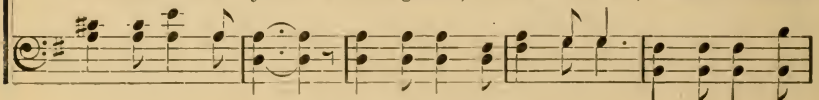
CHORUS.



Seek ye first the kingdom; 'Tis the Master's voice; In his precious promise



Ev - ermore re - joice. "All things else," his word is true, "Shall be added



SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM.—Concluded.

un - to you," In his precious prom - ise Ev - ermore re - joice.

No. 27. SOME BETTER DAY.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The cares of life, like ocean bil - lows, Beat around me all along my
2. I know not where his hand may lead me, But I'm sat - is - fied to trust him
3. And O, the joy when I shall meet him Face to face, with all the saints in

homeward way, But this I know, a rest remains for me, Some day, some better day.
and obey, For well I know he'll lead me home at last, Some day, some better day.
bright array! Hope on, my soul, for thine the joy shall be, Some day, some better day.

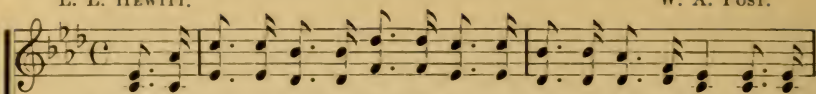
CHORUS.

Some day, some day, Perchance it may be soon, For
Some day, some day,

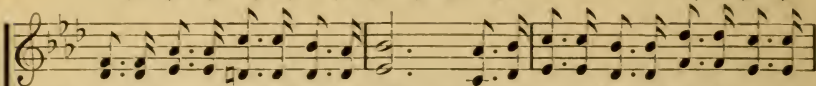
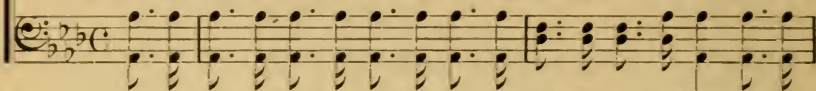
well I know the happy time will come, Some day, some better day.

E. E. HEWITT.

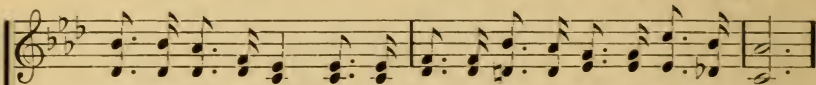
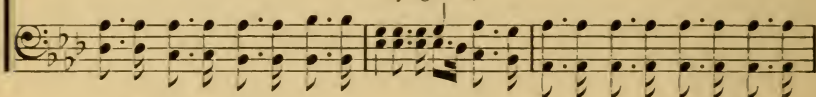
W. A. POST.



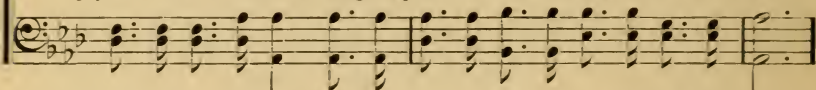
1. O, the ev - er - lasting Father is the refuge of my soul; He's a
2. In the time of pain and sorrow let me lean up - on his arm, He will
3. O, the precious love of Je - sus is the light that never dies, 'Tis the
4. In that bright and happy morning, when these earthly troubles end, When the



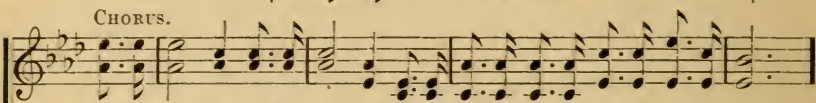
present help in trouble's trying hour; Tho' the mountains shake and tremble, tho' the
 be my wondrous shield and hiding-place; Tho' the ills of life surround me, they can
 present help in trouble, day by day; From the hearts that fully trust him, songs of
 path of life our grateful souls review, Then with all the saved in glory shall our
 i. trying hour;



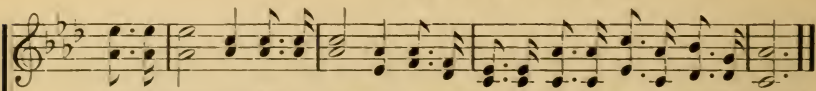
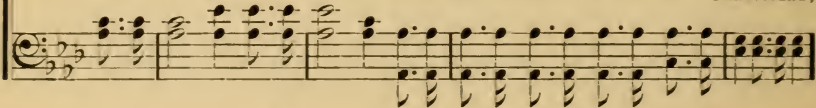
swell - ing billows roll, They shall own the great Deliv'rer's mighty pow'r.
 work his child no harm, When he giveth more and more his boundless grace.
 glad - ness shall arise That shall comfort oth - ers in the pilgrim way.
 joy - ful voic - es blend, Singing praise to him who faithful is and true.



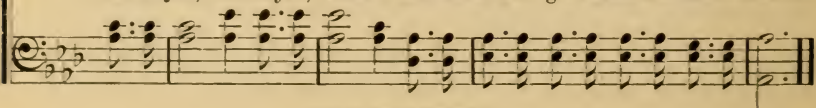
CHORUS.



Halle - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah, What a present help in trouble I have found;
 I have found;



Hallelujah, hallelujah, Heav'n and earth with glad hosannas shall resound.



No. 29. LIFT UP THE GRAND OLD BOOK.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lift up the grand old Book that has stood for a - ges past, And will
 2. Lift up the grand old Book; 'tis a light up - on the way, And a
 3. Lift up the grand old Book for the nations still a - far; 'Tis good

stand the same for ages still un - known; Tho' storms against it rage, it will
 lamp to guide our wand'ring feet aright; A blessed ray of hope that shall
 tid - ings for the sad and weary soul; A balm for ev - 'ry ill, and a

weather ev - 'ry blast, 'Tis a message from the ev - er - last - ing throne.
 brightly shine by day, And shall cheer the gloomy watches of the night.
 gain for ev - 'ry loss, When our burdens at our Saviour's feet we roll.

CHORUS.

Lift it up, lift it up, Send it forth to ev - 'ry shore;.....
 lift it up, lift it up, to ev'ry shore;

Lift up the grand old Book that has stood for ages past, That shall stand forevermore.

No. 30.

FORWARD.

J. W. V.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

1. Each step forward, forward day by day, Fol - low the Cap - tain,
 2. Each step forward be a sol - dier brave, Trust in your Leader,
 3. Each step forward sound the bat - tle cry, Sa - tan is fall - ing,

he will lead the way; Look not backward, face toward the foe;
 he a - lone can save; Do not fal - ter, on toward the foe;
 vie - to - ry is nigh; Fol - low Je - sus on toward the foe;

CHORUS.

“Forward” the watchword, forward go. “Forward, march,” the foe must fall,

Send the cry from sea to sea; Crown the Sav - iour

Lord of all; Take the world for God and make it free.

No. 31.

IN THE MANY MANSIONS.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O - ver vale and mountain, Clouds and sunshine pass, E - ven ro - ses
 2. Room for no - bler serv - ice, Room for high - er joy, In the life e -
 3. 'Round the throne of glo - ry, Shin - ing angels throng, Prophets, saints and

fling - ing Shad - ows on the grass; But a - mid time's chang - es,
 ter - ual, Death can ne'er de - stroy; Ev - er on and up - ward,
 mar - tyrs, Swell the new, new song; Dear ones there are gath - ered,

Peace - ful I may be, If in yon - der mansions, There's a place for me.
 Trust - ful, glad and free; In the ma - ny mansions, There's a place for me.
 By the crys - tal sea; In the ma - ny mansions, There's a place for me.

FINE.

D. S.—In the ma - ny mansions, There's a place for me.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing in my Sav - iour, I by faith can see, In the ma - ny mansions,

There's a place for me, There's a place for me, There's a place for me,

D. S.

"O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come."—Ps. 65: 2.

E. E. HEWITT.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. No matter how stormy thy pathway, Faint not, nor sink down in despair;
 2. O, love so divine! none can measure The blessings his children may share;
 3. Draw clo-ser to Je-sus thy Saviour; His shoulders thy load will upbear;
 4. When after the mists and the shadows, We en-ter the Cit-y so fair,

Re-mem-ber, what-ev-er thy sor-row, That God is the hearer of prayer.
 Un-bur-den thy heart to the Father, For he is the hearer of prayer.
 Take hold of the promise he gives thee; Our God is the hearer of prayer.
 We'll sing with the ransomed in glory That God is the hearer of prayer.

CHORUS.

The hear - er of prayer, and the an - swer - er too; There's nothing too

hard for our Fa - ther to do; It light - ens our care, 'tis

joy an - y-where, To know that our God is the hear - er of prayer.

No. 33.

ABUNDANTLY SATISFIED.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A - bundantly satisfied, under his wing, My treasures are drawn from the
 2. A - bundant-ly satisfied, springs of delight Shall gladden the desert with
 3. A - bundant-ly sat-is-fied on - ly in him; Apart from my Saviour, the
 4. A - bundant-ly sat-is-fied; still, o'er and o'er, His Spirit inspires me to

stores of the King; They never shall fail me while life pass - es by, His
 streams pure and bright, And heavenly manna shall fall by the way, To
 sunlight grows dim; One moment of self will the sweetness destroy, In
 ask more and more; More grace from his fullness, more blessing, more love, Till

CHORUS.

rich - es in glo - ry shall be my supply.
 strengthen and cheer me for each coming day. } A - bundant-ly sat - is - fied,
 Je - sus a - lone is my safe - ty and joy. }
 in his blest likeness, I praise him above.

Lord, at thy side, My precious Redeemer, my Saviour and Guide; Such rivers of

pleasure in Je - sus I see; A - bundantly sat - is - fied, Saviour, in thee. *rit.*

No. 34. GROWING BRIGHTER EVERY DAY.

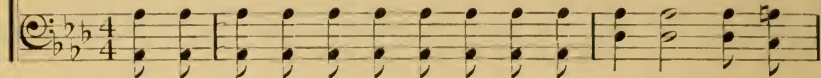
Mrs. C. H. M.

Prov. 4: 18.

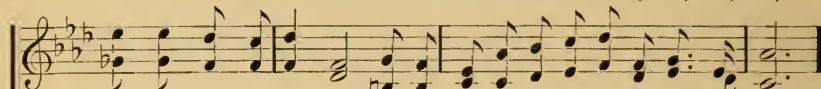
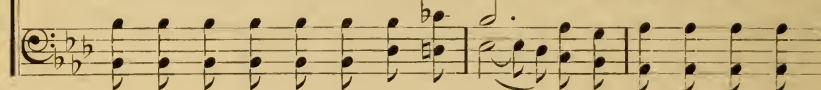
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



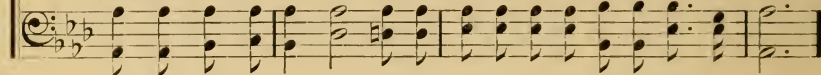
1. I can ne'er for - get the day when Je - sus saved me Speaking
 2. What he gave me in that hour was but a fore - taste Of the
 3. In his pastures green and large I'm ev - er feed - ing, And my
 4. I am rest - ing on the won - der - ful as - sur - ance While so



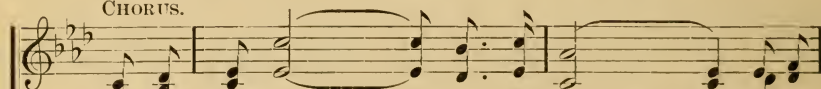
par - don to my guilt - y, sin - sick soul, Or the bless - ed words of
 ful - ness of his bless - ing yet in store, And the sun - light of his
 thirst is quench'd where living waters flow, While from "grace to grace" the
 crown'd with glo - ry is my pil - grim way; "That the path - way of the



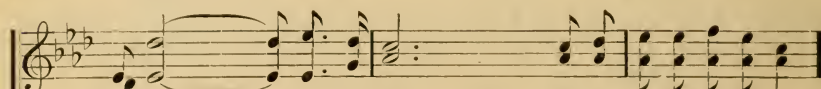
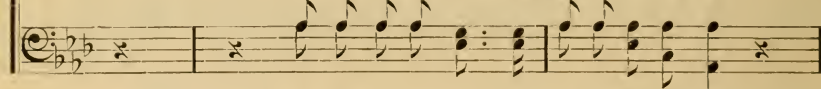
com - fort there he gave me, "Go in peace, thy faith hath sav'd and made thee whole."
 pres - ence groweth brighter, Day by day his grace aboundeth more and more.
 Spir - it still is lead - ing And from "glory un - to glo - ry" here be - low.
 just still brighter groweth. Shining more and more un - to the per - fect day."



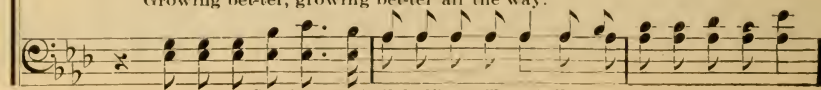
CHORUS.



Growing bright - er ev - 'ry day, Growing
 Growing brighter, grow - ing brighter ev - ery day,



bet - ter all the way Let the hal - le - lu - jahs roll,
 Growing bet - ter, growing bet - ter all the way.



GROWING BRIGHTER EVERY DAY--Concluded.

Je - sus sweetly saves my soul, And my way is growing brighter ev'ry day.

ev'ry day,

No. 35. THE PEARL OF GREATEST PRICE.

Mrs. M. ELLEN SMITH.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've found the pearl of greatest price, And on my bos - om wear it,
 2. As day by day it brightly shines With lus - tre un - dim - in - ished,
 3. Sub - dued it sheds a radiant light, Il - lum - ines sac - red sto - ry,
 4. I love this pearl of great - est price, My soul desires no oth - er,

That all who gaze with wond'ring eyes May long with me to share it.
 'Twill ev - er shine till at life's close Its work of grace is fin - ished.
 Which guides my falt'ring steps a - right In paths that lead to glo - ry.
 Heav'n's brightest gem in Christ I find, My Sav - iour, Friend and Brother.

CHORUS.

O bless the Lord! I'm sat - is - fied! Proclaim the wondrous sto - ry I've

found the pearl of great - est price, Bright Gem of end - less glo - ry.

No. 36.

I MUST ABIDE AT THY HOUSE.

Jesus * * * said unto him, Zacchaeus, make haste, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house. Luke 19: 5.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Once I was sad - ly stray - ing, My Sav - iour dis - o - bey - ing,
 2. Hearing my heart con - fess - ing, Its weight of sin op - press - ing,
 3. Joy - ful my heart is swell - ing That e'er I heard him tell - ing,
 4. Hav - ing his friendship ev - er, I shall be lone - ly nev - er,

When I heard a sweet voice say - ing, At thy house I must a - bide.
 And he said in love and bless - ing, At thy house I must a - bide.
 Of his plan so love - com - pell - ing: At thy house I must a - bide.
 'Tis be - cause he says, for - ev - er At thy house I must a - bide.

CHORUS.

And now he's a - bid - ing with me, Sal - va - tion he
 a - bid - ing with me,

brought, full and free, I o - pened the door, and re -
 free, full and free,

joyce ev - er - more That he is a - bid - ing with me,
 a - bid - ing with me.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

W. A. POST.

1. There is one who ev - er lives for me to in - ter - cede, He who
 2. "He is Al - to - geth - er Love - ly," "Prince of Life" is he, He's the
 3. He's a "Di - a - dem of Beau - ty" and a "Stone of Grace" He's a

died up - on the cross my sins to par - don, E - ven now be - fore his
 "Morning Star," the "Lil - y of the Val - ley," Tho' he "dwell a - mong the
 "Friend that stick - eth clos - er than a Broth - er," From the wind that rag - es

fath - ers throne my cause he pleads, He's my "Advocate" my "Hope" my "Righteousness."
 Prince - es" yet he lov - eth me, — This is Je - sus my "Beloved" and my "Friend."
 fier - cely He's a "Hid - ing place," All of this and more my Jesus is to me.

CHORUS.

Precious Je - sus,..... on - ly Je - sus,..... "Fairest of the sons of men,"
 Precious Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,

Precious Je - sus,..... on - ly Je - sus,..... "My Beloved and my Friend."
 Precious Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,

No. 38.

SEND THE BLESSED LIGHT.

E. E. HEWITT.

W. A. POST.

1. Ye who know the gladness of redeem-ing love, Send the light, blessed
 2. To the souls that wander in sin's awful gloom, Send the light, blessed
 3. Where they sit in darkness in the lands a - far, Send the light, blessed
 4. Speed the gospel message, speed the word of grace; Send the light, gospel
 r. Send the light,

light;
 light;
 light;
 light;
 bless - ed light;

Heav'nly beams are shining from the sky a - bove,
 Till in des - ert places, Sharon's Rose shall bloom,
 Tell them of the Dayspring, show the Morning Star,
 Night is ev - er banished from the Saviour's face,

CHORUS

Send the light, blessed light. Send the bless - ed
 Send the light, blessed light. Send the bless - ed gos - pel,

gos - pel light, Help to bring the morning bright; Spread the
 gos - pel light, Help to bring the morning, morning bright; Spread the joy - ful

joy - ful news a - broad, Send to all the blessed light of God. (of God.
 Send to all the blessed light of God.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. His love en-folds me, His pow'r upholds me, His wis-dom
 2. Tho' dark clouds low-er, I'll trust his pow-er, In him, my
 3. In trib-u-la-tion And 'mid temp-ta-tion, This great sal-

molds me Ev'ry day; He gent-ly leads me, He free-ly feeds me, He
 Tow-er, I may hide; The storm can nev-er From Je-sus sev-er, If,
 va-tion Standeth sure; The Rock of a-ges My grief as-sua-ges; Tho'

CHORUS.

kind-ly heeds me All the way. } All the way, all the way,
 trusting ev-er, I a-bide. }
 Sa-tan ra-ges, I'm se-ure. } All the way, all the way,

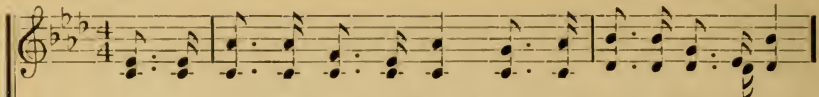
Je-sus leads me, Je-sus keeps me All the way;..... His
 All the way;

love enfolds me, His pow'r upholds me, His wisdom molds me Ev'ry day.

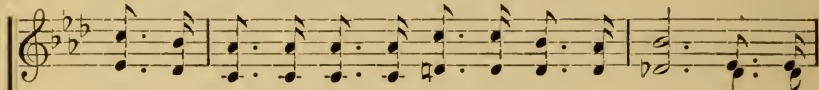
No. 40. BELOVED NOW ARE WE THE SONS OF GOD.

C. A. M.

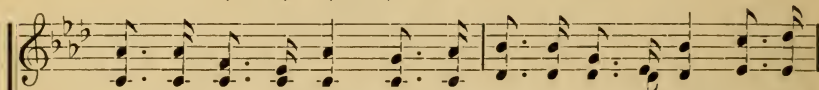
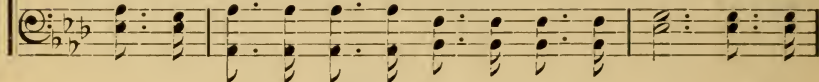
C. AUSTIN MILES.



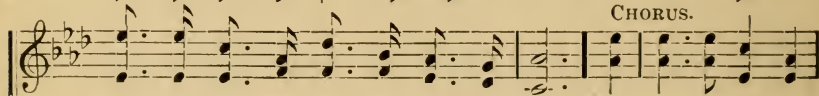
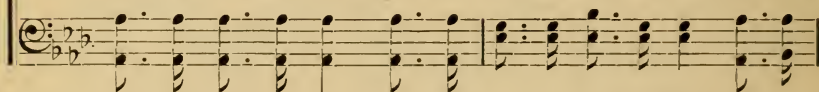
1. What a com - fort now is mine. Bless - ed Je - sus I am thine,
 2. Let the cheer - ful an - thems ring, While our voic - es join and sing,
 3. Tho' the world shall pass a - way, On the com - ing of the day,



Thou hast cleans'd me by the pow - er of the blood; By the
 Glad Ho - san - nas for the love on us be - stow'd; Je - sus'
 When we safe - ly pass be - yond the fier - y flood. To a

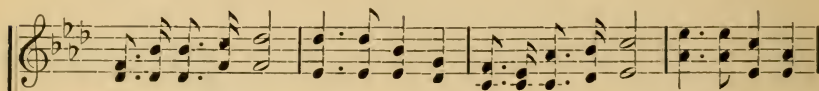
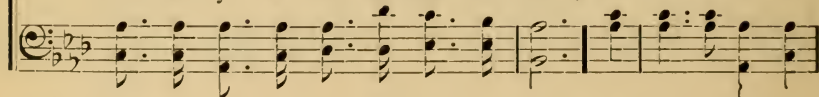


cross of Cal - va - ry, Thou hast par - don'd e - ven me, Hal - le -
 love is now our own, We his pard'ning grace have known, Halle -
 man - sion in the skies, With our Sav - iour we shall rise, Thro' e -

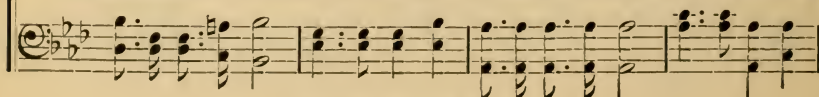


CHORUS.

lu - jah! I am now a child of God. }
 lu - jah! we are now the sons of God. } "Be - lov - ed now are
 ter - ni - ty to be the sons of God. }



we the sons of God, Cleans'd from sin thro' Jesus' precious blood, What we shall be



BELOVED NOW ARE WE THE SONS OF GOD.—Concluded.

Rit.

doth not yet appear We shall be like him for we shall see him as he is."

No. 41.

THE INNER COURT.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Within the in-ner court he brought me, He led me gently by the hand;
2. And day by day he still dis-clos-es, New tok-ens of his ceaseless care;
3. And, knowing how his love surroundeth, I can but trust him all the way;

While patient-ly he stoop'd and taught me, Of things I did not un-der-stand.
And day by day where sin op-pos-es, I find my Saviour waiting there.
That wondrous love my vision boundeth, My guard by night, my joy by day.

CHORUS.

Within the in-ner court he keeps me; The in-ner court of his great love;

great love;

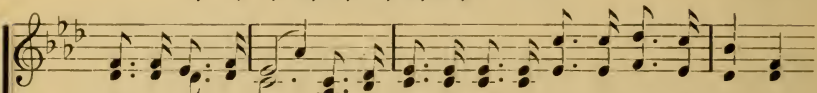
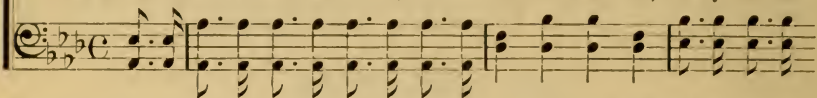
His mer-cy forms a guard a-round me, I fol-low on, his love to prove.

E. E. HEWITT.

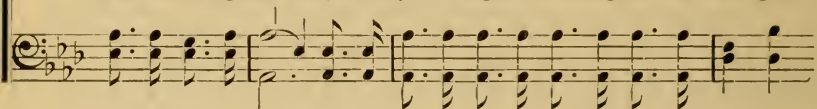
W. A. POST.



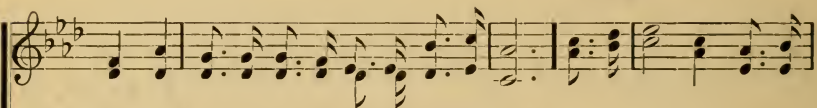
1. Whether storm or sunshine waits me, in my time appointed, God hath comfort
2. Let me heed his blessed Spirit, as he strives to lead me By the o-ver-
3. He, the Friend above all others, nev-er will forsake me; Only let me



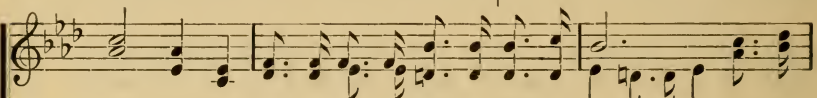
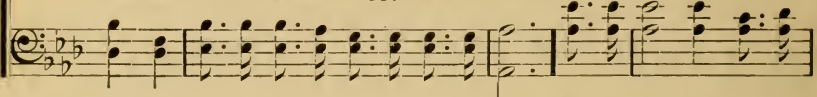
for my heart, I know; Let my eyes be fixed on Je- sus, by his love a-
flowing waves of peace; In his Word, abundant pasture, he will dai- ly
trust his changeless love; Meekly do his gentle bidding till his an- gels



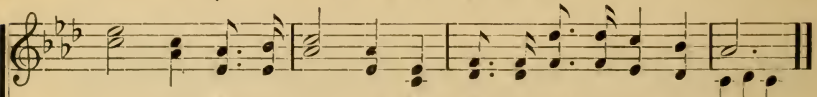
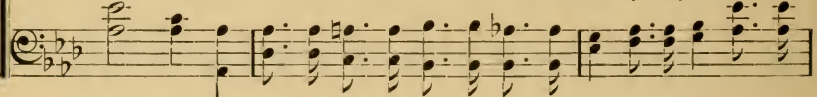
CHORUS.



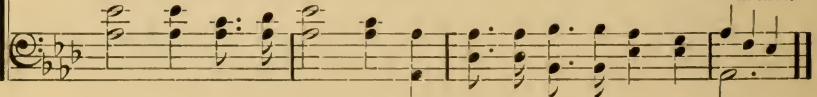
nointed, Thro' the rifted cloud, a light will glow.
feed me; Let my glad thanksgiving never cease. } Halle - lu - jah, hal - le-
take me To the fair and happy land above.



lu - jah, Tho' bright or dark the coming days may be; Hal - le-
days may be;



lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, My Saviour, I'll rejoice in thee.
in thee.



NELLE RICHMOND EBERHARDT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Of thy boun-ti-ful care, O my Lord, let me sing; Of thy mer-cy, thy
 2. Doth my heart seem bereft? Have my loved ones gone home? Am I left here a-
 3. All my tur-bul-ence calms as thy Spirit draws near; All despair flees thy
 4. As the lil-ies are clothed, as E-li-jah was fed, As the stars in their

jus-tice, O won-der-ful King, Thou dost help me to stand when the
 lone in the des-ert to roam? Nay, I hear in the still-ness thy
 glance, I am filled with good cheer, And I rest me se-rene while the
 cours-es un-err-ing are led, So my wants thou dost know; On thy

f tempt-er is nigh, Thou art wisdom and strength,— my abund-ant supply.
 voice to me cry; "Be thou glad in my love— an a-bund-ant supply."
 ter-rors pass by, Thou art peace, thou art hope, my a-bund-ant supply.
 grace I re-ly; Thou art all I can need,— my a-bund-ant supply.

FINE.

D. S.—trustful am I, For I know thou wilt send an a-bund-ant supply.

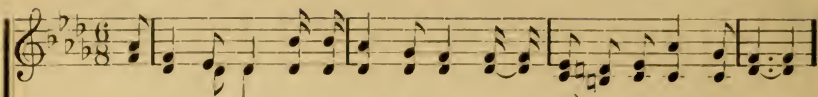
CHORUS.

My a-bund-ant sup-ply! Lo, whenev-er I need Thine a-bund-ance is

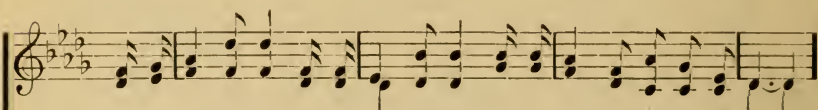
D. S.
 poured, and thy sure blessings speed. Shall I doubt? Shall I fear? Nay, most

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

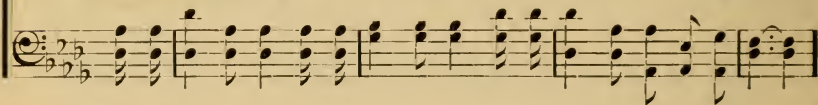
J. LINCOLN HALL.



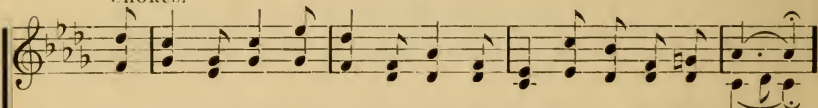
1. Does Jesus care when my heart is pained Too deeply for mirth or song;
2. Does Jesus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Jesus care when I've tried and failed To resist some temptation strong;
4. Does Jesus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest on earth to me,



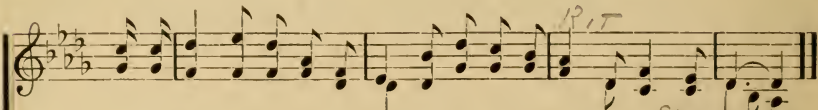
As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
 As the daylight fades Into deep night shades, Does he care enough to be near?
 When in my deep grief I find no relief, Though my tears flow all the night long?
 And my sad heart aches 'Till it nearly breaks— Is this aught to him? does he care?



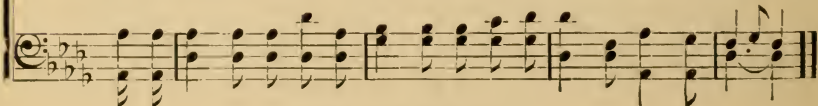
CHORUS.



O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;



When the days are weary, The long nights dreary, I know my Father ^{SAVIOR} cares.
 he cares.



No. 45. 'TIS LOVE, REDEEMING LOVE.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Faith-ful is he, and great his mer-cies are. Last-ing is his love,
2. Love found a way to res-cue fall-en man, Love so full and free,
3. "Love is the chain, the gold-en chain that binds, Hap-py souls a - bove,

last-ing is his love; All thro' his word his prom-is - es de-clare, His love so full and free; 'Twas love that formed and carried on the plan, And hap-py souls a - bove; He is an heir of heav'n in-deed who finds, His

CHORUS.

love shall nev-er move. } 'Tis love, 'tis love, re-deem-ing love, 'Tis love that
sent my Lord to me. }
bo-som glow with love." }

ev - er will a - bide,..... 'Tis love that knows no ebb nor
ev - er a - bide,

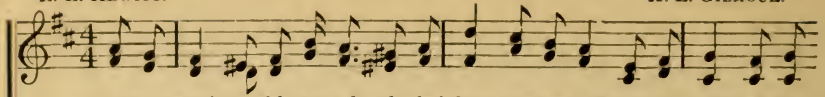
flow,..... 'Tis love that opened wide a crimson tide, That washes white as snow.
no ebb nor flow,

THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.

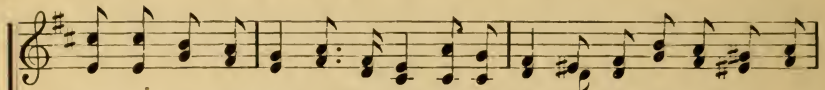
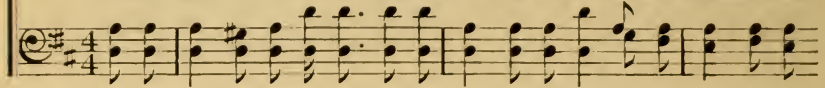
'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain. REV. 5: 12.

E. E. HEWITT.

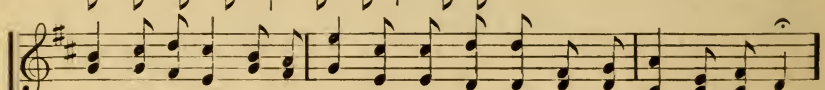
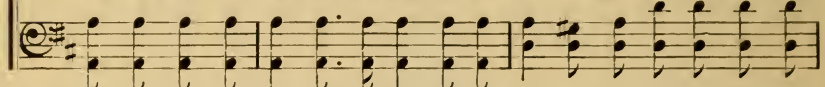
H. L. GILMOUR.



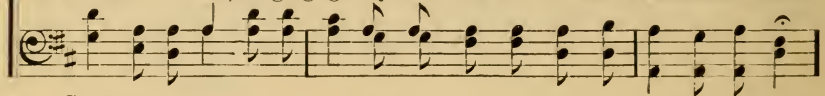
1. In the mansions of beauty, by the bright crystal sea, Where the hosts of the
2. From all tribes and all nations, from the east and the west They are gather'd to
3. All the streets of the Cit-y shall re- ech-o with song, With the loud hal-le-
4. Let us plunge in the fountain that is flow- ing to-day, In the streams of sal-



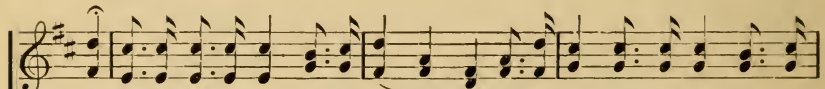
ransom'd keep the great ju - bi-lee, They are shouting the vic-t'ry o - ver
geth-er in the Land of the blest; Praising him who redeem'd them, and who
lu - jahs of the numberless throng; See the Church there triumphant without
va - tion, wash our sins all a-way; Then we'll join with rejoic-ing, in the



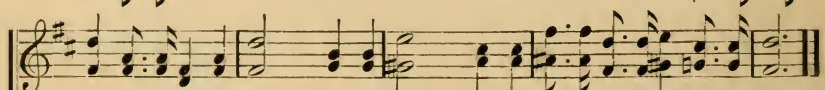
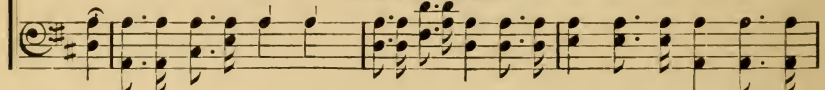
sin, death, and pain, Singing glo-ry and hon - or to the Lamb that was slain.
liv-eth a-gain, Singing glo-ry and hon - or to the Lamb that was slain.
wrinkle or stain, Singing glo-ry and hon - or to the Lamb that was slain.
blood-wash'd refrain, Singing glo-ry and hon - or to the Lamb that was slain.



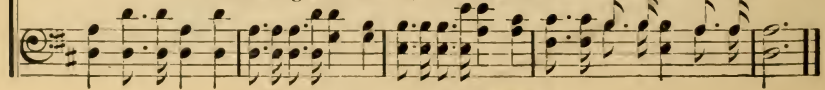
CHORUS.



O worthy is the Lamb that was slain, . . . Hear the anthem of heav-en re -
O worthy is the Lamb,

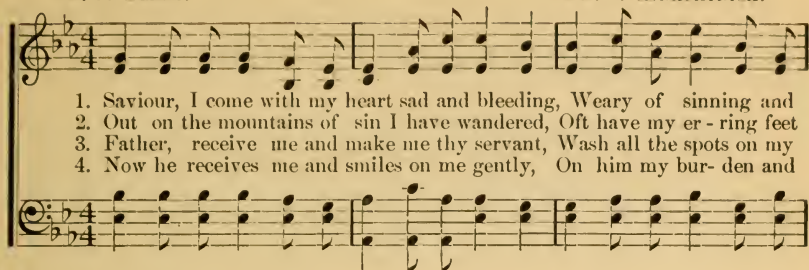


sounding again, All bless- ing, all hon - or, and glory to the Lamb that was slain.
All blessing to the Lamb, all honor to the Lamb.

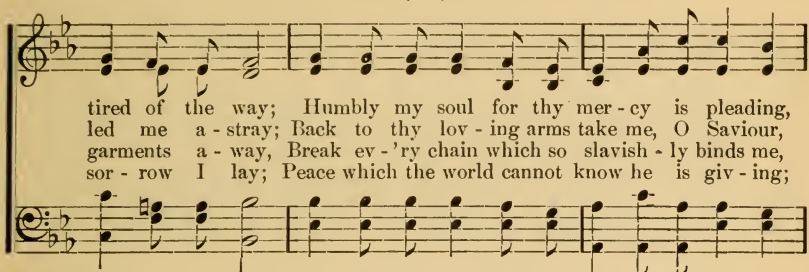


W. J. HENRY.

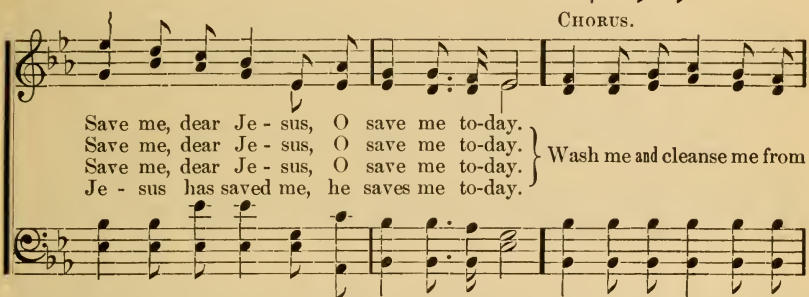
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Saviour, I come with my heart sad and bleeding, Weary of sinning and
 2. Out on the mountains of sin I have wandered, Oft have my er-ring feet
 3. Father, receive me and make me thy servant, Wash all the spots on my
 4. Now he receives me and smiles on me gently, On him my bur-den and

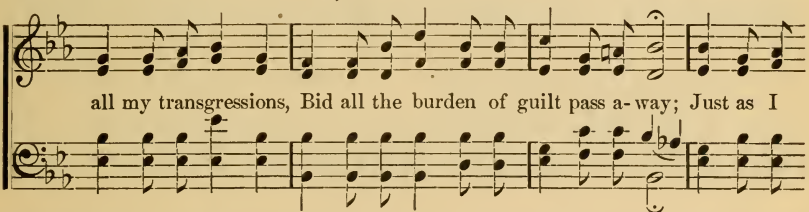


tired of the way; Humbly my soul for thy mer-cy is pleading,
 led me a-stray; Back to thy lov-ing arms take me, O Saviour,
 garments a-way, Break ev-'ry chain which so slavish-ly binds me,
 sor-row I lay; Peace which the world cannot know he is giv-ing;

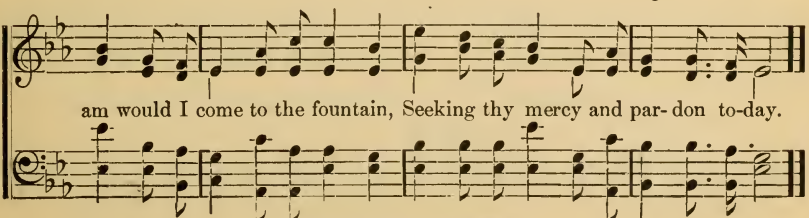


CHORUS.

Save me, dear Je-sus, O save me to-day.
 Save me, dear Je-sus, O save me to-day.
 Save me, dear Je-sus, O save me to-day. } Wash me and cleanse me from
 Je-sus has saved me, he saves me to-day.



all my transgressions, Bid all the burden of guilt pass a-way; Just as I



am would I come to the fountain, Seeking thy mercy and par-don to-day.

No. 48.

SINGING ON, PRAYING ON.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. "As they went, they were cleansed," those poor lepers of old, The word of the
 2. Let us serve in his name, keeping on, day by day, In paths which the
 3. In the highway of love, we will fol-low our King, Whose blood cleanseth

Lord they o-beyed; They believed in the pow'r of his mer-cy, we're told,
 Lord shall de-cide; Step by step, let us walk, as he points out the way,
 white as the snow, And our trib-ute of praise we shall joy-ful-ly bring,

CHORUS.

And his heal-ing o-be-dience re-paid.
 And all grace, he will rich-ly pro-vide. } Singing on, pray-ing
 As to yonder bright Cit-y we go. } Sing-ing on,

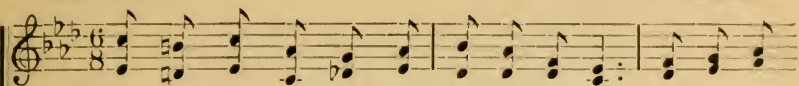
on, O, what joy, O what bless-ing we see; Trusting
 pray-ing on.

on, work-ing on, For he's mighty to save you and me.
 Trusting on, working on,

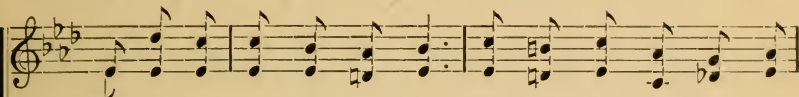
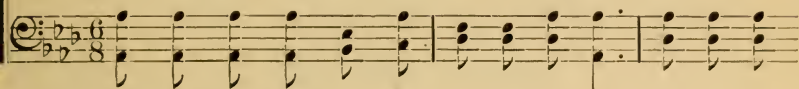
JESUS NEEDS EVEN YOU.

JAMES ROWE.

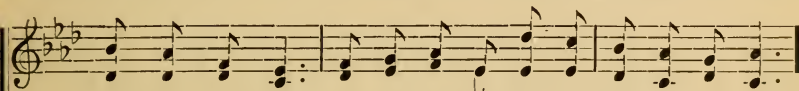
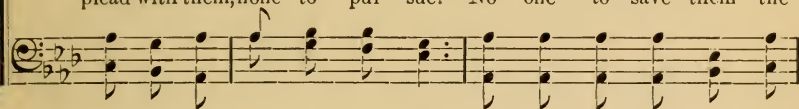
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



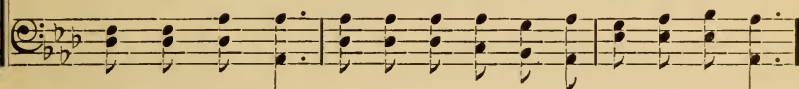
1. Je - sus is call - ing for help - ers to - day! Broth - er, re -
 2. Fall - en ones make their last ef - fort to rise, No one is
 3. Ma - ny speed on to the vale of de - spair, No one to



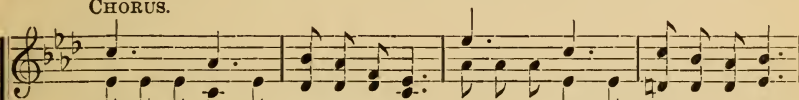
spond—to thy Sav - iour be true; Bur - den'd ones, faint by the
 near them, their strength to re - new! Sor - row calls loud - ly, yet
 plead with them, none to pur - sue! No one to save them—the



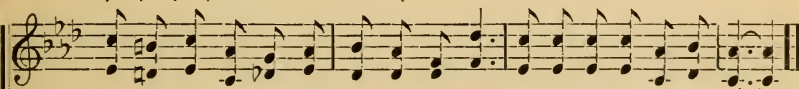
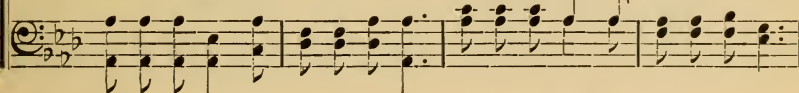
wea - ry - ing way, Je - sus needs help - ers—he needs e - ven you.
 no one re - plies, Je - sus needs help - ers, he needs e - ven you.
 youth - ful and fair Je - sus needs help - ers—he needs e - ven you.



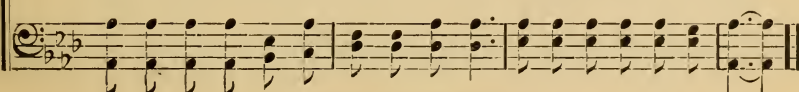
CHORUS.



Hear him, call - ing for you; Hear him, brother, be true :
 Hear him to - day, He's Hear him to - day, O broth - er, be true :



Je - sus needs help in his serv - ice to - day, Jesus needs you—even you.



No. 50.

“KEEP THE FIRE BURNING.”

Leviticus. 6 : 13.

Rev. R. D. MORGAN.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. My soul I bring, O Christ, to thee, An of - f'ring in hu -
 2. Yes, Lord, with - in this soul of mine, Let ho - ly fire now
 3. O thou hast made me thine a - bode, Thou ev - er - liv - ing
 4. Then gra - cious Christ, O send me forth To lift on high my

mil - i - ty, And pray thee take what I now give, My - self and
 burn and chime, Till sin consumed, a tem - ple meet In pure de -
 Lamb of God, With thine own fire to pur - i - fy, And fit me
 light - ed torch, And lead the lost to thy dear side, Whence flows thy

all for thee to live, My - self and all for thee to live.
 light my Lord I greet, In pure de - light my Lord I greet.
 for my home on high, And fit me for my home on high.
 love like o - cean tide, Whence flows thy love like o - cean tide.

CHORUS.

O keep the fire burn - ing, O keep the fire burn - ing, Yes,

keep the fire bright - ly burn - ing, O Lord; The world is

"KEEP THE FIRE BURNING."—Concluded.

ver - y cold and dark, O keep the fire bright - ly burn - ing.

No. 51.

LET JESUS CHOOSE.

E. E. HEWITT.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Let Je - sus choose my path for me, And lead me, day by
 2. Let Je - sus choose my work for me, And tell me what to
 3. Let Je - sus choose my times for me, And keep me, ev - 'ry
 4. Let Je - sus choose my gifts for me, The treas - ures of his

day, Come, shade or shine, since he is mine, I'll praise him all the way.
 do, The smallest field will har - vest yield, If he my strength re - new.
 hour; My course direct, my soul pro - tect, By his al - might - y pow'r.
 love; For joy or pain, in him are gain, To help me rise a - bove.

CHORUS.

Let Je - sus choose, nor let me lose His mer - cies, large and free; In this I
 Let Je - sus choose, nor let me lose His mer - cies, mercies, large and free; In this I

Ritard.

rest, he know - eth best, Let Je - sus choose for me.
 rest, I rest, he know - eth best, Let Je - sus choose for me, for me.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Go and tell it all to Je - sus, Ev - 'ry sor - row, ev - 'ry care,
 2. Go and tell it all to Je - sus, Just the lit - tle things each day,
 3. Go and tell it all to Je - sus, He is read - y to be - stow

He will fill your soul with glad - ness, And the heav - y bur - dens share,
 Heav - y tri - als, sore temp - ta - tions, That be - set you on your way,
 Love as boundless as the o - cean, That the saints in glo - ry know;

Do not be a - afraid to trust him, You can on his word de - pend,
 He will give you strength for weakness, For he knows your human frame;
 Are you homesick wea - ry pil - grim? Ah! he knew it long be - fore,

To the end of life's long jour - ney, He will prove a faith - ful friend.
 Flee to him in ev - 'ry troub - le, Call up - on his bless - ed name.
 And a mansion fair a - waits you, On the hap - py E - den shore.

CHORUS.

Go and tell it all, go and tell it all, Go and tell it all to Je - sus,

GO AND TELL IT ALL TO JESUS.—Concluded.

Flee to him in ev - 'ry troub - le Call up - on his bless - ed name.

No. 53. JESUS IS WAITING AT THE DOOR.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Hark! there's a voice that calls to-day! Oft it hath plead with thee be-fore;
2. O wouldst thou find sweet peace and rest, Wouldst thou be freed from all thy sin,
3. Hast-en, O soul, to make thy vow, Still Je-sus wait-eth at the door;

What is the an-swer thou shalt say? Je-sus is waiting at the door!
 Welcome the Sav-iour as thy guest; Fling wide the door and let him in.
 O bid him en - ter; Crown him now, King of thy life for - ev - er - more!

f CHORUS. *p*

Je - sus calls, soft - ly calls! Oft he hath plead with thee be-fore;

f

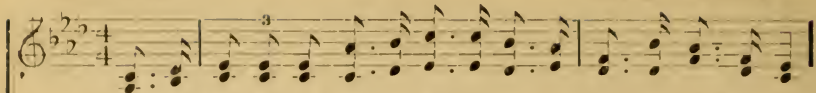
Let him in; let him in; O - pen to him the door.

No. 54.

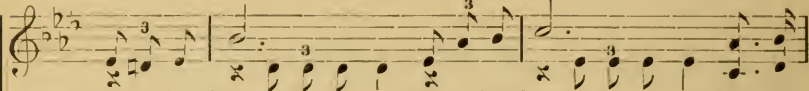
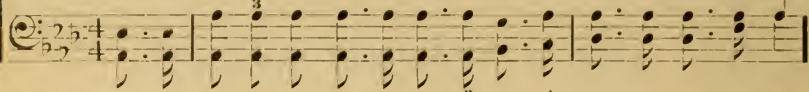
GATHERING HOME.

Mrs. C. H. M.

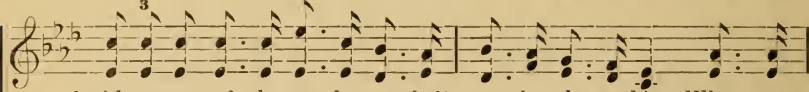
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



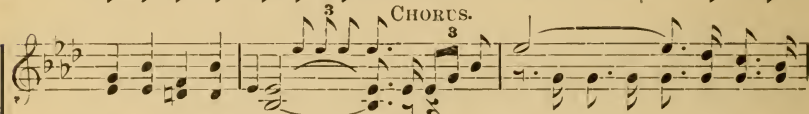
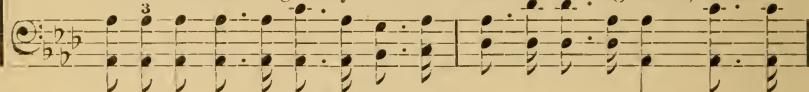
1. There's a gath-er-ing of the faith-ful in our Fa-ther's house on high,
2. Soon the feet that are worn and wear-y shall have reach'd the shining goal,
3. Soon the beau-ti-ful gates of pearl shall o-pen wide to let us in,
4. There's a wel-come for all the faithful in that "house not made with hands,"



Gath-er-ing home, gath-er-ing home; And our
 Gath-er-ing home, gath-er-ing home; Prais-ing
 Gath-er-ing home, gath-er-ing home; We shall
 Gath-er-ing home, gath-er-ing home; There's a
 Gath-er-ing home, gath-er-ing home;



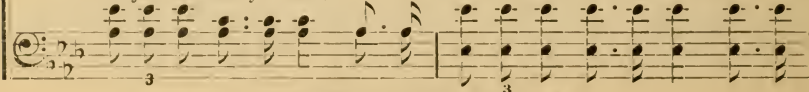
lov'd ones are of the num-ber, we shall meet them bye and bye, When we
 God for a full sal-va-tion ev-'ry blood-bought ransom'd soul, When we
 rest with the Lord to know no more of suf-f'ring, death or sin, When we
 robe and a crown of glo-ry and our Sav-iour wait-ing stands, When we



too are gather'd home..... I'll meet you there,..... oh, hal-le-
 I'll meet you there, oh, hal-le-



lu - - jah! In the home of the saints redeem'd, In that
 lu - jah! I'll meet you there.



GATHERING HOME.—Concluded.

cit - y so bright and fair, In that beau - ti - ful place of ma - ny, ma - ny

man sions, oh glo - ry to God,..... I'll meet you there.
Oh glo - ry to God, I'll meet you there.

No. 55. SEE! THE MERCY GATES ARE OPEN.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. See! the mer - cy gates are o - pen, There is par - don full and free,
2. O you can - not do with - out him, Nought your soul will sat - is - fy,
3. Come, the pre - cious blood of Je - sus Is suf - fi - cient to a - tone,
4. Do not lon - ger slight his mer - cy, Trust his good - ness, seek his face,

FINE.

Come ac - cept the in - vi - ta - tion, His dis - ci - ple glad - ly be.
He will give you strength for living, Grace to teach you how to die.
He is a - ble to de - liv - er, Plead his righteous - ness a - lone.
Let the an - gels sing re - joic - ing, "One more sin - ner saved by grace!"

D.S.—Yield just now in glad sur - ren - der Je - sus saves; he died for all.

CHROUS.

D.S.

Come to Je - sus how he loves you, Hear, O hear his pleading call;

J. W. V.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

1. O I know that the blessed Re - deem - er Re - veals his most
 2. O I know that the chains have been brok - en, No fet - ters are
 3. O I know that my heart has been quickened, Transformed from the
 4. O I know, tho' I once was a sin - ner, I'm changed by a

wonder - ful love, That my sins are removed and for - got - ten, My
 now up - on me, For the Saviour has kindly removed them, They're
 na - ture of stone; I am now in the arms of my Sav - iour, Tho'
 pow - er di - vine; I will fol - low and serve him for - ev - er, This

CHORUS.

name has been written a - bove.
 gone and my spir - it is free. } Yes, I know he has lift - ed my
 once I was lost and a - lone.
 won - der - ful Saviour of mine.

bur - den, I'm filled with such happi - ness now, And his dear, loving

arms are a - round me; I'm saved, but I can - not tell how.

E. E. HEWITT.

W. A. POST.



1. Ech - o the lov - ing Saviour's call, Bid them come, bid them come;
2. Come to the gos - pel feast to - day; Bid them come, bid them come;
3. Out in the high - ways, seek the lost, Bid them come, bid them come;
4. In - to the bless - ed life of love, Bid them come, bid them come;



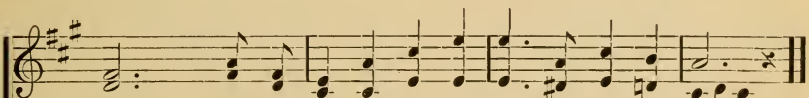
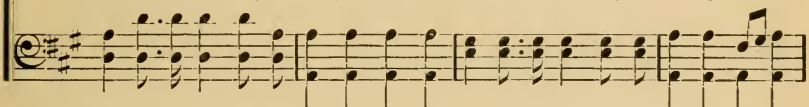
Wondrous sal - va - tion, free to all, Bid ev - 'ry wand' rer come.
 "All things are read - y," hear him say, Bid ev - 'ry wand' rer come.
 Out in the bil - lows, tem - pest - tossed, Bid ev - 'ry wand' rer come.
 On to the Father's home a - bove, Bid ev - 'ry wand' rer come.



CHORUS.



Come unto Calv'ry's mountain; Come to the Living Fountain;
 Come to the mountain, to Calv'ry's mountain; Come to the Liv - ing, the Living Fountain;

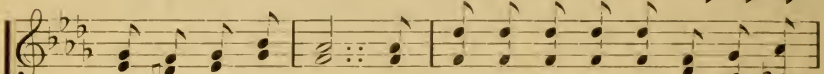
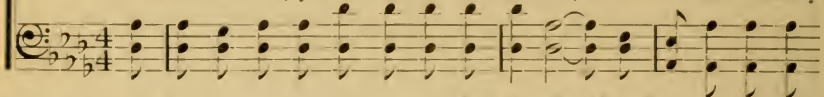


Come, ev - 'ry burdened sin - ner, Now to Je - sus come.
 Come to the Fount, ev - 'ry O come.

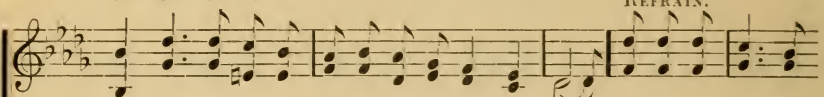
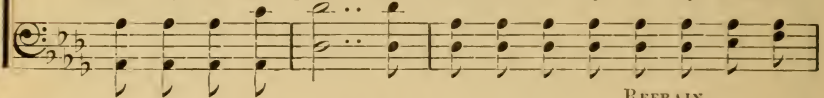




1. What sound is that, as of one knocking gent - ly— Yet, who would enter
2. It is thy King, it is thy Lord, thy Mas - ter; O lead him in be -
3. What can we set before him, rich and cost - ly? Yet, O, for such a
4. And ere he rise to go, he soft - ly whispers, "Child of my love, thou
5. "I leave thee now, yet am I ev - er with thee; Here must thou walk by

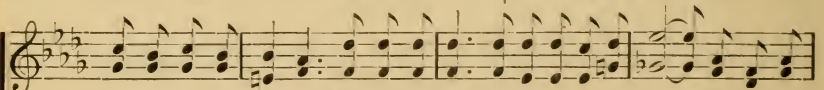
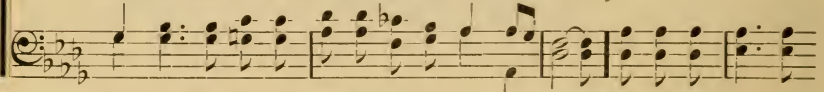


here at hour so late? A - rise, draw back the bolt, unfold the
neath the o - pen door: 'Tis true thou art not worthy he should
Guest, what can be meet? Nay, he had rath - er thou shouldst sit and
art for - ev - er mine; My child, my own, my ransomed one, my
faith, thy love to prove; Soon shalt thou be up - on thy Father's

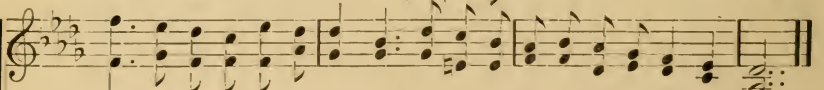
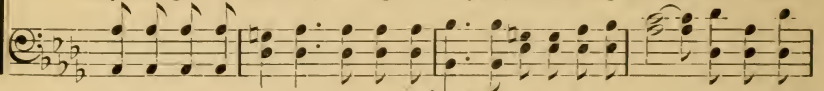


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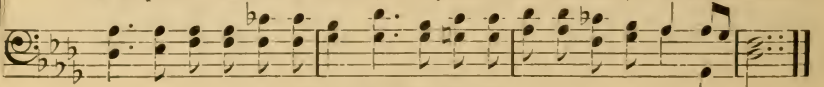
portal! What figure standeth there before the gate? }
enter, Yet dost thou love him, and he asks no more. }
list - en As Mary sat, beneath his sacred feet. } Is it thy King? O
jew - el; Within my crown of glory thou shalt shine. }
bo - som And rest within the sunshine of his love." }



stay and gaze a moment; No signs of royalty that King adorns—He beareth



but a shepherd's staff and lantern, And yet he hath a crown, a crown of thorns.



IDA L. REED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Won-der-ful promise of joy untold, Write it in let-ters of gleaming gold,
 2. In - to the glo-ry of Christ the Lord, Seeking and finding a sure re-ward,
 3. In - to the sunshine of faith and love, Rising triumphant all ills a-bove,
 4. Cleans'd by his blood and made pure and free, Heirs of his kingdom for-e'er to be,

Out of the darkness of gloom and night In - to the glo-ry of love's clear light.
 Praising him ev - er for mercies sweet, Thankfully kneeling low at his feet.
 Joys beyond telling and treasures rare. Here and in heaven with him to share.
 Sing al - le-lu-ias and bless the Lord, Praise him, O praise him for this glad word.

CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - - er, who - so - ev - - er, O the
 Who - so - ev - er will may come, who - so - ev - er will may come,

bless - ed who - so - ev - er will, Who - so - ev - er,
 who - so - ev - er, Who - so - ev - er will may come,

who - so - ev - - er, Who - so - ev - er will may come.
 who - so - ev - er will may come,

No. 60. WE SHALL REIGN WITH HIM IN GLORY.

J. B. MACKAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are march-ing, onward march-ing, To that land of light a bove,
2. There are might-y foes that meet us, As our jour-ney we pur-sue,
3. Oft the clouds a-bove us gath-er, And the dark-ness set-tles down,
4. When we reach that land of beau-ty, With its cit-y bright and fair,

Where no burn-ing tears of sor-row dim the eye, Where the
 There are dan-gers that be-set on ev-'ry hand, But no
 Oft the shad-ows and the mists ob-scure the day, But a
 Thro' the pear-ly gates the Lord shall lead his own, To go

ransomed ones are sing-ing, Of the Saviour's wondrous love, We shall
 e-vil thing can harm us While to Je-sus we are true, For his
 ra-diant beam of glo-ry From the Saviour's smil-ing face, Ev-er
 out no more for-ev-er, While e-ter-nal a-ges roll, And the

reign with him in glo-ry by and by. } We shall reign..... with him in
 hosts will march triumphant to that land. }
 falls in gold-en splendor on our way. }
 hal-le-lu-jahs echo round the throne. }

glo-ry, In glo-ry by and by, } We shall reign
 In glo-ry by and by, in glo-ry by and by, }

WE SHALL REIGN WITH HIM IN GLORY.—Concluded.

We shall reign..... with him in glo - ry, In that land of light on high.
We shall reign

No. 61.

NOW I HAVE PEACE.

FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Loud the temp - est roared without ; Loud er still the storm with - in ;
2. Dark the night then closed me 'round ; Dark - er still the night with - in ;
3. Lightnings flashed and thunders roared—All was ter - ror now with - in ;
4. Still the temp - est roared without ; All was peace and joy with - in ;

And my soul sought far and near Shel - ter from the rage of sin.
And I sought a ha - ven near, From the gloom and dread of sin.
And I trem - bled, and I cried: "Save me from the wrath of sin!"
Je - sus held me by the hand, Saved me from the pow'r of sin.

CHORUS.

Now I have peace, such wonderful peace, Fill - ing and thrilling my soul,

Tho' lightnings flash, and wild waves dash, I rest in Jesus' con - trol.

No. 62. TILL THE BREAKING OF THE DAY.

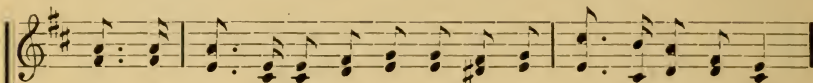
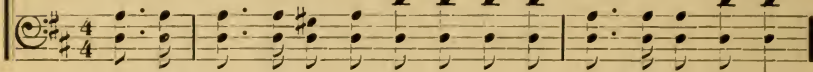
S. of S. 2: 14.

E. E. HEWITT.

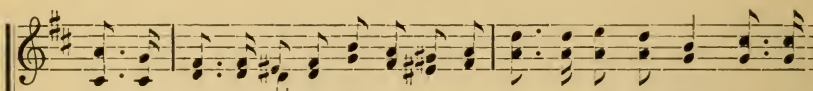
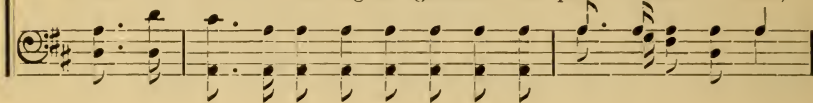
H. L. GILMOUR.



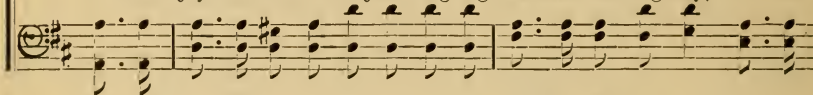
1. When the clouds shall o - ver-shad ow ev - 'ry smil - ing earthly scene,
2. In the dark - ness of the temp - est, we are nev - er left a - lone;
3. Soon will dawn the fade - less glo - ry of the res - ur - rec - tion morn,



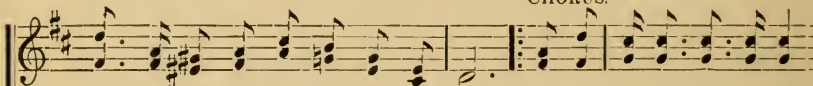
'Tis the time to trust the Sav - iour, and up - on his bo - som lean;
 If our minds are staid on Je - sus, help is giv - en from the throne;
 When un - num - ber'd shining an - gels shall the part - ed skies a - dorn;



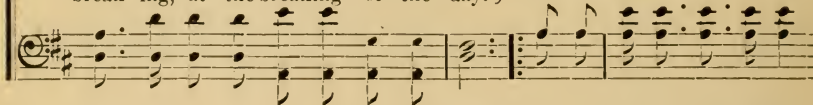
Un - der bright'ning stars of promise, we are sing - ing as we pray, Till the
 In his Word, a light is shin - ing, 'tis a bless - ed guid - ing ray, Till the
 O what joy - ful hal - le - lu - jahs ring - ing down the shin - ing way, At the



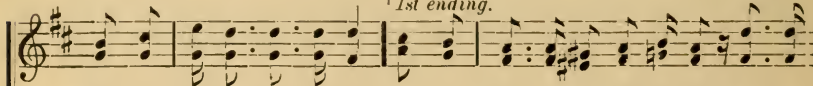
CHORUS.



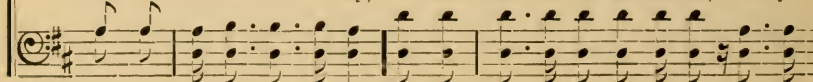
break - ing, till the breaking of the day. } Till the breaking of the day,
 break - ing, till the breaking of the day. }
 break - ing, at the breaking of the day. }



1st ending.



When the shadows flee a - way, We will trust in our Redeemer; "fear ye



TILL THE BREAKING OF THE DAY.—Concluded.

2d ending.

not,' we hear him say; When the shadows, when the shadows flee away.

No. 63.

CHRIST AND I ARE ONE.

KATE ULMER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus is mine and I am his, O, could there be a high-er bliss;
2. I now with him am cru - ci-fied, I to the world and sin have died;
3. In his dear name all things are mine, Riches in glo - ry, joy di-vine;
4. Soon will I see his bless-ed face, Know-ing the full-ness of his grace;

Or yet a great - er joy than this? Christ and I are one.
 And all I have to him con - fide, Christ and I are one.
 Nev - er a - gain should I re - pine, Christ and I are one.
 Soon in his pres - ence take my place, Christ and I are one.

CHORUS.

Christ and I are one! Christ and I are one!

Naught from his love can sep - a-rate, While Christ and I are one.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Numbering all thy king-dom, op'nings to be and do, Winning in
 2. Numbering all thy treas-ures, numbering all thy cares, All of thy
 3. Numbering all thy foot-steps, guiding them in his way, Won-der-ful
 4. Numbering all thine off'rings, serv-i-ces free-ly brought, Gratitude's

life's great war-fare, victories good and true; Numbering all thy fail-ures,
 low heart-breathings, all of thy spoken pray'rs; Numbering joy's bright moments,
 gifts of mer-cy, in-fi-nite love dis-play; Caring for all thy sor-rows,
 will-ing trib-utes, lovingly, humbly wrought; Sowing the seeds of blessing,

vanities, doubts, and sin, Needing the blood of Jesus, needing his grace within.
 numbering clouded days, All of thy glad thanksgivings, all of thy songs of praise.
 numbering ev'ry tear, Whispering in the darkness, "soon will the light appear."
 gleaming the Master's wheat, Garnering sheaves so precious, laying them at his feet.

CHORUS.

Num - ber - ing, num - ber - ing, num - ber - ing
 Num-ber-ing all, num-ber-ing all, num-ber-ing all.

all. Sun-beams and rain-drops as soft - - ly they fall;
 numbering all. softly they fall, as softly they fall;

NUMBERING ALL.—Concluded.

2

God's hand is num-ber-ing, num-ber-ing all, ber-ing all.
 num-ber-ing all, is num-ber-ing all.

No. 65.

LEAD ME IN.

E. E. HEWITT.

GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a stream whose healing flow, Makes the soul as white as snow;
2. There's a peace-ful rest of heart, Bur-dens fall and fears de-part;
3. There's a land to be pos-sessed, Love's pure Canaan, fair and blest;
4. There's a world of beau-ty bright, When I reach the gates of light,

Then would I be cleans'd from sin, Bless-ed Sav-iour, lead me in.
 Nev-er-end-ing songs be-gin, Bless-ed Sav-iour, lead me in.
 Con-quer-ors there the vict-ry win, Bless-ed Sav-iour, lead me in.
 To that home un-stained by sin, Bless-ed Sav-iour, lead me in.

CHORUS.

Lead me in, O lead me in, Blessed Sav-iour, lead me in;
 Lead me in, O lead me in, Blessed Sav-iour, lead me in;

rit.

Yielding all to thee I call, Blessed Sav-iour, lead me in.
 Yielding all to thee I call, Blessed Saviour,

MARIAN W. HUBBARD.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Christ the Rose of Shar - on, Lil - y of the vale;
 2. Chains of love have bound me At his pier - ed feet,
 3. Glad - ly will I fol - low Where he leads the way,
 4. I am safe in Je - sus Rest - ing at his feet,

Sweet the pre - cious prom - ise That can nev - er fail.
 Oth - er friendssur-round me, None be-side so sweet.
 Walk - ing in his foot-steps Soft - ly day by day.
 Chain'd to him for - ev - er In his ser - vice sweet.

He will walk be - side me, All the lone - ly way,
 Love has gold - en fet - ters Strong to bind the soul,
 Je - sus, bless - ed Sav - iour! More than life to me,
 Won-drous love that ev - er Seals me for his own,

Nev - er will he leave me, Close be-side he'll stay.
 Je - sus breaks sin's bon - dage, Makes my spir - it whole.
 How I love this ser - vice I will not go free.
 Keeps me on life's jour - ney Leaves me not a - lone.

D.S.—Binds us to our Mas - ter, Ad - vo - cate a - bove.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Bless - ed, bless - ed ser - vice, Fel - low - ship of love,

IDA L. REED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Home-ward, homeward, joy-ful-ly we're go-ing, Sing-ing, sing-ing,
 2. Home-ward, homeward, in our hearts are ringing, Bells of heav'n as
 3. Home-ward, homeward, cares no more remembered, Joy-ful, joy-ful,

'long the hap-py way, Prais-es, prais-es, life's full cup o'er-flow-ing,
 near-er press our feet, On-ward, on-ward, where our loved are waiting,
 griefs behind us lie, Bless-ed, bless-ed, be our glad re-un-ions,

CHORUS.

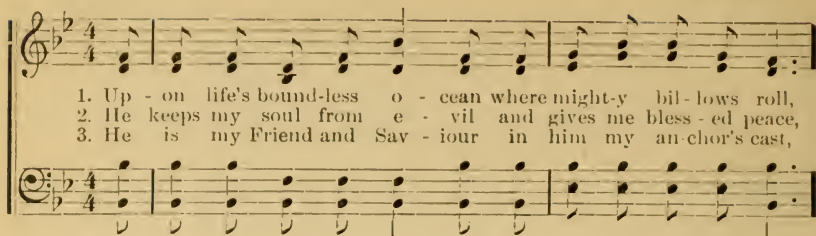
For God's ten-der mer-cies that glad-den ev-'ry day. } Home-ward,
 In the gold-en cit-y with welcome full and sweet. }
 In our home e-ter-nal pre-pared for us on high. } Homeward, homeward,

joy-ful-ly we're pressing, Singing, glad our hearts and light, Homeward,
 Singing, Homeward, homeward,

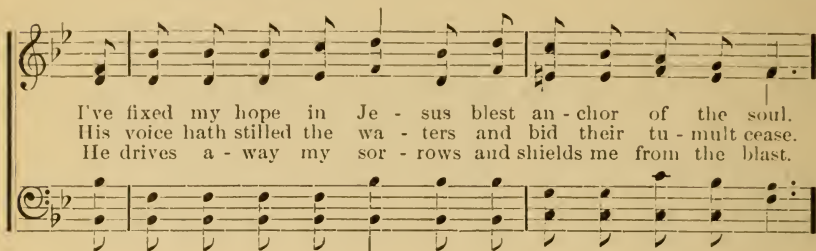
O the tho't is precious, On our way is fall-ing heav'n's glo-ry bright.

L. E. J.

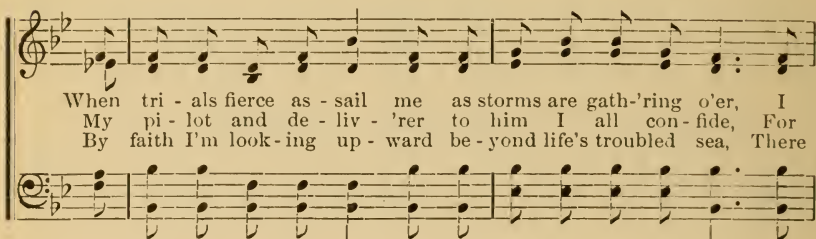
L. E. JONES.



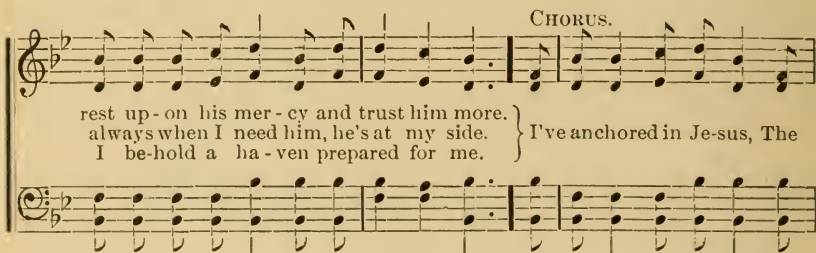
1. Up - on life's bound-less o - cean where might-y bil - lows roll,
 2. He keeps my soul from e - vil and gives me bless - ed peace,
 3. He is my Friend and Sav - iour in him my an - chor's cast,



I've fixed my hope in Je - sus blest an - chor of the soul.
 His voice hath stilled the wa - ters and bid their tu - mult cease.
 He drives a - way my sor - rows and shields me from the blast.

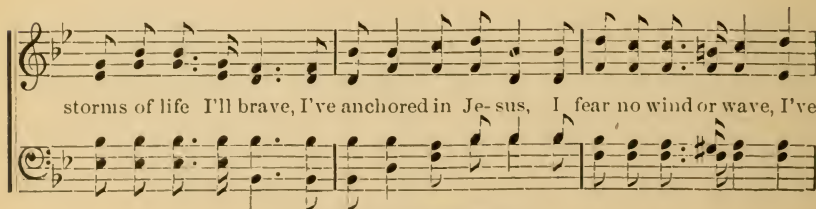


When tri - als fierce as - sail me as storms are gath-'ring o'er, I
 My pi - lot and de - liv - 'rer to him I all con - fide, For
 By faith I'm look - ing up - ward be - yond life's troubled sea, There



CHORUS.

rest up - on his mer - cy and trust him more.
 always when I need him, he's at my side. } I've anchored in Je - sus, The
 I be - hold a ha - ven prepared for me.



storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in Je - sus, I fear no wind or wave, I've

I'VE ANCHORED IN JESUS.—Concluded.

anchored in Jesus for he hath pow'r to save, I've anchored to the rock of ages.

No. 69. 'T WAS A VERY HAPPY DAY.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I had wandered far from my Father's house, On a dark and dang'rous way,
2. I had naught to plead but his wondrous grace, I had naught for his reward;
3. In my need he came and my need was met; In my darkness he is Light;
4. Now the light and peace of yon heav'nly home Seem to shine about my way;

When my Sav-iour came, and his mighty arm Rescued me, that blessed day.
But he cleansed my soul in his precious blood, Now I own him, King and Lord.
For my hun-gry soul, he's the Bread of Life, In my weakness, he is Might.
I am strong in him who has been my all, Since that day, that happy day.

CHORUS.

'Twas a ver-y hap-py day when Je-sus came, A ver-y, ver-y hap-py

day, 'Twas a ver-y happy day when Jesus came, And washed my sins away.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. One day at a time to car - ry the cross, To bear it for
 2. One day at a time, a du - ty for each, Some lives we may
 3. One day at a time; The prom - ise is sweet, His grace is suf -
 4. One day at a time, new les - sons to learn, The Hand sore - ly

Je - sus, thro' per - il and loss, To win liv - ing jew - els to
 sweet - en, some hearts we may reach; And no bet - ter bless - ing the
 fi - cient for tri - als we meet; Tho' storm - y the weath - er, tho'
 wound - ed the pag - es will turn, He'll show us rich treas - ure, much

wear in the crown, The Master will give, when the cross is laid down.
 moments can bring, Than off'ring us serv - ice for Je - sus our King.
 thorn - y the way, He still will ap - por - tion thy strength as thy day.
 more than we ask, We'll break in - to song in the midst of the task.

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

One day at a time,..... as upward we climb,..... Till sweetly the
 One day..... at a time as up - - ward we climb, Till sweet - ly the

bells ring the ves - per chime;..... One day at a time,..... till
 bells ring the ves - per chime, the ves - per chime, One day, one day at a time.....

ONE DAY AT A TIME.—Concluded.

sunsets are o'er. All cloudless the sky..... on e - ter - ni - ty's shore.
 till sunsets are o'er, Till cloudless the sky on e - ter - ni - ty's shore.

No. 71.

ONE LITTLE HOUR.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. One lit - tle hour by yon - der cross, Where Je - sus died for me,
 2. One lit - tle hour at Je - sus' feet, To hear and learn his will,
 3. One lit - tle hour by Kedron's stream, When fades the orb of day,
 4. One lit - tle hour with him a - lone, At morn, at noon, or night,

One look from him is dear - er far Than all the world could be.
 With ho - ly peace and calm de - light, My trob - bing heart can fill.
 Will make me weep to think my sin Could e'er my Lord be - tray.
 Is heav'n on earth be - cause it makes My path so clear and bright.

CHORUS.

No words my love can tell, No tongue my joy ex - press,

When he my Sav-iour hears my call, And comes my soul to bless.

1. A solemn time is coming by and by, When all our earthly labor shall be
 2. Upon the Rock eternal do you build, Or only on time's swiftly crumbling
 3. O seek to build each day with patient care, So that the Lord's approval may be

by and by,

tried, O broth-er, ask this question of your soul, Will your
 sand? On no foun-da-tion but that Rock di-vine Can your
 won, Build on the Rock that ev-er stands se-cure, And at
 shall be tried,

CHORUS.

work in the judgment day abide? } Will your work abide, when comes the time of
 work in the time of testing stand? }
 last hear the blessed words "well done."

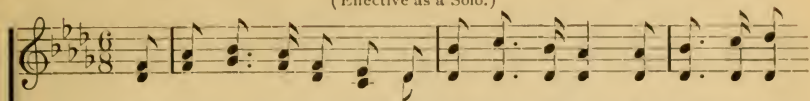
tri-al, When the good and e-vil fairly will be shown? Will your work abide, or

be destroyed for-ev-er, When all that you have done is ful-ly known?

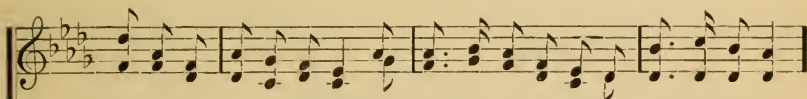
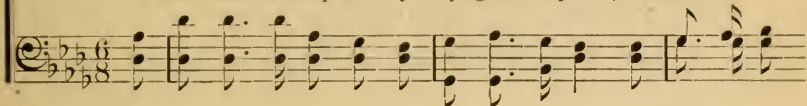
REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

J. WESLEY HUGHES.

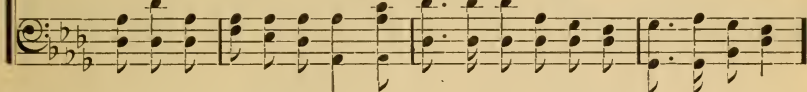
(Effective as a Solo.)



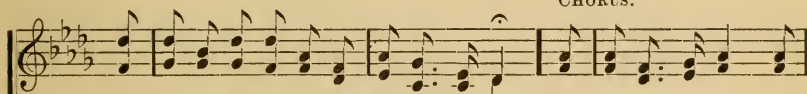
1. I want on - ly thee, not the pleasures of life; I turn from earth's
2. I want thy sweet presence, when skies are all clear; I want ev'ry
3. I want thee to keep me by thy gracious pow'r; I want thee to



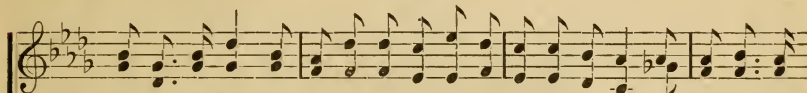
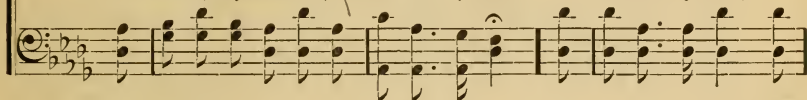
treasures, its turmoil and strife; For naught to give comfort in these do I see;
moment to know thou art near; And when the clouds come, to thy refuge I'll flee;
comfort in death's solemn hour; I want thee to lead me a-cross the deep sea;



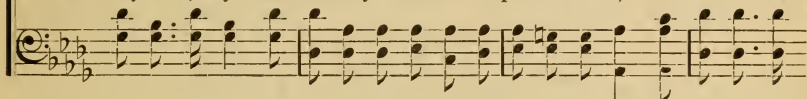
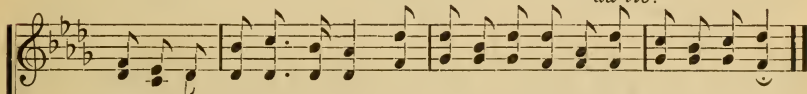
CHORUS.



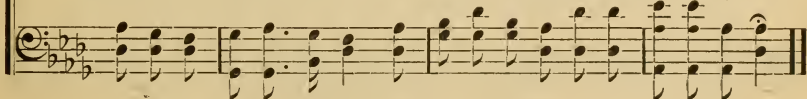
O Jesus, my Saviour, I want on - ly thee. I want on - ly thee, I



want only thee, My friend and my constant companion to be; For when thou art

*ad lib.*

with me I'm happy and free; O Jesus, my Saviour, I want on - ly thee.

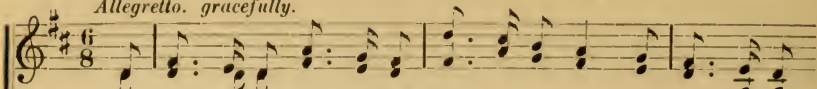


No. 74. BEAUTIFUL HOME OF THE BLEST.

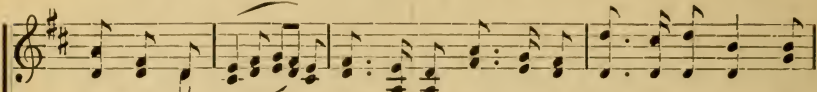
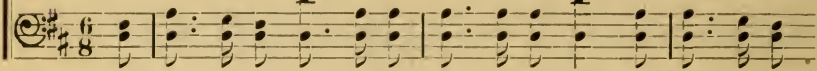
Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

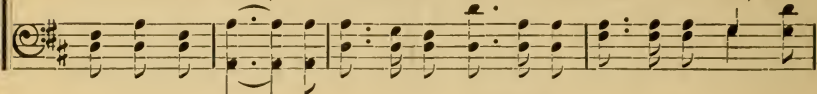
Allegretto. gracefully.



1. O beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home of the blest, How fair are thy
2. No light of the sun doth il - lum - ine thy streets, For God the e -
3. The saints and the mar - tyrs who lived on the earth, With garments more
4. The riv - er of life ev - er - last - ing that flows, Is bear - ing us



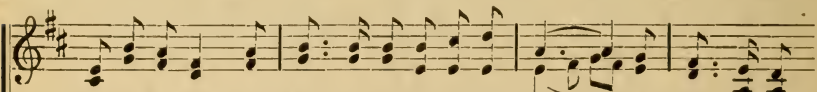
mansions of light! By faith we be - hold thee, O cit - y of God, A -
ter - nal is there! With glo - ry that shines from the In - fi - nite One, The
daz - zling than gold, Are dwelling up there with their crucified Lord, Whose
on to that shore, O when shall we reach the blest har - bor of God, And



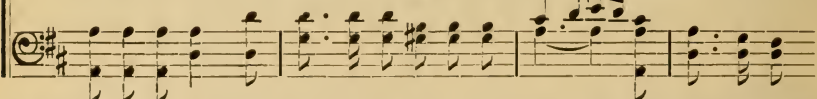
CHORUS.



far on thy ra - di - ant height!	} O beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
walls of thy dwellings are fair!	
glo - ri - fied face they be - hold!	
dwell in his joy ev - er - more!	



home - land of rest, O Zi - on, thou ci - ty di - vine, What joy ev - er -



last - ing a - bid - eth in thee, What glo - ries e - ter - nal are thine!

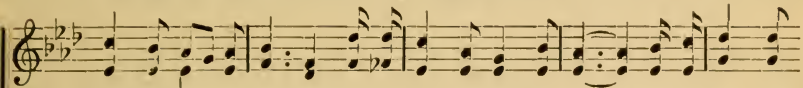
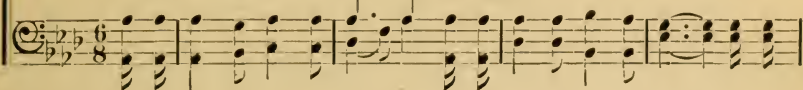


E. E. HEWITT.

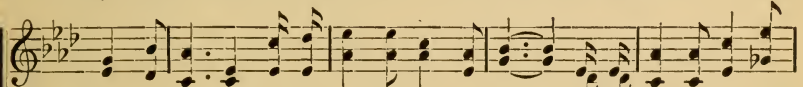
H. L. GILMOUR.



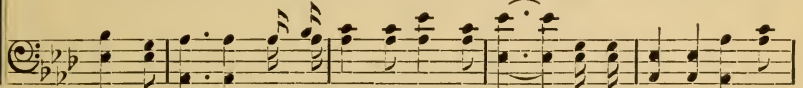
1. O, may none of us be miss-ing When the friends we dearly love, Gather
 2. O, may none of us be miss-ing, For we know the message well, The glad
 3. O, may none of us be miss-ing, Let us haste to serve him here, At the



at the home-re-un-ion In the Father's house a-bove: Here, the sad fare-
 tidings of sal-va-tion, That the Gospel sto-ries tell; And we know the
 precious cross of Cal-v'ry, Finding him, a Friend sincere; Dai-ly led by

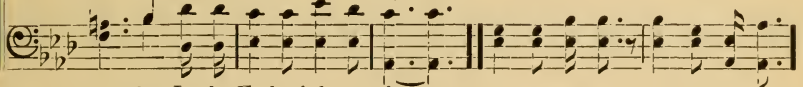


well is ut-tered, But the joy-ful greet-ing there! At the feast the King is
 seek-ing Sav-iour Calls so sweetly, "Come to me," If in his dear arms we're
 his good Spir-it T'ward the pearly gates on high, We shall sing his praise to-

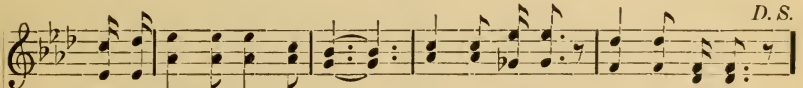


FINE. CHORUS.

spread-ing, Let there be no va-cant chair. }
 fold-ed, What a meet-ing it will be! } Not one miss-ing, not one miss-ing,
 geth-er, In his glo-ry, by and by. }



D. S. — In the Father's house above.



At the bless-ed feast of love; Not one miss-ing, not one miss-ing,



J. W. VANDEVENTER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I am free from condem - nation, Ful - ly saved and sat - is - fied;
 2. I was weak and heav - y lad - en With a load I could not bear,
 3. I was poor, despised, for - sak - en, Ma - ny years I went a - stray,
 4. Now my life is full of sunshine, It is heaven here be - low;

All my sins have been re - mit - ted By the Sav - iour cru - ci - fied.
 But I fled to Cal - v'ry's mountain All my sins were canceled there.
 But at last I found the Saviour, He has washed my sins a - way.
 Ev - 'ry sin has been for - giv - en, They are un - derneath the flow.

CHORUS.

For I left..... them at the cross, at the cross, At the
 for I left

cross..... of Cal - va - ry; Un - der-
 at the cross Cal - va - ry;

neath the blood, the precious blood That was shed to make me free.

JAMES ROWE.

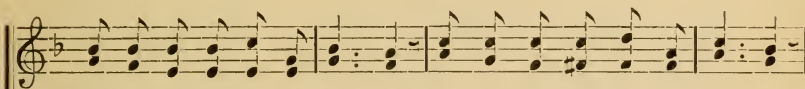
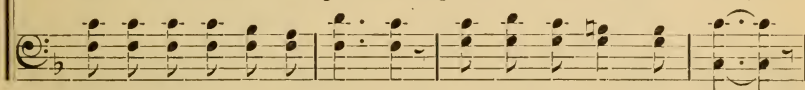
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



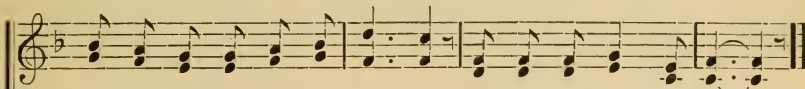
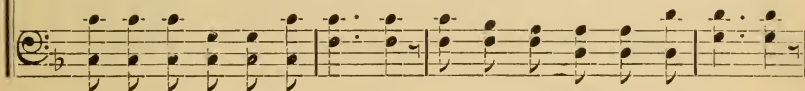
1. Why will you linger in dark - ness? Je - sus will give you light;
2. Why will you languish in bond - age? Je - sus will set you free—
3. Tho' you are stained and unho - ly, Je - sus will make you white—
4. O what a friend is this Je - sus, Ten - der and kind and true!



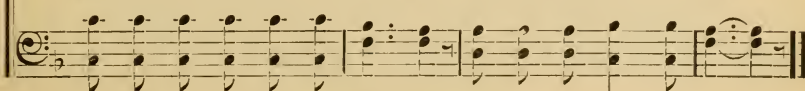
Sure - ly and quickly he'll guide you Out of the vale of night.
 Give you de - liv' rance from ev - il, Sor - row and mis - er - y.
 White as the snows on the mountains, Pur - er than morn - ing light.
 Ev - er his love and com - pas - sion Spread - eth a - broad like dew;



Whisper his name, he will hear you; Stretch out your hand, he is near you,
 Whisper his name, he will hear you; Stretch out your hand, he is near you,
 Whisper his name, he will hear you; Stretch out your hand, he is near you,
 Whisper his name, he will hear you; Stretch out your hand, he is near you,



Wait - ing and long - ing to guide you In - to his won - drous light.
 Wait - ing and long - ing to aid you—Longing to set you free.
 Wait - ing and long - ing to make you Per - fect - ly pure and white.
 Wait - ing and long - ing to give you Par - don and life a - new.



No. 78. ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD.

IRVIN H. MACK.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. There's a roy - al prom - ise giv - en un - to all, Like the
 2. When my heart is sad and sor - rows gath - er round, That would
 3. When I rise to heights my heart with joy is full, And my
 4. So I'll leave to him all troub - les that ap - pear, For he

ra - dian't light of day; 'Tis a word of cheer, it meets our ev - 'ry need,
 all my be - ing fill; 'Tis a word of strength that stills the tempest's blast,
 vis - ion's bright and clear; 'Tis a message sweet that o - ver flows my soul;
 knoweth all things best; In the time of need an ev - er pres - ent help,

CHORUS.

And it lights the Chris - tian's way.
 'Tis the Mas - ter's "Peace be still."
 'Tis a view of heav'n brought near. } All things work to - gether for
 In the prom - ise I will rest.

good to them that love the Lord, to them that love the Lord,

All things work to - gether for good to them that love the Lord.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. While wand'ring a - far from the Spir - it of grace, A - far from my
 2. He took me from sin to the light of his love, To pathways that
 3. As on - ward I press, he re - veals to my view Fresh pastures of
 4. When thro' the dark vale I shall trust - ful - ly go, His rod and his

home, and the Fa - ther's em - brace, I saw, thro' the gloom, a bright,
 lead to the man - sions a - bove, And when from his word I am
 peace, wondrous blessings and new; I long more and more all his
 staff shall up - hold me I know; I'll pass from the shades to his

beck - on - ing ray, And heard a voice call - ing "Come this way."
 tempt - ed to stray, I hear his voice call - ing, "Come this way."
 rule to o - bey, I hear his voice call - ing, "Come this way."
 beau - ti - ful day, I'll hear his voice say - ing, "Come this way."

REFRAIN. *p* * *mf*
 Come this way, Come this way, Lord, I will follow thy beckoning ray;

p *mf* *Ritard.*
 Come this way, Come this way, Saviour I'm coming, I'm coming to-day.

* May be sung or played as an echo; or sung by the Tenors pp.

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JULIA E. BURNARD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Saviour, with thine arms around me, Noth - ing I fear; While thy presence
 2. Saviour, if thou walk be-side me, Smooth is my road; Naught of e - vil
 3. Saviour, when I see the glo - ry Of that fair place, Then with joy I'll

doth surround me, Thy voice I hear; Ev'ry day brings some new treasure,
 can be-tide me, Light is my load. Ev - 'ry foe is backward driv-en,
 sing the sto - ry Of love and grace, Telling how thy mercy sought me,

Ev - 'ry task I count a pleasure; Joy is mine that knows no measure,
 Strength for ev - 'ry need is giv - en, On my jour - ney up to heav - en,
 How thy ten - der patience taught me, Till at last thy love hath brought me

CHORUS.

When thou art near. }
 Thy blest a - bode. } Sav-iour, be thou ev - er near me, May thy ho - ly
 To see thy face. }

presence cheer me, Bring thy child when life is past. Safe home at last.

No. 81. WE ARE MARCHING TOWARD THE MORNING.

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. We are marching toward the morning Where the loved ones now await; We are
 2. We are marching toward the morning When all tears are wiped away, And where
 3. We are marching toward the morning When the saints in Christ shall meet, And "they
 4. We are marching toward the morning When our eyes shall see the King In his

marching toward the morning wondrous fair; There in blessedness forever We shall
 sin and pain and sorrow are unknown; Where the wrongs shall all be righted, Where no
 sing the song of Moses and the Lamb," Where with joy their rapture telling, Where the
 beaut - y on his everlasting throne; In his likeness each shall waken, Saved! Re-

meet no more to sever, When they greet us when we pass inside the gate.
 joys by tears are blighted, Where no night shall mar the beauty of the day.
 cho - rus grand is swelling, When they cast their crowns as trophies at his feet.
 deemed! An heir of heaven And with joy we'll join the song the angels sing.

CHORUS.

We are marching toward the morning, Blessed morn - ing! Lovely morning!
 We are marching on toward the morning fair, Blessed morning fair! Lovely morning fair!

We are march - ing toward the morn - ing Of heav'n's e - ter - nal day.
 We are marching on toward the morning fair

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. The fields are ripe for har-vest, And the toil - ers few; There is
 2. The chan-ces lie a round you, Tho' they may be small, But 'tis
 3. The Mas-ter's voice is call-ing, Will you i - dly stand? Go

need for will - ing work - ers, There's a place for you; Oh the
 al - ways lit - tle du - ties, That are best of all; Oh the
 join the bus - y toil - ers, Lend a help - ing hand; Oh the

good you might be do - ing, As your way you are pur - su - ing, Oh the
 words you might be say - ing, Words to help the weak and straying, Oh the
 hearts you might be blessing, And the cru - el wrongs re - dress - ing, Oh the

CHORUS.

kindness you might show, As you go. } As you go,..... as you go,.....
 bless the world be - low, As you go. } As you go, as you go,
 joys you might bestow, As you go. }

On your mission here below, Let your hand be ev - er ready And your
 As you go,

AS YOU GO.—Concluded.

purpose true and steady, Do your duty for the Master, As you go. As you go.

No. 83. "I'LL TRUST WHERE I CANNOT SEE."

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. What if in un - tried paths below My Fa-ther call-eth me to go?
2. When bil- lows dash a - cross my feet, And hid- den dan- gers I must meet,
3. He's giv- en me a promise grand, "Fear not, I'll hold thee by the hand,"
4. In his strong clasp I place my haud And though I may not un- der- stand

My faith shall still un- shak- en be, I'll trust him where I can-not see.
 Since all my heart on him is stay'd, I'll trust nor ev- er be a- afraid.
 And wondrous strength comes down to me, I'll trust him where I can-not see.
 The way in which he lead- eth me, I'll trust him where I can-not see.

CHORUS.

My Father doeth all things well, He'll surely care for me,
 My Fa - ther do-eth all things well, He'll surely care, he'll sure-ly care for me,

I'll walk by faith and not by sight, And trust where I can- not see.

JENNIE WILSON.

Psalm 51: 2.

F. S. SHEPARD.

1. To the shel-ter-ing Rock that is higher than I, From all threat-ening
 2. 'Tis a covert when storms on the plains fiercely beat, Where the way-far-ing
 3. Tho' sore tri-als be-set me and per-ils seem near, In the shel-ter-ing
 4. To the strong Rock of Ages, O sin-ful one, flee, Trust in m'er-cy di-

dan-ger, for safe-ty I fly; 'Tis a tow-er of strength that no
 trav-'ler may find a re-treat; Yes, a shad-ow re-fresh-ing a-
 Rock I find sol-ace and cheer; All temp-ta-tions and sor-row will
 vine, free-ly of-fered to thee; When the sol-emn-toned bells of e-

might can o'erthrow And a ref-uge un-fail-ing from ev-er-y foe.
 mid the bare sands Is the shel-ter-ing Rock that un-changeable stands.
 soon pass a-way, But the source of my com-fort en-dur-eth for aye.
 ter-ni-ty toll, Let the seal of redemp-tion be found on thy soul.

CHORUS.

Precious, shel-ter-ing Rock,..... Precious, shel-ter-ing Rock;... When the
 Shel-ter-ing Rock, Shel-ter-ing Rock

shel-ter-ing Rock gives its calm-ness and rest, In my Saviour I'm happy and blest.
 am happy and blest.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

SOLO.

1. Wea - ry and wan-d'ring and sunk-en in sin, Vile as a
 2. Foot-sore and wea - ry he toil'd all the way, E - ven to
 3. Still I re - ject - ed your Sav - iour and mine, Till I be -

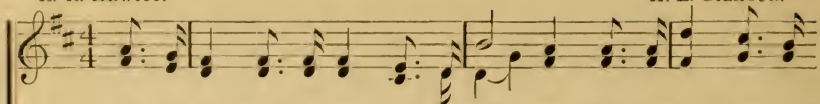
sin - ner could be, Je - sus be - held and to Beth - le - hem came,
 Geth-sem - a - ne, Oft I have met him and heard his sweet voice,
 held on the tree, Suf - fer - ing, dy - ing, my Sav - iour and yours,

Left his bright throne for me, Left his bright throne for me.
 Pray - ing for me, for me, Pray - ing for me, for me.
 Dy - ing for you and me, Dy - ing for you and me.

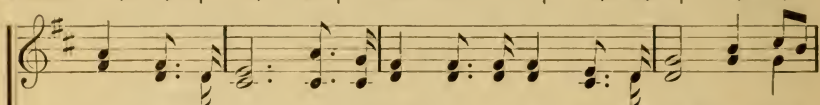
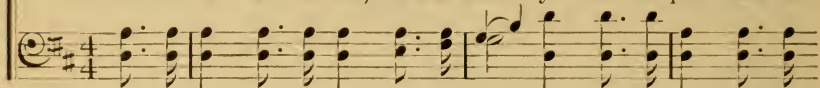
CHORUS.

All for me, All for me? Lord was it all for me? From the
 was it
 all for me,

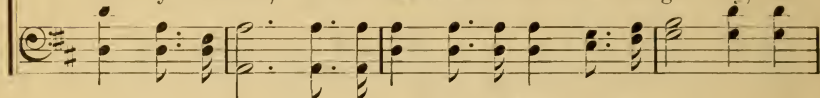
throne to the man-ger, From there to the cross, Yes, it was all for me.



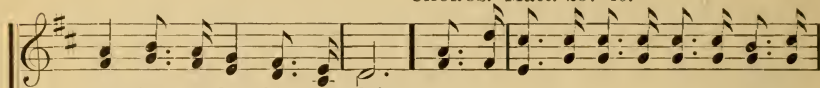
1. Let us do all we can for each oth - er, For the cup that we
 2. In the place of the Mas - ter's ap - point - ment, In the work that our
 3. Let us do all we can for the Mas - ter, While the mo - ments are
 4. Let us do all we can, serv - ing ev - er In the joy of his
 5. Let us do all we can, for time's sto - ry In his pres - ence will



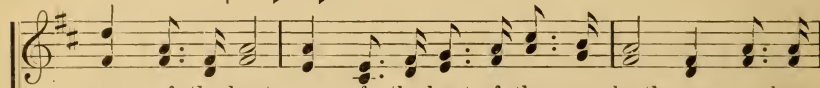
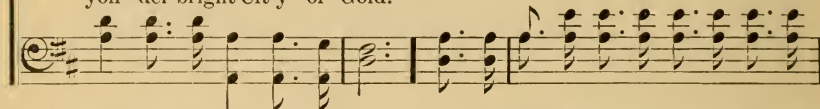
give in his name, Will be marked by our great El - der Broth - er; His
 hands find to do, We may pour, at his feet, the sweet ointment, Love's
 glid - ing a - way, For the cur - rent of life, fast and fast - er, Will
 won - der - ful love, With his Spir - it for - sak - ing us nev - er, Till we
 short - ly be told; O for stars that will shine to his glo - ry, In



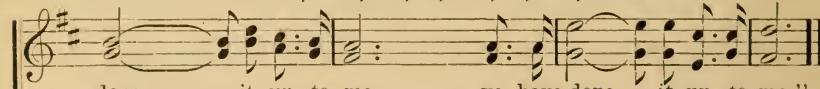
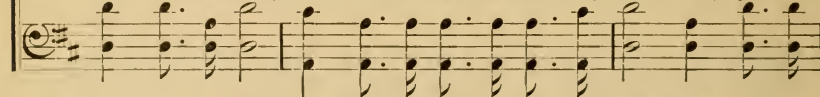
CHORUS. Matt. 25: 40.



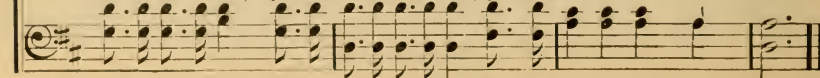
bles - sings we humbly may claim.
 off - rings, me - mo - ri - als true. } "In - as - much as ye have done it un - to
 hur - ry us on, day by day.
 en - ter the Pal - ace a - bove.
 yon - der bright Cit - y of Gold.



one of the least, one of the least of these my breth - ren, ye have



done it un - to me, ye have done it un - to me."
 done it un - to me, ye have done it unto me, ye have



UNDER WHAT BANNER?

BIRDIE BELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Life is a war-fare! go forth to the battle, Gird on your arm-or, be
 2. Work there is plenty for hearts that are earnest, La - bor there is that you
 3. If o'er your head waves the banner of Je-sus, This is a choice which you
 4. Soon o'er the heights shall the day wake in splendor, Day when all meet in the

val - iant and true; Borne on the breeze is the soul - stir-ring war-cry,
 on - ly can do, E - vil and good are for - ev - er in con-flict,
 nev - er will rue, Great the re-ward to each brave, faithful sol-dier,
 fi - nal re-view, Roy - al the crowns which are promis'd the vic-tors,

CHORUS.

Un - der what standard, O broth-er, are you?
 Un - der which standard, O broth-er, are you?
 Un - der his stand-ard, O broth-er, are you?
 Un - der Christ's standard, O broth-er, are you? } Under what standard, are

you my brother? Are you a sol - dier, val - iant and true? Marching to -

day 'neath the blood-stained ban-ner, Under that standard, O brother, are you?

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. All my life by sin was blighted, peace and har-mo - ny had fled, And the
2. A new song he put with - in me, e - ven prais-es to our God, Just the
3. Peace is flow-ing like a riv - er, there is glo - ry in my soul Not a
4. So I'm singing while I'm waiting for the summons of my Lord, And re -

discord fill'd my inmost soul with pain; But the master-hand of Jesus swept a -
 song they're singing on the other shore; " Unto him who hath redeem'd us and hath
 cloud to hide my blessed Saviour's face; Sweetly basking in the sunlight of his
 hearsing for the anthems of the skies; In the hal - le - lu - jah chorus I shall

cross the broken strings, Stirr'd the slumb'ring chords to music once again, Stirr'd the
 wash'd us in his blood, Un-to him be praise and glory evermore, Un-to
 presence and his love, Since he saves and sanctifies me by his grace, Since he
 mingle by and by, When my ransom'd soul set free from earth shall rise, When my

CHORUS.

slumb'ring chords to music once again.
 him be praise and glory ev - er - more. } Oh, the harmonies of heaven now are
 saves and sanctifies me by his grace. }
 ransom'd soul set free from earth shall rise.

THE HARMONIES OF HEAVEN.—Concluded.

ringing in my soul, Sweetly ringing in my soul, Glo-ry here and o-ver

yon-der while e - ter - nal a - ges roll, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.

No. 89.

JESUS, ONLY JESUS.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

Adapted by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When af - flict - ed and distressed, Who can give my spir - it rest,
2. Like a bark by tempest driv'n, With the world my soul has striv'n,
3. Who can give from sin re - lease? Bid life's cares and tur-moils cease?
4. When deep waves of sor - row roll, Who can calm my troub-led soul?
5. Who will al - ways be my guide? With me ev - er - more a - bide?
6. When all cares of life are past, When I hear death's bu - gle blast,

Like a bird with - in its nest? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
 Who can guide me safe to heav'n? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
 Guide me to that port of peace? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
 Who can make the wound-ed whole? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
 Bear me safe - ly o'er the tide? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
 Who will bear me home at last? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

M. PAULINE GILMOUR.

1. Why should I fear when my Saviour and Lord Prom- is - es help in his
 2. Why should I doubt as I walk by his side? Sure- ly the word of the
 3. When from the skies the bright sun shines so clear; When the night comes with its
 4. Trust- ing in sunshine and trust- ing in storm, Claiming thy promise to

own bless - ed word: He my de- fense from all dan- gers shall be,
 Lord has been tried; Thou hast kept oth- ers and thou canst help me,
 shad - ows so drear, When earth- ly comfort and joys all shall flee,
 keep me from harm, Sail- ing a - lone o - ver life's toss- ing sea.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, my Sav - iour, I can trust thee. I can trust thee, O

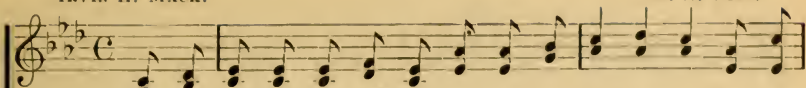
Sav - iour di - vine, All that I need is a promise of thine, Speak the word

on - ly, 'tis suf - ficient for me, Je - sus, my Saviour, I can trust thee.

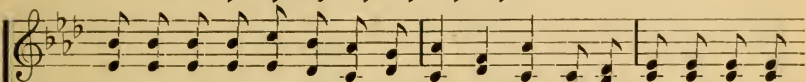
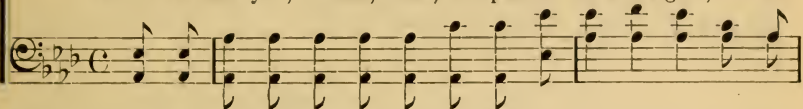
ritard.

IRVIN H. MACK.

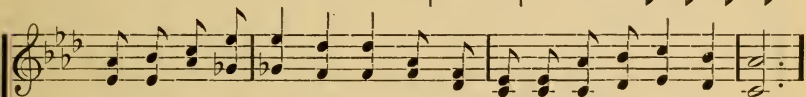
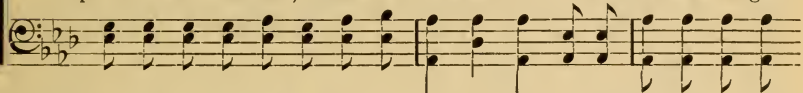
W. A. POST.



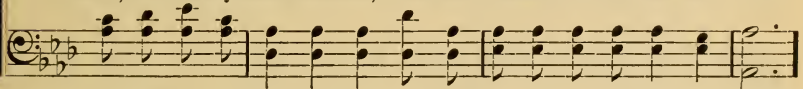
1. List, the voice of Je - sus calls, So dear to him thou art: "Child, be
2. Je - sus stands and knocks to-day, Throw open wide the door; Do not
3. Je - sus knocks; will you not hear And bid him en - ter in? List, he
4. Je - sus calls you; sin - ner, come; His pardon he would give; Do not



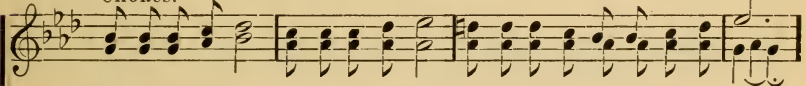
mine; O give to me That vain and sinful heart." He will bring you joy and let him turn away And leave you ev - ermore. Bid him enter, while you calls in tender tones. O leave your ways of sin; Seek sal - vation while you per - ish far from home, But turn to him and live. From his side no longer



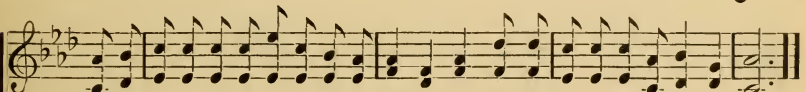
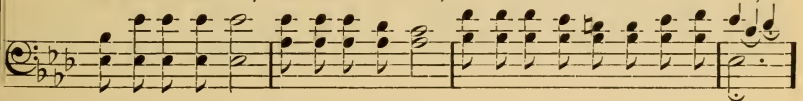
peace; Redeeming love im - part; Let the blessed Saviour en - ter in.
 may; His blessing now se - cure; Let the blessed Saviour en - ter in.
 may, And give your heart to him; Let the blessed Saviour en - ter in.
 roam; His mercy blest receive; Let the blessed Saviour en - ter in.



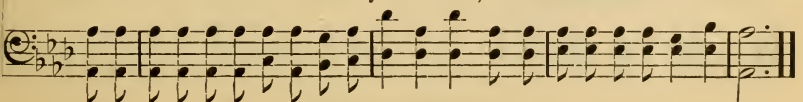
CHORUS.



Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in, Let the blessed Saviour enter in;



His salvation full and free He offers you and me, Let the blessed Saviour enter in.



No. 92. THE SONG MY SOUL IS SINGING.

E. E. HEWITT.

W. A. POST.

1. I will sing a - mid earth's tri - als, In the sunshine and the gloom,
 2. I will sing of him who saved me By his blood so free - ly shed;
 3. Let the way be smooth or rugged, Strewn with thorns or fairest flow'rs,

When the wintry winds are blowing, When the summer ros - es bloom;
 In for - bid - den paths he found me, To the cross of Cal'ry led;
 Yet the Lord will still be with me Thro' time's swiftly - pass - ing hours;

In the morning, in the evening, In the watch - es of the night,
 There he gave me full for - giveness; There my sins he took a - way;
 So I sing a song un - fail - ing; May its mu - sic nev - er cease,

I will sing of him whose mercy Guides my falt'r - ing feet a - right.
 Since by faith I leaned up - on him He has kept me day by day.
 For my Saviour's love is changeless, And he gives me perfect peace.

CHORUS.

O, the song my soul is singing Is a song of grateful love;
 O, the song, the song my soul

THE SONG MY SOUL IS SINGING.—Concluded.

rit.

And its notes are heav'nward ringing To the King who reigns a - bove.
And its notes, its notes are heav'nward ringing

No. 93. IN THE LAND OF OVER THERE.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's a land of sun e - ter - nal Where the days are bright and fair,
2. In that land of light and glo - ry There is bliss we each shall share,
3. In that land of blissful qui - et We shall nev - er have a care;

And we whisper of that country As the land of "o - ver there."
And our joy-cups shall be brim - ful In the land that's "o - ver there."
All our la - bors will be joy - ous In the land that's "o - ver there."

CHORUS.

Not a sor - row, not a sigh, Not a tear-drop in the eye,

Not a sad - ness, by and by, O - ver there, o - ver there.

BROTHERS ARE SHIPWRECKED.

"Yes, we have saved the man; and tell my mother it is Brother Will we have saved."

[A true incident.]

E. E. HEWITT.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Some one is shipwreck'd on life's stormy sea, Call - ing for res-cue, O
2. Who'll to the res-cue? who'll hasten a-way, Manning the life-boat for
3. Some one is shipwreck'd; O may it not be Some one that's dearest to
4. Some one is shipwreck'd; the life-line we hold, Throw it out quickly; be
5. Some one is shipwreck'd; come, Spirit of pow'r; Be with thy people; O

hear the sad plea! O - ver the bil - lows rings out the wild cry,
 Je - sus to - day? Fear not the break-ers, but speed o'er' the wave;
 you or to me, Shall we not hast - en to bring them good cheer?
 earn - est and bold, Tell - ing the sto - ry of Je - sus, who still
 help us this hour! Wa - ken our cour-age, re - kin - dle our love,

CHORUS.

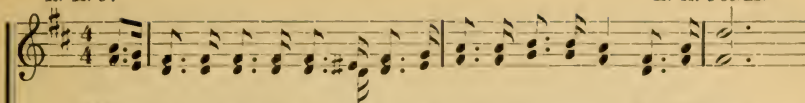
Haste with the life-boat, or brothers will die.
 Broth - ers are shipwreck'd, and Jesus can save!
 Je - sus is read-y, sal - va-tion is near!
 Hush - es the winds by his mer - ci - ful will. } Haste to the res-cue,
 Seek - ing lost souls for the kingdom a - bove. }

Who'll speed a-way? Manning the life-boat, for Je - sus to-day? Fear not the

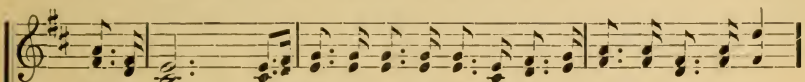
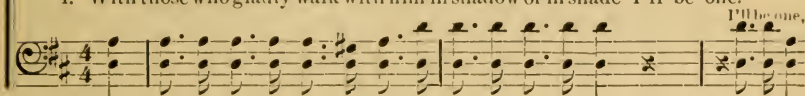
breakers, but speed o'er the wave; Brothers are shipwreck'd, and Jesus can save.

L. E. J.

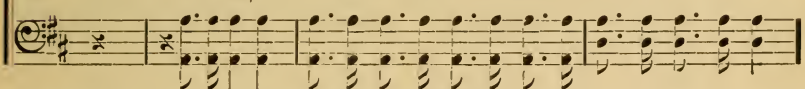
L. E. JONES.



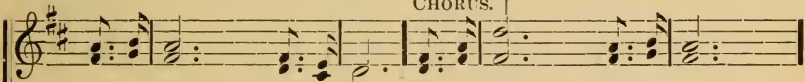
1. When Je- sus calls for wit-ness-es, to tell his love to men, I'll be one,
2. When willing hands are needed to lift up his banner high, I'll be one,
3. With those who stand redeem'd and wash'd in Jesus' precious blood, I'll be one.
4. With those who gladly walk with him in shadow or in shade I'll be one.



I'll be one, To swell the glad hosannas till the earth shall ring a gain,
 I'll be one, Of those who trusting Jesus tread his footprints to the sky,
 I'll be one, With those who sing triumphant in the kingdom of our God,
 I'll be one, Of those who trusting in his love shall never be a-fraid,
 I'll be one,



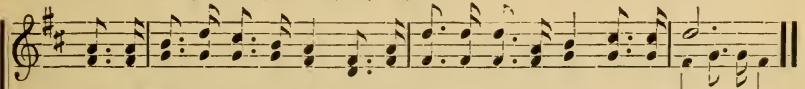
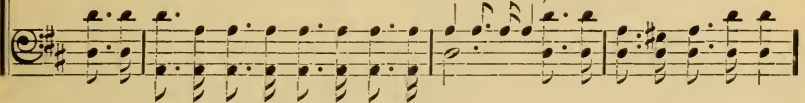
CHORUS.



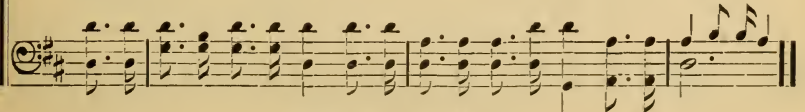
I'll be one, I'll be one. I'll be one, I'll be one,
 I'll be one, I'll be one. I'll be one, I'll be one,



With the sav'd who shout his praises I'll be one, With the hearts who trust and pray,
 I'll be one,



And the Master's will obey, With the ransom'd on the way, I'll be one.
 I'll be one.

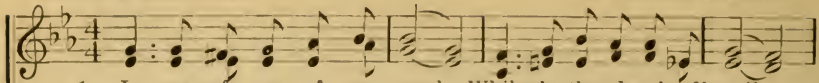


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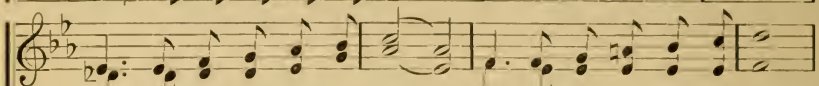
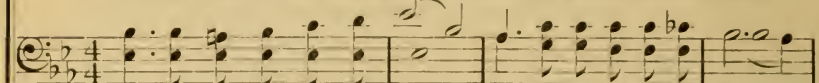
JESUS REFUGE OF MY SOUL.

Mrs. F. G. BURROUGHS.

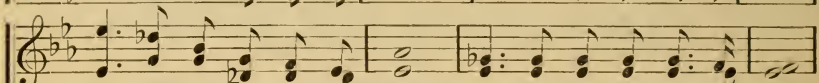
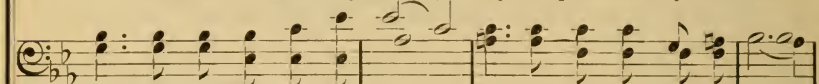
M. PAULINE GILMOUR.



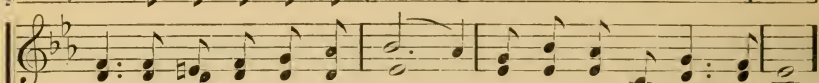
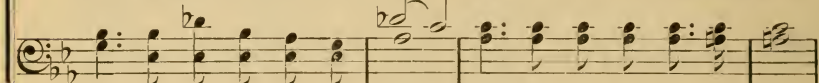
1. Je - sus ref - uge of my soul, While the thunders loudly roll,
 2. Fierce the tempests rage with - out, Wild - ly dash the waves a - bout;
 3. Cheer me when my spir - it faints, Seal my lips from all complaints;
 4. To the close of life's brief day, Be my portion and my stay;



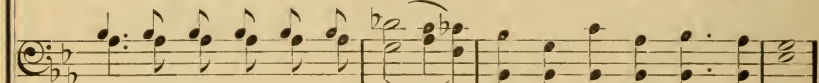
Let me on thy breast re - cline, Fold - ed in the arms di - vine,
 Let me close to thee a - bide, Shel - ter'd in thy riv - en side,
 Hold me up, thou shepherd kind, Light and lead - er of the blind,
 Je - sus' name shall be my theme, Thy re - proaches my es - teem:



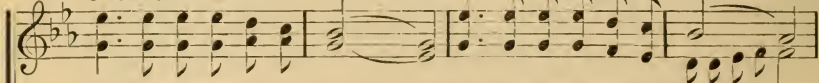
Ban - ish all my doubts and fears, Wipe a - way the fall - ing tears;
 Grounded are my hopes on thee, "Rock of A - ges, cleft for me!"
 Keep me clean from in - bred sin, Cru - ci - fy this self with - in;
 Thus in dark - est hours I'll sing, Praise to thee, my heav'n - ly King;



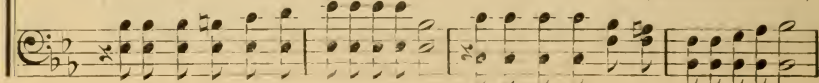
Speak! and at thy bless - ed will, Bid my troubled heart "be still."
 Strength of Is - rael, hold me fast "Till the storms of life are past."
 Thou who art all right - cous - ness, Be my beau - ty and my dress.
 Trust thee, though I can - not trace, Till I see thee face to face!



CHORUS.



Je - sus ref - uge of my soul, . . . Thou dost hide while billows roll, . . .
 soul, my resting soul, roll, while billows roll,



JESUS REFUGE OF MY SOUL. Concluded.

Winds and waves at thy be-hest Sink a-way in per-fect rest,
 at thy behest, in perfect rest.

No. 97. THE LIFE-GIVING FOUNTAIN.

E. E. HEWITT.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. We know of the life-giv-ing foun-tain; Its won-der-ful waters we've tried,
2. Sweet mu-sic you'll hear at the fountain, From hearts that are joyful with praise,
3. O will you not come to the fountain, And join in the beau-ti-ful song,
4. But, list-en! the Spir-it is whisp-'ring, Far sweeter entreaties with-in;

And heart-i-ly now we in-vite you, To drink from the same healing tide.
 They're sing-ing of love beyond measure, Of mercy that brightens their days.
 The car-ol of love and thank-giv-ing, That bursts from the blood ransom'd throng.
 O let him now lead you to Je-sus, Who opened this fountain for sin.

CHORUS.

Then come, . . . come . . . Come no long-er de-lay,
 Then come to the fountain, come to the fountain,

Come, - - O come, 'Tis flow-ing for you to-day. . .
 Come to the fountain, come to the fountain, to-day.

SAVED BY A SONG.

A true incident in the pastoral work of J. R. Greer.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. A precious life was ebbing out, A woman young and fair; Beside her stood a
 2. The weary head was lifted up Upon the wasted hand, And tears gushed forth, as
 3. A few short weeks and all was o'er, Her crowning day had come: But e'er she pass'd, these

man of God, With sacred song and pray'r, He told her of the Father's love, Of
 showers fall, Upon a thirsty land, "O Grandma! that's the hymn," she said, "I've
 words she spoke, To lov'd ones in the home: "O husband, grandma, do not weep, I'm

Christ who once was slain; And then with tender voice and kind, He sang this sweet refrain:
 longed so much to hear," And she was saved e'en while he sang These words so full of cheer
 not afraid to die, I'm going home, it won't be long, I'm going now: Good-bye."

CHORUS.

In my Fa-ther's blessed keep-ing I am hap-py, safe and free;

While his eye is on the spar-row I will not for-got-ten be.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

1. When the dark-ning twi - light gath - ers o - ver all the lea,
 2. When I have been sore - ly test - ed by some heav - y trial,
 3. When Death's blighting shad - ow comes and creeps in - to the fold,
 4. Day by day I've learned to love him, learned to know his voice,

When the night has drawn her cur - tains o - ver land and sea;
 If I find in - stead of ros - es, thorns and self - de - nial;
 And my love - ly, pre - cious dar - ling si - lent lies and cold;
 Learned a - mid life's hard - est les - sons al - ways to re - joice;

f.
 Then my faith seems mounting upward as the shadows fall, While a sweet voice
 Then I steal a - way in se - cret on his name to call, Then a - gain I
 Then in my great des - o - la - tion, I be - fore him fall, Still I hear Hope
 And I'll find when I've depart - ed from this earthly ball, Still within you

D.S.—All the storms that sweep around me never need appall, While I hear love's
 FINE. CHORUS.

gen - tly whis - pers, "God is o - ver all,"
 hear faith whis - per, "God is o - ver all," } God is o - ver all,
 sweet - ly whis - per, "God is o - ver all,"
 radiant Heav - en, "God is o - ver all."

gentle whis - per, "God is o - ver all."

D.S.
 God is o - ver all, And the arm on which I'm leaning, Will not let me fall,

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. O - ver the wa - ters gal - lant - ly sail - ing, Rid - eth the good ship,
 2. Broad are her decks and staunch are her tim - bers, Tempest and waves can
 3. Mul - ti - tudes now have reached the blest har - bor Rescued from shipwreck,
 4. Driv - en and tossed on life's troubled wa - ters, Sig - nal to Christ a -

trust - ed and true; Mill - ions on board are shipping for glo - ry,
 nev - er o'er - whelm; Built to with - stand the bil - lows and break - ers,
 safe on that shore, Still the old ship is gal - lant - ly sail - ing,
 cross o - cean's foam; He is the Cap - tain of our sal - va - tion,

CHORUS.
 See they are beck'ning, calling for you.
 Steady the hand that holdeth the helm. } Hasten on board the gospel ship
 Bearing her shout - ing mul - ti - tudes o'er.
 Ready to save and pi - lot us home.

Zi - on, Brave is her Cap - tain, trust - y her
 Brave is her Cap - tain, trust - y, yes

crew,..... Mill - ions have land - ed safe - ly in glo - ry Now they are
 trust - y her crew,

THE GOSPEL SHIP ZION.—Concluded.

watch - ing, wait - ing for you;..... Make no de - lay - ing,
 Now they are watch - ing, wait - ing, yes, waiting for you, ,Make no de - lay - ing,

quick - ly o - bey - ing, Trust the old ship, she'll car - ry you through.
 quickly o - bey - ing,

No. 101.

SAVIOUR WALK BESIDE ME.

E. R. LATTA.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On my earth - ly jour - ney, What - so - e'er be - tide me, Be it
 2. If my feet should wan - der, Let thy Spir - it chide me, Draw me
 3. What - so - e'er may threat - en, Who - so - e'er de - ride me, Be my
 4. What - so - e'er be grant - ed, What - so - e'er de - nied me, Help me

CHORUS.

good or e - vil, Sav - iour walk be - side me.
 clos - er to thee, Sav - iour walk be - side me. } Hold me, guide me,
 grace suf - fi - cient, Sav - iour walk be - side me.
 still to trust thee, Sav - iour walk be - side me.

Saviour walk be - side me, What - so - e'er be - tide me, Hold me, guide me.

No. 102. THE REAPING-TIME HAS COME!

MRS. E. E. W.

MRS. E. E. WILLIAMS. Arr. by H. L. G.

1. { Look up, be-hold, the fields are white al-read-y un-to the har-vest,
 O reap-er haste, thrust in thy blade, and gather the gold-en treasures,
 2. { Each sheaf a soul that cost the blood of Je-sus, the Lord of Glo-ry,
 Go forth re-peat-ing o'er and o'er the beau-ti-ful old-en sto-ry,
 3. { 'Twill not be long, O wea-ry one, the la-bor shall all be end-ed,
 Then songs of praise, and shouts of joy in mel-o-dy sweetly | lend-ed,

Lo, the reap-ing time has come! } 'Tis the
 For the fi-nal (Omit.....) har-vest home! } While for
 To their res-cue haste a-way! } For on
 Work while still 'tis (Omit.....) called to-day! } And to
 And the rest-ing time shall come; } And the
 Shall re-sound thro' (Omit.....) heav-en's dome! } And the

Lord's own grain, and 'tis fall-ing, fall-ing, falling, Shall it there un-
 work-ers still he is call-ing, call-ing, calling, And the e-ven-
 eve-ry hand they are dy-ing, dy-ing, dy-ing, While the bless-ed
 us the Mas-ter is cry-ing, cry-ing, crying, "Go and reap my
 glad joy-bells shall be ring-ing, ring-ing, ringing, O'er a world re-
 an-gel choirs shall be sing-ing, sing-ing, singing, As the sheaves are

1 2 CHORUS.
 gath-er'd lie,
 (Omit.....) tide is nigh?
 Spir-it grieves!
 (Omit.....) gold-en sheaves!" O broth-er hasten a-way
 deem'd from sin!
 (Omit.....) gar-ner'd in!

THE REAPING-TIME HAS COME.—Concluded.

to the har - vest, Ere the shades of eve-ning fall!..... Go and
harvest quick away, shades of ev'ning fall, Ere the shades of ev'ning fall, Go and

reap..... golden sheaves, For there's work enough for all.....
reap, go and reap golden sheaves, golden sheaves, For there's work enough, there's work enough
for all, for all.

No. 103.

MY BELOVED.

Rev. J. T. WILDE.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. 'Twas he who banished all my fears, And gently wiped a - way my tears,
2. To hear the mu - sic of his voice, Oh how it makes my soul rejoice,
3. He robs death of its cru - el sting, As faith soars high up-on the wing

The bless-ed Christ of God; Who brought me thro' a world of care,
And soothes my troubled heart; He helps me bear the ills of life,
Of bless-ed hope and love; He makes me long to soar a - way,

And fed my soul on angel's fare, As o'er the earth I trod.
Brings comfort in its ceaseless strife, And bids its cares de - part.
And join the blest in endless day, In God's sweet home a - bove.

No. 104.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

JENNIE WILSON.

F. S. SHEPARD.

1. When the days of your earth-life are o - ver, And your work, good or
 2. In the balance will all your trans-gressions Brand your soul with their
 3. O how sad to be weighed and found wanting, As you will, if a-
 4. Ere you come to that sol-emn tri-bu-nal, Let your guilt all be

e - vil, is done, Then your soul must be weighed in the bal - ance
 deep crim-son glow? Or in Cal - va - ry's free - flowing fount - ain
 lone you must stand, With no ad - vo - cate lov - ing - ly plead - ing
 tak - en a way, And thro' faith let the mer - ci - ful Sav - iour

CHORUS.

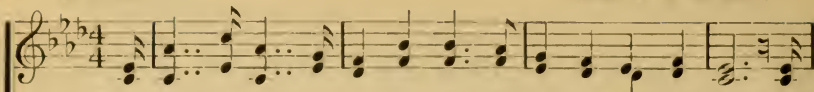
Of the ho - ly and in - fi - nite One.
 Will they be washed white as the snow? } When you're weighed in the balance of
 For your soul at the Judge's right hand.
 With his righteousness clothe you for aye.

justice, When you're weighed in the balance of God, Can you trust in the
 the balance of God,

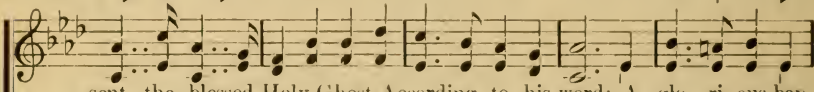
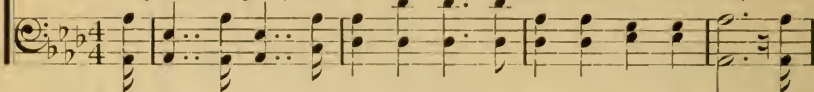
mer - its of Je - sus? Are your sins blot - ted out by his blood?

C. H. M.

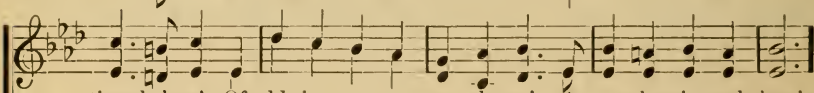
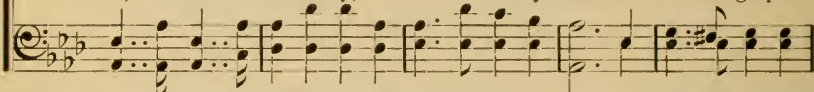
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Rejoice! rejoice! O Church of God, The Lord your prayer hath heard And
2. While from the mountains, hills and plains A mighty cho-rus rolls, As-
3. Whenev - er Zi - on trav-ail - eth In prayer before the throne, The
4. Sweep on, sweep on, re - viv - al tide, Redeem and save the lost, Con-



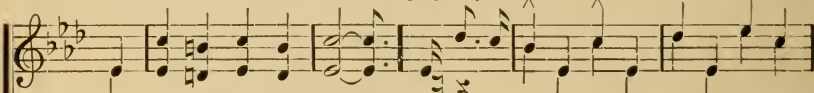
sent the blessed Holy Ghost According to his word; A glo - ri - ous bap-
 pending up to heaven's gates, The shout of new-born souls, Jehovah's mighty
 blessed promise still is true, God's mighty pow'r is known; Responsive to our
 vict, convert and sancti - fy, Fill with the Holy Ghost Un - til the gospel's



tismal show'r Of old-time pen-te - cost - al pow'r; A great bap-tis - mal show'r
 arm made bare, Revivals kindled ev'rywhere; Jehovah's arm made bare,
 heart's desire He sends the Holy Ghost and fire; Sends to our heart's desire
 joy - ful sound Is heard to earth's remotest bound; The gospel's joyful sound

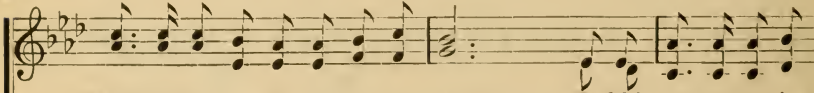
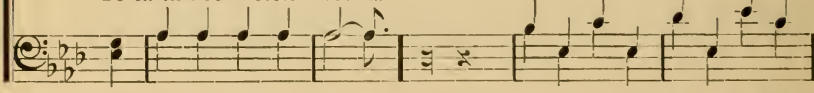


CHORUS.

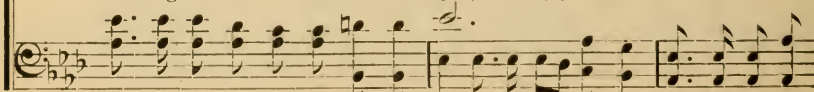


Of pen - te - cost - al pow'r.
 Re - vivals ev' - ry - where.
 The Ho - ly Ghost and fire.
 To earth's re - motest bound.

} Then let us onward! forward! Godward! heav'nward!



Marching on to certain vic - to - ry; (vic-to - ry;) God his cov - enant is



TWENTIETH CENTURY RALLY.—Concluded.

keeping And revival tides are sweeping In the morning of this century.

No. 107. GOD NEVER FAILETH.

HELEN E. RASMUSSEN.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Blessed Saviour, here before thee, As the saints a-bove a-dore thee,
2. To thy loving arms we've hastened, Weak and weary, sore-ly chastened,
3. Sad-ly we be-wail our weakness, But rejoice in thy completeness,
4. How our sins like mountains ris-en, Seen by soul-enlightened vis-ion,

We on bend-ed knee implore thee, Fold us in thy love and care.
 O the bliss of love a-wakened, Glo-ry! words can ne'er ex-plain!
 Blessed love and ten-der meekness, In thy blessed strength we're strong.
 Make us un-der-stand thy mis-sion As our Ad-vo-cate with God.

CHORUS.

From our hearts thy praise is well-ing For the Ho-ly Ghost in-dwelling;

Hear the rapturous cho-rus swelling, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb.

1. Je - sus pardoned all my sins, O a - maz - ing grace, He has
 2. I have per - fect peace within, since my sins are gone, There is
 3. Doubt and darkness dis - appeared when He smiled on me, Not a
 4. Je - sus saves me, saves me now, praise his won - drous name, On his

filled my soul with love di - vine, I am walk - ing in the light of his
 mu - sic in my heart most sweet, I'm re - joic - ing all the way as I
 shad - ow in his light could stay, O the glo - ry I received when he
 mer - cy will my soul re - ly, While on earth my feeble tongue shall his

smil - ing face, I am ful - ly his, and he is mine, (he is mine.)
 jour - ney on, For my Sav - iour makes my joy complete, (joy complete.)
 set me free, Shines undimmed with - in my soul to - day, (soul to - day.)
 praise pro - claim, And I'll praise him then beyond the sky, ('yond the sky.)

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - jah, Hal - le - lu - - - jah,
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,

Je - sus is my all in all, On Cal - va - ry he
 in all,

JESUS IS MY ALL IN ALL.—Concluded.

rit.

died for me, Je - sus is my all in all. in all.

No. 109. MY STRENGTH AND MY SONG.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Tho' joy and sorrow, smiles and tears, The Lord is my strength and my song,
2. Tho' clouds a-cross the sky shall drift, The Lord is my strength and my song,
3. Tho' com-ing steps I can - not trace, The Lord is my strength and my song,
4. Temp-ta-tions come, without, within, The Lord is my strength and my song,

He bears my burdens, soothes my fears, The Lord is my strength and my song.
 The stars shine thro' the widening rift, The Lord is my strength and my song.
 I'll trust his all - suf-fi - cient grace, The Lord is my strength and my song.
 His pow'r divine shall vic-t'ry win, The Lord is my strength and my song.

CHORUS.

Pass - ing on life's chequered way, T'ward the ev - er - last - ing day,

Hap - py hearts that tru - ly say, The Lord is my strength and my song.

"I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE."

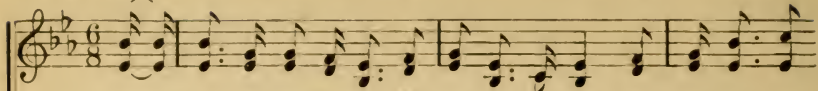
Dedicated to Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D. D.

J. L. GILBERT.

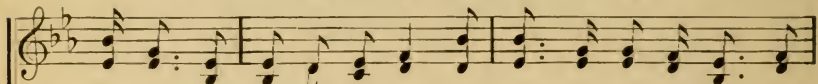
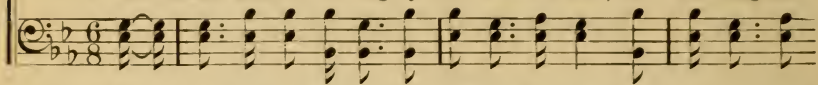
E. E. HEWITT.

John 14 : 2.

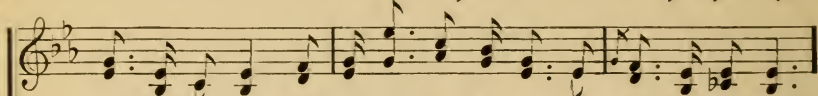
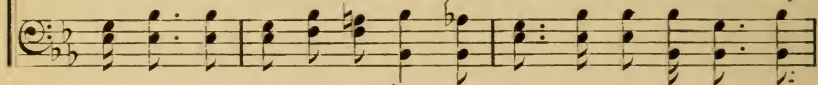
Arr. by H. L. GILMOUR.



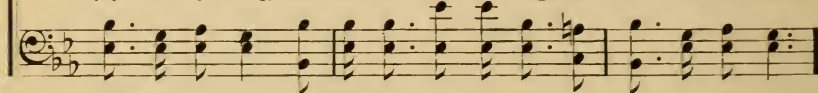
1. In the won-der-ful land where the weary shall rest, Which clouds never
2. He knows all our longings, provides for each need, The joys of that
3. He'll gath-er to-geth-er the lov'd ones we miss; They'll sweeten our
4. The hands that once lov-ing-ly min-is-tered here, Are ad-ding new



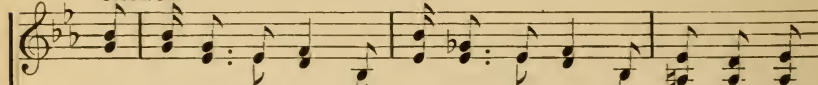
dark-en, nor part-ings mo-lest, Our home shall be furnish'd with
home all our hopes far ex-ceed; Sweet flow'rs and glad wa-ters, crowns
pleasures and height-en our bliss; The treas-ures too ho-ly for
beau-ties as friends shall draw near; The blos-soms of E-den they



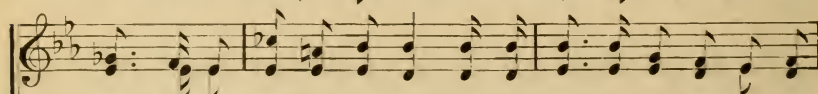
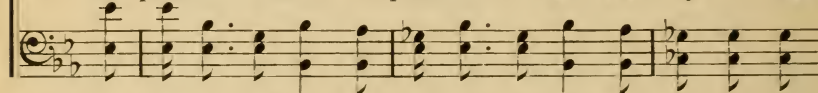
ten-der-est care, "I go," said the Mas-ter, "a place to pre-pare."
star-ry and bright, And songs ev-er ring-ing thro' port-als of light.
earth's breaking clay, Shall shine in the glo-ry of heav-en's fair day.
joy-ful-ly bring, The sweet will ful-fill-ing of Je-sus our King.



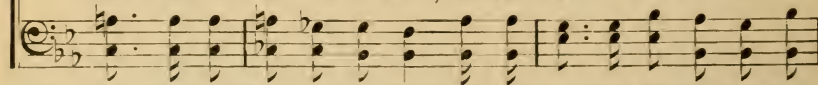
CHORUS.



O prom-ise so sweet! O prom-ise so true! Made by our dear



Sav-iour to com-fort us thro'; In the beau-ti-ful homeland be-



"I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE."—Concluded.

Handwritten musical score for the song "I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE." It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

yond the bright blue, I go to pre- pare a bright man- sion for you.

No. 111.

O LAMB OF GOD.

REV. JOHN BELL.

John 1: 29.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Handwritten musical score for the song "O LAMB OF GOD." It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two sharps (D major) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. O Lamb of God most precious, I fain would walk with thee, The fragrance of thy
 2. In thy be- lov- ed presence What beauties I be- hold, The sea is fleck'd with
 3. Dear Lamb of God most precious, O still abide with me, Un- til thy face in

Handwritten musical score for the song "O LAMB OF GOD." It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two sharps (D major) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

presence Is heav'n it- self to me; With thee in sa- cred un- ion My
 sil- ver, The clouds are fring'd with gold; The mountains in their grandeur To
 glo- ry My raptur'd soul shall see; When freed from ev'ry dan- ger And

Handwritten musical score for the song "O LAMB OF GOD." It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two sharps (D major) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The word "ritard." is written above the treble staff.

rapture is complete, To know that thou art making My soul for glo- ry meet.
 my a- dor- ing eyes Look like a golden stairway, That leadeth to the skies.
 ev- 'ry guilty stain, O Lamb of God most precious, Shall be my glad refrain.

A. A. PAVN.
SOLO.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When Je - sus leads,..... the way grows bright, E'en tho' be-
 2. Tho' dark the path..... my feet shall tread, And dark the
 3. I'll fol - low him..... while life shall last, I'll fol - low

fore..... 'twas darkest night;... From him there beams..... a radiance
 clouds..... be o - ver - head,..... I'll have no fear,..... for at my
 him..... till I have passed..... The golden gates..... of that fair

rit.

fair,..... A heav'nly light, a light beyond com - pare.
 side..... There walks the Son, my falt'ring steps to guide.
 shore..... Where I shall rest with him for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

I'll trust him, though I can - not see..... The path thro'
 I'll trust him, though I cannot, cannot see

which..... he leadeth me;..... My faith in him..... shall be my
 The path thro' which he leadeth, leadeth me; My faith in him shall

WHEN JESUS LEADS.—Concluded.

rit.

stay;..... I am con - tent when Je - sus leads the way.
be, shall be my stay;

No. 113.

THE OLD-TIME POWER.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. We come, dear Lord, in faith to thee, Our hearts of one ac - cord;
2. We would be fit - ted, Lord, to do Thy ser - vice day by day;
3. O send the Ho - ly Ghost divine To cleanse our hearts from sin;
4. Our Saviour in the up - per room Breathed on his chosen few,

We seek an - oth - er Pen - te - cost, Be - lieving in thy Word.
To be a mes - sen - ger of thine To souls in sin a - stray.
And give us pow'r, that we may go The lost of earth to win.
Say - ing, "Receive the Ho - ly Ghost, And pow'r will come to you."

CHORUS.

The old-time pow'r is here this hour, 7 Promised at the Pen - te - cost;

The old-time pow'r is here this hour, "Receive ye the Ho - ly Ghost."

E. E. HEWITT.

GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.

1. He will nev - er leave me, Je - sus my Saviour and Lord,
 2. He will nev - er leave me Tho' he is reigning a - bove;
 3. He will nev - er leave me; Sunbeams or raindrops may fall,

To - kens of his pres - ence Day aft - er day shall af - ford;
 His own Ho - ly Spir - it Comes as the gift of his love;
 Je - sus, in his near - ness, Ten - der - ly answers my call;

In my bless - ed Guide - book O - ver and o - ver I read
 Yield - ing to his prompt - ings, Lov - ing and do - ing his will,
 Up the shin - ing hill - side, Down thro' the shadow - y vale,

Pre - cious words of prom - ise, Meet - ing my ut - ter - most need.
 He will lead and keep me, Sweet - ly he'll comfort me still.
 He will not for - sake me, Nor will his grace ev - er fail.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

He nev - er will leave me, Bless - ed be his name!

HE WILL NEVER LEAVE ME.—Concluded.

He nev-er will leave me, While his sal-vation I claim,.....

No, he nev-er will leave me, To his dear hand I'll cling,.....

ad lib.

No, he nev-er will leave me, Je-sus, my Lord, and King,.....

No. 115.

HIS LOVE IS SO FREE.

WILL. V. MILLER.

NELLIE R. GREEN.

1. Blest with the mer-cy of Je-sus, my King, Happy, so happy, the songs that I sing;
2. Once in the darkness I wander'd a-stray, Far from his love and his mercy a-way;
3. Cleansing from sin, and this rest, sweetest rest, Makes me content-ed and perfectly blest;
4. Come to this Saviour, ye weary and sad, Seek this Salvation, 'twill make your hearts glad;

CHO.—O hal-le-lu-jah! his love is so free! O hal-le-lu-jah! he sat-is-fies me!

D.C. Chorus.

Fill'd with his fulness so rich and so free, O hal-le-lu-jah! he sat-is-fies me.
 Now I am resting in Je-sus' control, His perfect peace fills my sat-is-fied soul.
 Now un-to Je-sus my Master and King, Glo-ry and honor for-ev-er I'll sing.
 Ev-er to Je-sus for safe-ty a-bide, 'Neath his blest shelter his rapture confide.

This great salvation with joy I'll proclaim, Loud hal-le-lu-jahs give Jesus' dear name.

No. 116.

WHAT ARE THESE?

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. What, what are these thus arrayed in robes of white Un-numbered they
 2. These, these are they who shall stand be-fore the throne, And serve day and
 3. He on the throne ex-er-more shall care for them And lead where the

stand praising him whose love they own; Of ev-'ry tongue, ev-'ry
 night in the temple of their God, They bore the cross, foll' wing
 fount-ains of liv-ing wa-ters rise They thirst no more, nor with

peo-ple, ev-'ry land, Day and night they worship him who sits on the throne.
 him whose name they own, All a-long the weary road their Saviour had trod.
 hun-ger shall they faint, God himself shall wipe a-way all tears from their eyes.

CHORUS.

These are they who have come out of great tribulation, Who have washed their robes

white in the blood of the lamb, These are they who have come out of

WHAT ARE THESE?—Concluded.

great trib-ulation, Who have wash'd their robes white in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 117.

I WILL ARISE.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. "I will a-rise and go to my Father;" Long have I wander'd far from his face;
2. "I will a-rise and go to my Father;" Bow'd with contrition, burden'd with care;
3. "I will a-rise and go to my Father;" Tatter'd, and bruise'd, and weary of heart;
4. "I will a-rise and go to my Father;" Surely he's watching, calling for me;

Humbly con-fess-ing all my trans-gressions, Now will I seek his pardon-ing grace.
 At the King's table, spread by his bounty, Is there not bread enough and to spare?
 He the best robe will bring for my wearing, Riches of bless-ing free-ly im-part.
 Looking in love from Heaven's bright win-dows, Ev'ry return-ing footstep he'll see.

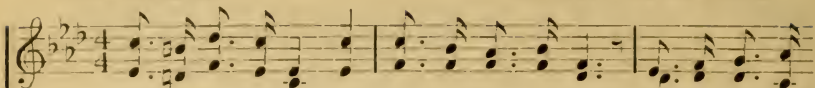
CHORUS.

"I will a-rise and go to my Father;" From the far country, stormy and wide;

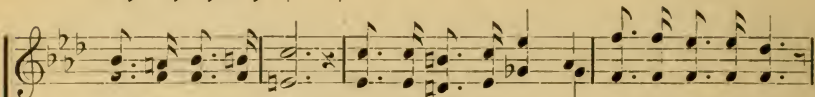
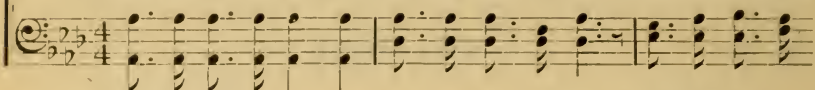
"I will a-rise and go to my Father;" He will receive his peni-tent child.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

PAULINE GILMOUR HATCH.



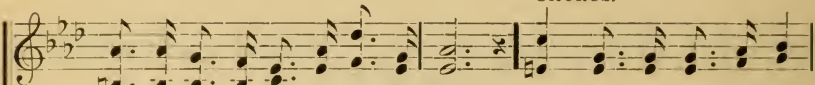
1. Do not look for trou-ble as you pass a-long, Do not fret o'er
2. There are wea-ry pil-grims walk-ing by your side, Who have found heav'n's
3. There's a well of wa-ter for the thirst-y soul, There are green spots



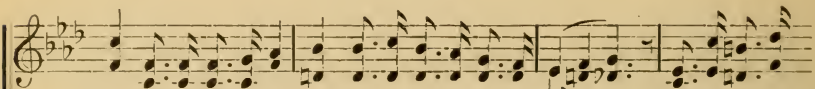
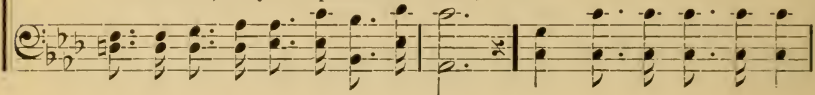
e - vils of your way, There's a sil - ver lin - ing to the darkest cloud,
 path-way rough and long, There are hopeless brothers looking for the light,
 'mid the des-ert's sand, Sing with grace, surrender all your life with joy



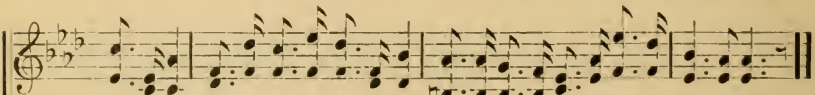
CHORUS.



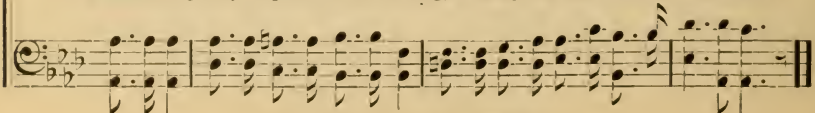
Let your life be sing-ing ev - 'ry day.
 You may lead to Je - sus with a song. } Sing with a hap - py heart,
 To the Lord, for you'll possess the land. }



Sing, sing, a cheery song, While you are passing o'er life's way, You can help the



world along, If you greet it with a song, Make a joyful noise unto the Lord each day.



No. 119.

CLEANSING IN THE BLOOD.

IDA L. REED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Contrite soul, look up, believe, There's cleansing in the blood; You full pardon
 2. Come where Calv'ry's billows roll, There's cleansing in the blood; Healing for each
 3. Full the fountain flows and free, There's cleansing in the blood; Life and love and

may receive, There's cleansing in the blood. Plunge within the fount to-day,
 sin-sick soul, There's cleansing in the blood. Here from sin find glad release,
 lib - er - ty, There's cleansing in the blood. Ye who far from home now stray,

All your sins 'twill wash a - way; Come, no long - er now de - lay, There's
 Life and pur - i - ty and peace, Joys that ev - er - more increase, There's
 Ye who lost the heavenward way, To the fountain come to - day, There's

CHORUS.

cleansing in the blood. There's cleansing, cleansing, Cleansing in the
 There's cleansing, yes, there's cleansing There is

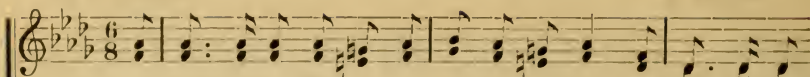
blood; Come, no longer now delay, There's cleansing in the blood.

No. 120.

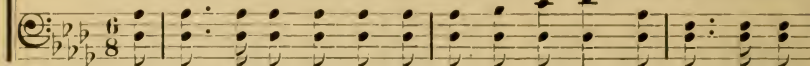
THINE, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

IRVIN H. MACK.

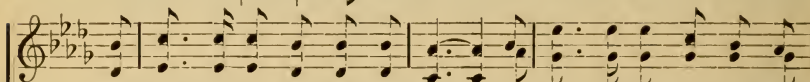
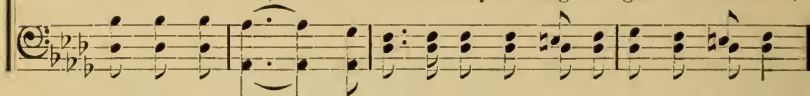
W. A. POST.



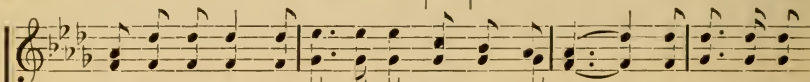
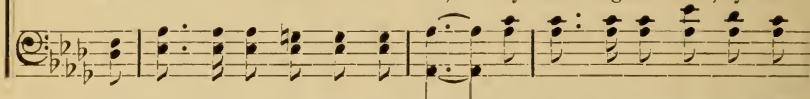
1. O Je - sus my Saviour who died on the cross, To thee all I
 2. I'm hap - py in Je - sus; my all to him bring, I dwell in the
 3. I'm hap - py in Je - sus; my words can - not tell, How wondrous his



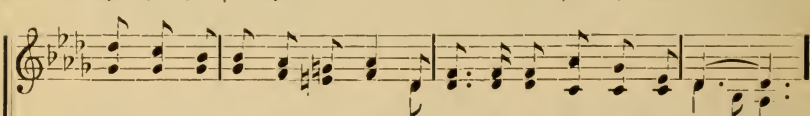
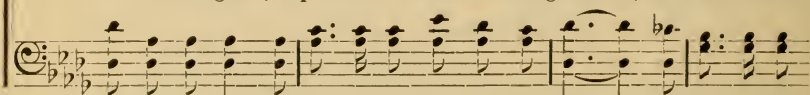
have I am bring - ing, My heart on the al - tar, re - fine from all dross,
 light of his pres - ence, I rest in the shade of his shad - ow - ing wing,
 love is to me, The chords of my be - ing with grat - i - tude swell,



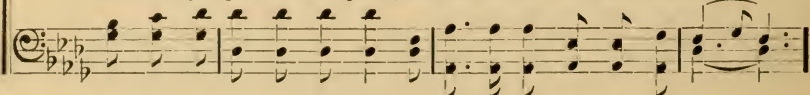
For thine, on - ly thine I would be; O blest is the knowledge that
 Find bless - ing and peace by his side, O Sav - iour di - vine cleanse my
 When all of his mer - cies I see, By shed - ding his blood, by his



Je - sus is mine, It fills all my be - ing with won - der That cords of his
 heart from all sin, And ban - ish de - bas - ing de - sires, O make me all
 in - fi - nite grace, A per - fect sal - va - tion he gave me, He came and he



love round my heart should entwine, A sin - ner redeem'd by his grace.
 ho - ly and per - fect with - in, For thine, on - ly thine would I be.
 died to pre - pare me a place, Sal - va - tion is mine thro' his blood



THINE, BLESSED SAVIOUR.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Thine blessed Sav-iour I'll be, Giv - ing my life un - to thee,
Thine blessed Sav-iour I'll be, thine I'll be, Giv-ing my life un - to thee, un - to thee,

Thou hast giv-en so much un-to me, My all to thy service I bring.
I bring.

No. 121.

NOT MY WILL.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

DUET.

1. Not my will, but thine, dear Sav-iour, I will trust thee and o - bey,
2. Not my will, but thine, dear Sav-iour, Tho' the cross be hard to bear,
3. Not my will, but thine, dear Sav-iour, I ac - cept thy lov - ing call,
4. Not my will, but thine, dear Sav-iour, Send me forth o'er land and sea,

FINE.

Where thou lead-est I will fol - low, I will fol - low all the way.
I will ne'er re - fuse to take it, Free - ly take it an - y - where.
Fame and pleasure, home and kindred, For thy sake I leave them all.
Ev - 'ry-thing is on the al - tar, I be - long a - lone to thee.

D.S.—Sav'd am I to love and serve thee, Not my will, but thine be done.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Not my will, but thine, dear Sav-iour, Thou a - lone most Ho - ly One,

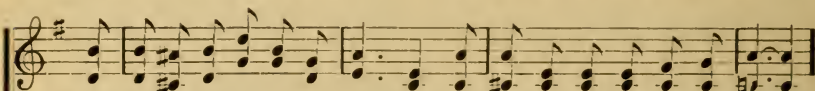
No. 122. I COULD NOT BUT LOVE THEE.

REV. W. C. MARTIN.

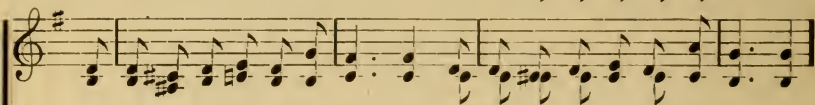
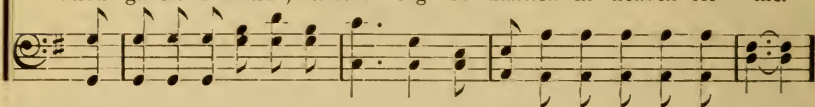
MAURICE A. CLIFTON.



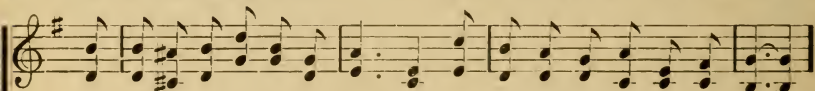
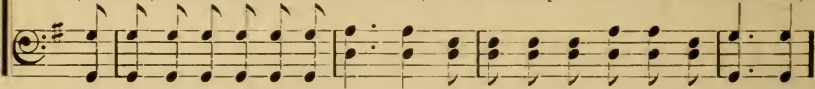
1. Dear Saviour, I could not but love thee, Nor have any treasure above thee.
2. Dear Lord, I cannot but revere thee; Each day seems the more to endear thee.
3. When I could not earn it by serving, Nor ask, because good or deserv - ing,



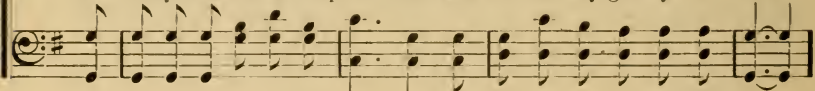
My joys and my sorrows all prove thee More precious than aught else could be.
 My cup runneth over when near thee, Nor could I be happy a - stray.
 Thou gavest salvation, re. serv - ing A mansion in heaven for me.



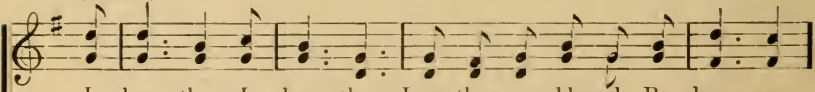
Thou givest me freely sal - va - tion; Thou keepest me when in tempta - tion;
 To walk by thy side is a pleasure, A blessing and joy beyond measure;
 So, Lord, I cannot but a - dore thee, And worship for - ev - er be - fore thee,



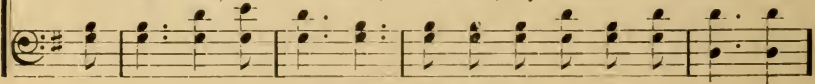
Be - stowest on me the re - la - tion Of brother, dear Saviour, to thee.
 Thy presence an in - finite treasure That ne'er shall be taken a - way.
 And daily beseech and implore thee Still more of thy glo - ry to see.



CHORUS.



I love thee, I love thee, Love thee, my blessed Re - deem - er;



I COULD NOT BUT LOVE THEE. - Concluded.

I love thee, I love thee Far more than I ev - er can tell.

No. 123. LET THE DEAR SAVIOUR COME IN.

JENNIE MORTON.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. Je - sus is soft - ly knocking, Let him come in, let him come in;
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Let him come in, let him come in;
3. Are you so wea - ry weeping? Let him come in, let him come in;
4. O - pen to him the por - tal, Let him come in, let him come in;

List to his ten - der plead - ing, Let the dear Sav - iour in.
 Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Let the dear Sav - iour in.
 Je - sus will bear your sor - row, Let the dear Sav - iour in.
 You will re - ceive his bless - ing, Let the dear Sav - iour in.

CHORUS.

Just now throw o - pen the door, Let him come in, let him come in;
 4th v. Just now I o - pen the door, Saviour, come in, Saviour, come in;

Just now he waits to forgive, Let the dear Sav - iour in.....
 Just now I know he forgives, Je - sus has en - tered in.....
just now.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sweet Rose of Shar-on, shed thy fragrance here, Our wait-ing hearts to
 2. Our songs of praise from grate-ful lips as-cend, For all thy love and
 3. Come, bless this resting place on Zi-on's hill, Here may thy grace, like
 4. Take doubt, and fear, and stain of sin a-way; O, hear our prayers, and

com-fort, soothe, and cheer; From busy toil, we turn a-side a-while,
 guid-ance, Heav'nly Friend; Thine arm has helped us o'er the roughest ways,
 gen-tle dews dis-till; Give ev-'ry bur-den'd soul a full re-lease,
 teach us how to pray; Give us, dear Lord, as to thy feet we come,

CHORUS.

To find re-fresh-ing in our Sav-iour's smile.
 Thy pres-ence brighten'd e'en the dark-est days. } Sweet Rose of Shar-on,
 And, as of old, bid sin-ners go in peace. }
 A fore-taste of the joys of Heav'n our home.

to our souls appear; Sweet Rose of Sharon, shed thy fragrance here, Sweet Rose of

Sharon, Sweet Rose of Sharon, Sweet Rose of Sharon, shed thy fragrance here.

No. 125. BRIGHTEN THE WAY WITH A SMILE.

W. C. MARTIN.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There are hearts that are droop-ing in sor - row to - day; There are
 2. There are bur - dens most grievous and heav - y to bear; There are
 3. When the soul is in dark - ness and wea - ry with care Comes the
 4. O, the beau - ti - ful dawn - ing of day is not far, And the

souls under shad - ow, the while. O, the com - fort from God you can
 souls whom the sin - ful re - vile; You can lov - ing - ly whis - per God's
 temp - er al - lur - ing with guile. You should shine in that life like the
 gloam - ing will lin - ger a while. Let us glow like the glit - ter - ing,

CHORUS.

gen - tly con - vey, And brighten the way with a smile.
 prom - is - es rare, And brighten the way with a smile.
 sunbeams so fair, And brighten the way with a smile. } O, brighten the
 bright morning star, And brighten the way with a smile.

way with a smile, Yes, brighten the way with a smile, Some
 with a smile, with a smile,

one's dearest days you can gently beguile, And brighten the way with a smile.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."—Psalm 25: 14.

W. H. B.

W. H. BROWN.

1. I have learned to know the sweetness of the presence of the Lord;
 2. If my soul is faint and thirst-y, there's a cool, re-freshing spring,
 3. O how precious are the les-sons that I learn in this re-treat;

I can trust the precious promis-es re-cord-ed in his word;
 Gently flow-ing clear as crystal, 'neath the shad-ow of his wing.
 Waves of peace o'erflow my spir-it, as I hold com-mun-ion sweet.

And when earthly cares as-sail me and my tri-als bow me low,
 Then in pastures green he leads me; there my drooping heart he cheers;
 So, if knowing here his se-cret will such bless-ed joy af-ford,

D.S.—Then, in joy or pain or sor-row, on his prom-ise I de-pend,

*rit.**Fine.*

And when passing thro' deep waters, they shall not me o-ver-flow.
 There my Saviour rests be-side me; there he wipes a-way my tears.
 I will wait un-til he calls me, gives to me my great re-ward.

For he say-eth, I am with thee, with thee e-ven to the end.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah! for the prom-is-es re-cord-ed in his Word;

SWEETNESS OF HIS PRESENCE.—Concluded.

D.S.

They will stand the test of trusting when I lean up - on the Lord;

No. 127. "I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU COMFORTLESS."

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. Wea-ry ways of toil and grief May be thine to wander through;
 2. Friends may fail, when losses come, Trusted ones may prove un - true;
 3. In the darkest lone - ly night, When the stars are lost to view,
 4. Precious Je - sus! tru - est Friend! Comfort - er and Helper, too;

As you seek the cit - y fair— Nev - er fear—he'll come to you.
 But his love can know no change—Nev - er fear—he'll come to you.
 When in pain your sad heart bleeds, In the gloom he'll come to you.
 Ev - er near, he speaks to cheer, "I have come, have come to you."

CHORUS.

"I will not leave you comfort - less: I will come, will come to you;

Tho' all of earth should pass a - way, I will nev - er prove un - true."

No. 128.

MEMORIES.

REV. W. F. EWING.

MRS. W. F. EWING.

SOLO.

1. There's a picture comes at e-ven', as I think of home and rest, As my
 2. O how well do I remember, tho' the years since then have fled, How she
 3. With you, sinner, we are pleading by the mem'ries of the past, To sur-

mem'-ry gath-ers treasures from the scenes to me so blest; 'Tis a
 told me of her Saviour, how I followed as she led Till I
 ren-der all to Je-sus, serving him while life shall last; Let the

mem'ry of my mother, who is in the bet-ter land; But I
 gave my life to Je-sus; thus I answered mother's prayer, And went
 love of mother's Saviour and her ev-er-beck'ning hand Prompt your

rit. seem to have her with me and to feel the vanished hand.
 forward with her blessing, free salvation to declare. } O the mem'ry of my
 heart just now to answer, "I will meet her in that land." }

CHORUS.

mother, how it thrills her child to-night, How her spirit hovers o'er me, blessed

MEMORIES.—Concluded.

messenger of light; And I know that I shall meet her, when the scenes of life grow

rit.

dim, And for - ev - er be with Je - sus, for my mother is with him.

No. 129.

HE IS COMING.

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

M. GERTRUDE CASSELBERRY.

1. { There's a light shines bright on the mountain heights, That foretells the coming of the day
When the King of kings comes to earth to reign, And the gloom of sin shall pass a - way. }

CHORUS.

{ He is coming, he is coming, O my soul, awake and sing! For the
He is coming, he is coming, Christ, the ever - lasting King! O be

triumph of his coming draweth nigh;
ready for his coming by and by. }

2 There's a voice sounds clear from the holy Word,
That foretells this blessed reign of peace;
When from north to south, and from east to west,
Strife and war shall then forever cease.

3 There's a song of praise in my heart to him,
For the wondrous joy he brings to me;
For his reign of peace is within my soul
And he gives me perfect liberty.

No. 130.

IN THE BLOOD.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. For my sins is pardon found, In the blood; There is balm for ev'ry wound In the
 2. Here we learn that God is love, Thro' the blood; Sending mercy from above, Thro' the
 3. There is hope for all mankind, In the blood; There is sight for sinful blind, In the

blood. Sinful souls, by grief oppress'd, Come to Christ and be at rest, Thro' the
 blood; Taking all our gloom away, Turning night to brightest day, Thro' the
 blood. For the hearts in deep despair There is sweetest sol-ace there, In the

CHORUS.

blood, thro' the cleansing blood. } In the blood of the
 blood, thro' the precious blood. }
 blood, in the heal - ing blood. Hal-le - lu - jah. } In the blood

Lamb There is pardon full and free, There is hope for you and me;
 of the Lamb

In the blood of the Lamb Who was slain on Cal - va - ry.
 In the blood of the Lamb

R. O. SMITH.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Soldier, is the battle long? Keep on praying; Right will surely conquer wrong,
 2. Pilgrim, have you weary grown? Keep on praying; Christ won't leave you all alone,
 3. Christian has your faith grown weak? Keep on praying; Do the tears roll down your cheek?
 4. O the joys we'll soon receive, Keep on praying; If in Christ our hearts believe,

Keep on praying. Do not heed the cannon's roar, Wars shall cease and be no more,
 Keep on praying. God will hear your eager pray'r, Soon a starry crown you'll wear,
 Keep on praying. Soon you never more will sigh, Tears no more will dim your eye,
 Keep on praying. If to Jesus we belong, Soon we'll join the ransom'd throng,

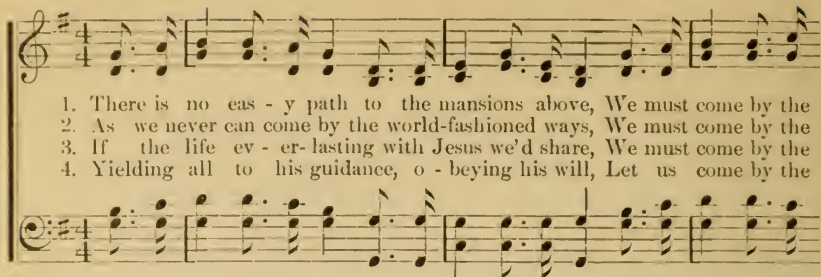
CHORUS.

And our Captain's on be-fore, Keep on praying.
 And the joys of heav'n you'll share, Keep on praying.
 You will conquer by and by, Keep on praying. } Keep on praying,
 And we'll sing redemption's song, Keep on praying.

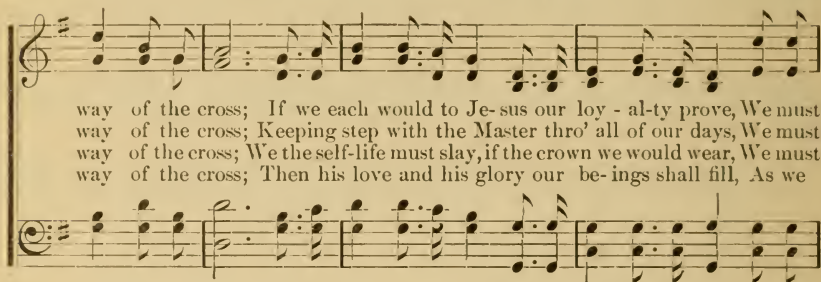
Keep on praying; You will conquer by and by, Keep on praying.

IDA L. REED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

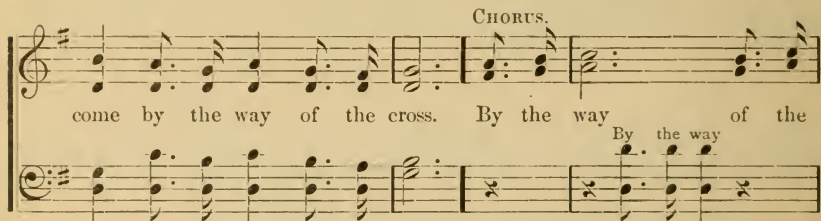


1. There is no eas - y path to the mansions above, We must come by the
 2. As we never can come by the world-fashioned ways, We must come by the
 3. If the life ev - er - lasting with Jesus we'd share, We must come by the
 4. Yielding all to his guidance, o - beying his will, Let us come by the

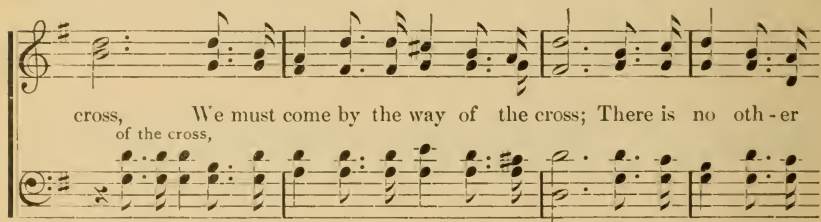


way of the cross; If we each would to Je - sus our loy - al - ty prove, We must
 way of the cross; Keeping step with the Master thro' all of our days, We must
 way of the cross; We the self - life must slay, if the crown we would wear, We must
 way of the cross; Then his love and his glory our be - ings shall fill, As we

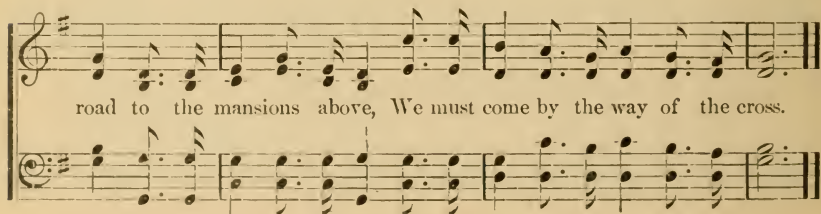
CHORUS.



come by the way of the cross. By the way ^{By the way} of the



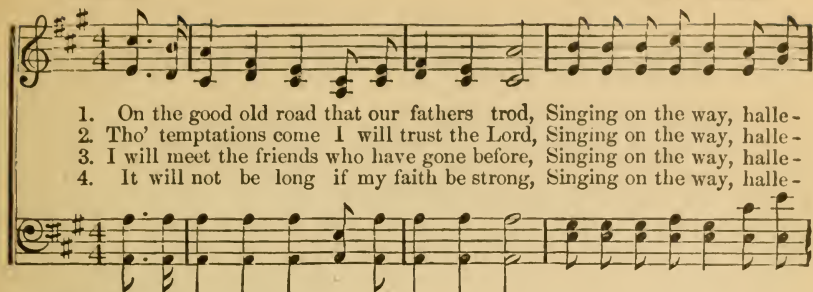
cross, We must come by the way of the cross; There is no oth - er
 of the cross,



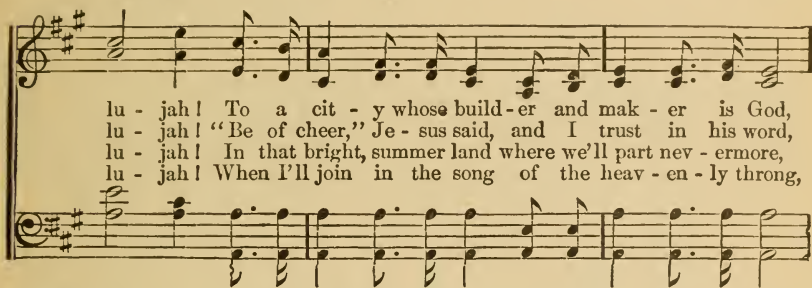
road to the mansions above, We must come by the way of the cross.

W. H. B.

W. H. BROWN.

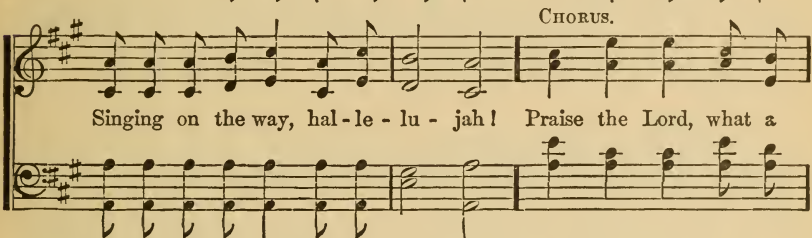


1. On the good old road that our fathers trod, Singing on the way, hal-
 2. Tho' temptations come I will trust the Lord, Singing on the way, hal-
 3. I will meet the friends who have gone before, Singing on the way, hal-
 4. It will not be long if my faith be strong, Singing on the way, hal-

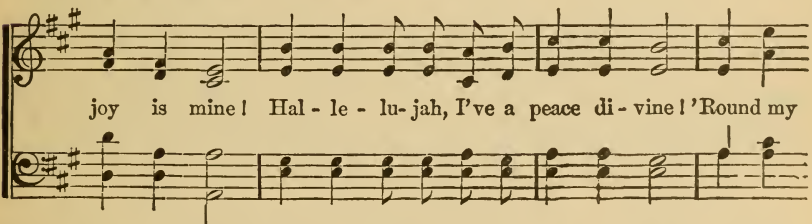


lu - jah! To a cit - y whose build - er and mak - er is God,
 lu - jah! "Be of cheer," Je - sus said, and I trust in his word,
 lu - jah! In that bright, summer land where we'll part nev - ermore,
 lu - jah! When I'll join in the song of the heav - en - ly throng,

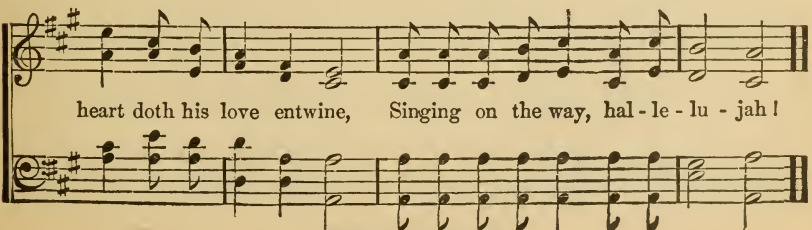
CHORUS.



Singing on the way, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord, what a



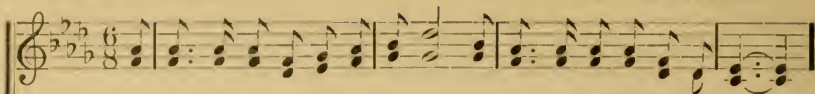
joy is mine! Hal - le - lu - jah, I've a peace di - vine! 'Round my



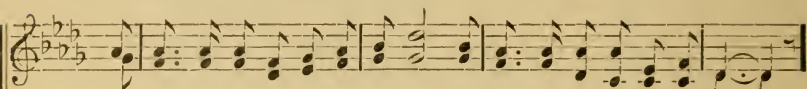
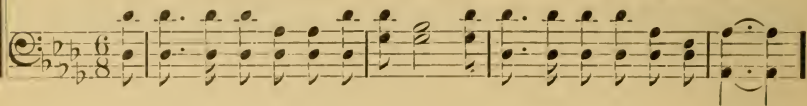
heart doth his love entwine, Singing on the way, hal - le - lu - jah!

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

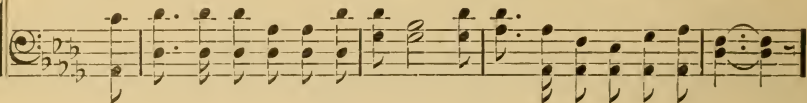
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



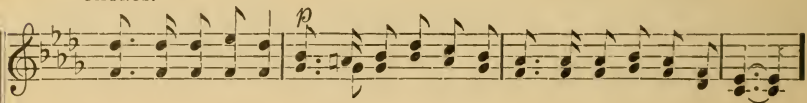
1. O why do you linger, my brother? O why do you still stay a - way?
2. To save your poor soul he is yearning, O come to him now, while you may;
3. O care-less one, great is your danger, Around you are fetters of sin;
4. O wait not for further convic-tion, But come to him just as you are;



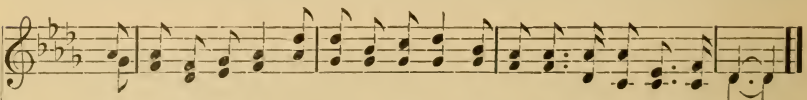
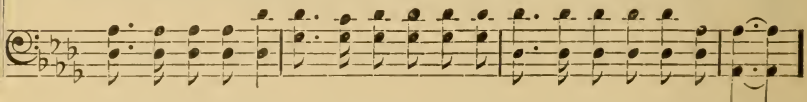
For you a dear Saviour is wait-ing, To give you sal-va-tion to - day.
 His hand, stain'd with blood, holds out mercy, O why not receive it to - day?
 Es-cape to the on-ly safe ref-uge, And Je-sus will welcome you in.
 Look up thro' the gloom and the darkness To Je-sus, the bright Morning Star.



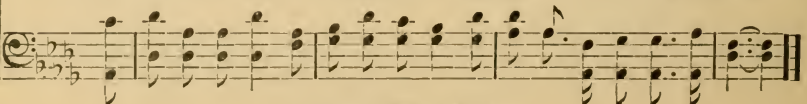
CHORUS.



Why do you lin-ger? Why do you linger? The Saviour is calling to - day;



O come and believe, Free pardon receive, And have all your sins washed away.



1. When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by,
 2. When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by,
 by and by, by and by,

Will your lamps be burning bright, Will your robes be pure and white, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?
 O be ready for that day, With your sins all washed away, When the Bridegroom cometh by and by.

CHORUS.

O be ready, O be ready, Ready when the Bridegroom comes;
 Are you ready?

O be read - y, O be read - y, Ready when the Bridegroom comes.

3 ||: When the Bridegroom cometh by
 and by, ||
 Will your wearied heart rejoice
 At the sound of Jesus' voice,
 When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?

4 ||: When the Bridegroom cometh by
 and by, ||
 Will the sorrows of the past
 All be changed to joy at last,
 When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?

5 ||: When the Bridegroom cometh by
 and by, ||
 When the Lord shall call his own,
 Can you stand before the throne,
 When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?

6 ||: When the Bridegroom cometh by
 and by, ||
 Will you join the ransomed host,
 Or be found among the lost,
 When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?

“BACK TO PENTECOST.”

Dedicated to Rev. C. J. Fowler, Pres't, National Holiness Association.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. "I will not leave you com - fort - less," But if I go a - way,
2. Church of the Liv - ing God a - rise The ful - ness to re - ceive,
3. God's skies are full of Pen - te - costs, For you, for me, for all;
4. Then quickly "back to Pen - te - cost," That blessed up - per room;

Will send the Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Your roy - al Guest for -
 Un - til the lost in ev - 'ry place, Shall feel the need of
 Then let us hum - bly, bold - ly press, Our her - i - tage in
 And pray the might - y Lord of Hosts, To send on us the

CHORUS.

ev - er - more, A - bid - ing day by day.
 sav - ing grace, And shall on Christ be - lieve. } Has he come to you, to
 Christ possess, That pow'r from heav'n may fall. }
 Ho - ly Ghost, And tar - ry till he come.

you, to you? Has the Comforter come to you?..... The Lord will re -
 to you?

prove the world of sin, When the Comfort - er comes to you.....
 to you.

HE SHALL COVER THEE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,
 3. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble an - ywhere?
 4. Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?
 5. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?—
 6. Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

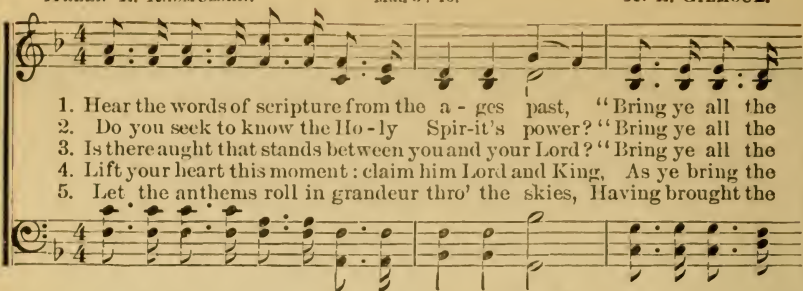
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Everything to God in prayer!
 All because we do not car - ry Everything to God in prayer!
 We should never be dis - couraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Precious Saviour, still our ref - uge—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

CHORUS.

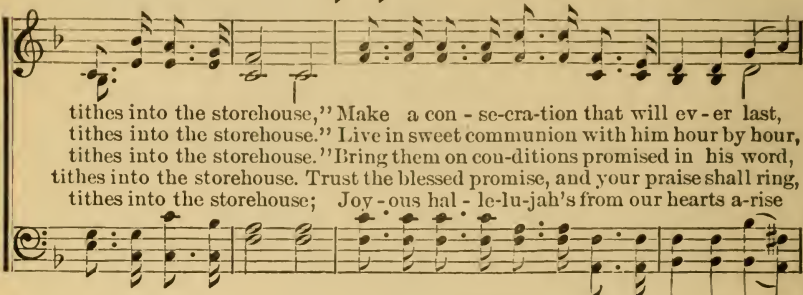
He shall cover thee with his feathers And under his wings shalt thou trust;

rit.

He shall cover thee with his feathers And under his wings shalt thou trust.

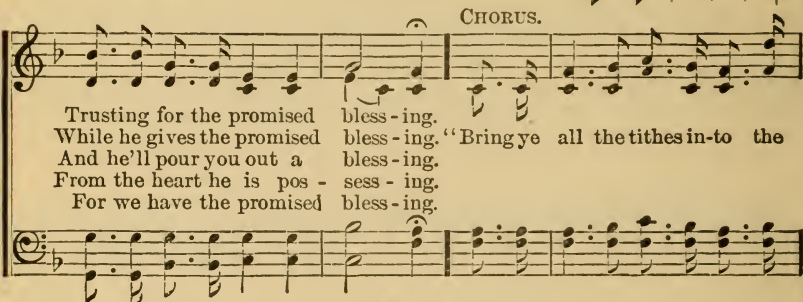


1. Hear the words of scripture from the a - ges past, "Bring ye all the
 2. Do you seek to know the Ho - ly Spir - it's power? "Bring ye all the
 3. Is there aught that stands between you and your Lord? "Bring ye all the
 4. Lift your heart this moment: claim him Lord and King, As ye bring the
 5. Let the anthems roll in grandeur thro' the skies, Having brought the

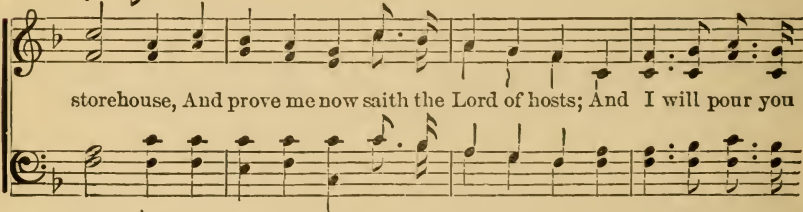


tithes into the storehouse," Make a con - se - cra - tion that will ev - er last,
 tithes into the storehouse." Live in sweet communion with him hour by hour,
 tithes into the storehouse." Bring them on con - ditions promised in his word,
 tithes into the storehouse. Trust the blessed promise, and your praise shall ring,
 tithes into the storehouse; Joy - ous hal - le - lu - jah's from our hearts a - rise

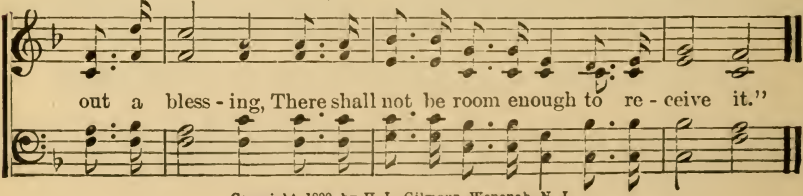
CHORUS.



Trusting for the promised bless - ing.
 While he gives the promised bless - ing. "Bring ye all the tithes in - to the
 And he'll pour you out a bless - ing.
 From the heart he is pos - sess - ing.
 For we have the promised bless - ing.



storehouse, And prove me now saith the Lord of hosts; And I will pour you



out a bless - ing, There shall not be room enough to re - ceive it."

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. We shall see our Saviour's face, When he comes by and by;
 2. We shall stand before the King, When he comes by and by;
 3. We shall wear a star-ry crown, When he comes by and by;
 4. From all earthly cares we'll rest, When he comes by and by;
 5. Then no more our tears will fall, When he comes by and by;
 When he comes by and by;

We shall praise him for his grace, When he comes by and by.
 And the new, new song we'll sing, When he comes by and by.
 By his side we shall sit down, When he comes by and by.
 We shall lean up - on his breast, When he comes by and by.
 Doubts and fears no more ap-pall, When he comes by and by.
 When he comes by and by.

CHORUS.

Follow Je - sus, fol - low on, Fol - low till we reach our home;
 follow on;

By and by . . . we will see Je - sus, When he comes by and by.
 By and by When he comes by and by.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. No farewell shall be uttered upon that Golden Shore, Where friends, awhile a-
 2. Tho' earthly ties are broken, they'll be united there; The flow'rs of God's tran-
 3. O morning full of glory, whose sun shall ne'er go down! We'll lay aside our

sundered, shall meet to part no more; Be- fore the bless-ed Dayspring, the
 planting shall bloom in beauty rare; Where his e- ter- nal gar- dens are
 cross- es, and take the star- ry crown; In that ce- les- tial coun- try the

shadows take their flight: We'll say a glad good-morning, but nevermore good-night.
 shining fair and bright, We'll say a glad good-morning, but nevermore good-night.
 Lamb shall be the light: We'll say a glad good-morning, but nevermore good-night.

CHORUS.

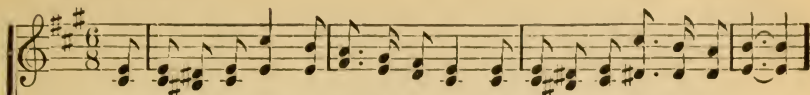
{ Nev- er - more good-night,..... Nev-er - more good-night;.... O
 Nev- er - more good-night,..... Nev-er - more good-night;..... We'll
 Nev-er good-night, never good-night, Nev-er good-night, never good-night,

pure and radiant morning! 'Twill burst upon our sight; }
 say a glad good-morning, But (Omit.....) } nevermore good-night.

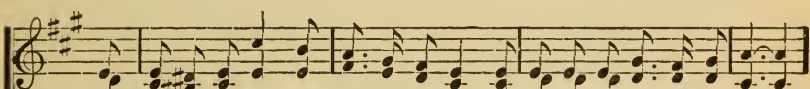
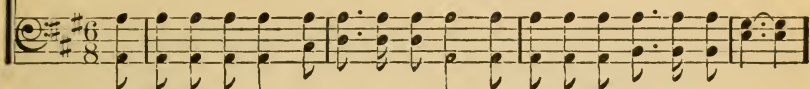
No. 141. SWEET PEACE IS FLOODING MY SOUL.

IRVIN H. MACK.

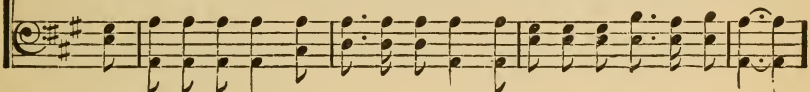
J. LINCOLN HALL.



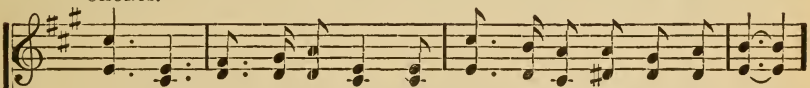
1. I feel in my heart a blessing divine, 'Tis sweet as the music of heav'n,
2. A treasure worth more than silver and gold Is peace that the world cannot know,
3. O won - derful peace, O spir - it of rest, A calm that allays all my fears;
4. This peace from my Lord has given to me A foretaste of glo - ry di - vine,
5. Some day I shall rise to mansions on high, Beholding my Lord on the throne.



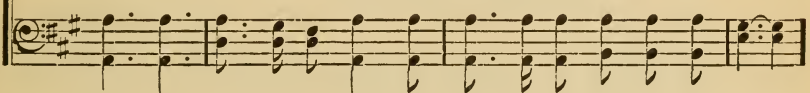
It fills all my soul with wonderful peace, Since Jesus my sins has forgiv'n.
 Se - cure in my heart, a balm to my soul, 'Tis with me wherever I go.
 'Tis filling my heart with love that shall last Thro' all of eterni - ty's years.
 'Tis comfort, 'tis hope, 'tis knowledge of him, Assurance that Jesus is mine.
 And singing anew of wonderful peace, There dwelling as one of his own.



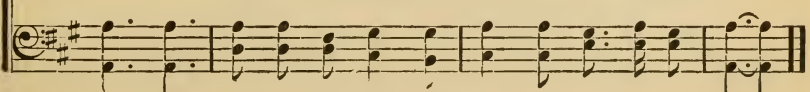
CHORUS.



Peace, peace, won - derful peace, Since Je - sus my all doth con - trol;



Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace, Sweet peace is flooding my soul.



1. Nothing but the blood of Je - sus in my soul, Could my sins, like
 2. Nothing else could wash a - way the guilt of years, Though I weep for -
 3. Nothing but the blood can save from in - bred sin, Nothing else can
 4. Oh, the precious fountain, opened deep and wide, Flowing, free - ly

crimson, make as white as wool; Nothing else could cleanse and make me fully whole,
 ev - er my repent - ant tears; Nothing else for cleansing to my soul appears,
 sanctify and make me clean; Nothing but the blood can keep me pure within,
 flowing from my Saviour's side; Let me dwell forever 'neath its healing tide,

CHORUS.

Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. The cleans - ing blood, the
 The precious cleansing blood,

pur - i - fying flood, The precious blood of Je - sus; My prayer pre -
 My prayer of faith pre -

vails, the blood a - vails, The pre - cious blood of Je - sus.
 vails, the precious blood avails, The blood, the precious

No. 143. WITH THE BLOOD-WASHED THROUG.

REV. F. L. SNYDER.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. When this life is o'er, and we meet on the shore, Where they're singing the
 2. In that heav'nly land with the bright angel band, Where our loved ones be-
 3. In that heav'nly home where no sorrow can come, There to dwell how my

glad, new song, In that land of delight where there never is night,
 fore have gone; I shall reach by and by, where they nevermore die,
 soul doth long! From this mor-tal to fly and to dwell in the sky,

CHORUS.

I shall stand with the blood-washed throug. }
 I shall stand with the blood-washed throug. } I shall stand with the blood-washed
 I shall dwell with the blood-washed throug. }

throug, I shall stand with the blood-washed throug; There in
 blood-washed throug, blood-washed throug;

spotless white, thrilling with delight, I shall stand with the blood-washed throug.

LOWER AND LOWER.

"He giveth grace unto the lowly."—Prov. 3 : 34.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Low - er and low - er, dear Lord, at thy feet, Seek - ing thy Spir - it, thy
 2. Low - er and low - er, dear Sav - iour, we pray, Los - ing the self - life still
 3. Low - er and low - er; yet high - er we rise, Lift - ed in Je - sus, led

mer - cy so sweet; Down in our need, bless - ed Mas - ter, we fall,
 more ev - 'ry day; Weak and un - wor - thy, we're look - ing a - bove;
 on to the skies; Hum - bly we fol - low the way of the cross,

CHORUS.

Low - er and low - er be thou all in all. }
 Emp - ty us, Je - sus; then fill us with love. } Low - er and low - er,
 Then, crowns of glo - ry, and gain for all loss. }

down at thy cross, All the world's treasure, counting but dross; Down at thy

rit.
 feet, bless - ed Sav - iour, we fall, Low - er still low - er, Christ all in all!

LORD, MEET WITH US.

IRVIN H. MACK.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. In thy gracious name we gath - er, Lord di - vine, Meet with
 2. May we lay a - side the weight of world-ly care, Meet with
 3. Lord, re - vive our souls and set our hearts a - flame, Meet with
 4. Lord, re - vive our souls, O come, thou heav'nly dove, Meet with
 5. Here we gath - er that we may our strength re - new, Meet with
 Lord divine,

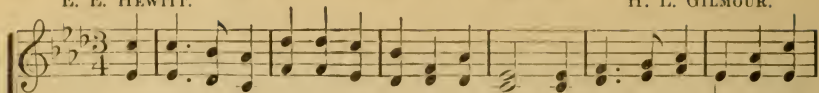
us we pray; Tho' no earthly dwelling can thy pow'r con-
 us we pray; May we come with willing hearts thy truth to
 us we pray; Send us forth thy blessed gos - pel to pro-
 us we pray; Fill our waiting hearts with thine eter - nal
 us we pray; To the world we bravely go thy will to
 Meet with us we pray;

CHORUS.

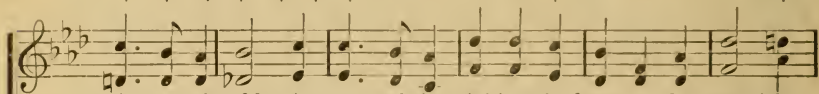
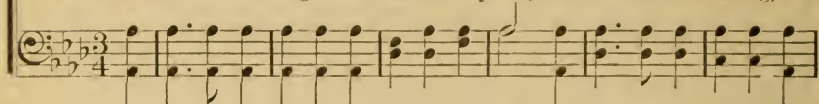
fine, Meet with us we pray.
 hear, Meet with us we pray.
 claim, Meet with us we pray.
 love, Meet with us we pray.
 do, Meet with us we pray.
 pow'r confine, Meet with us

} O hear us, we pray thee,

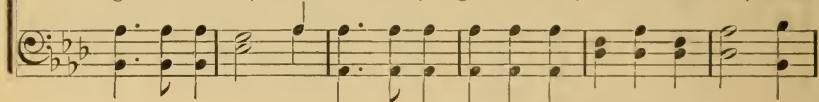
Let thy blessing fall, For in thy name we gather, On thy name we call.
 fall on us,



1. A - drift on the waters, so dark and so cold, A - far from the beauti - ful
2. O I was the sinner a - lone on the sea, But love's blessed signals were
3. I stepped in the life - boat, provided for me, And Je - sus, my Pi - lot, my
4. Life's tur - bulent surges are kissed into peace, The beacons are shining, and



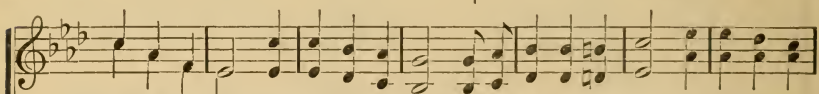
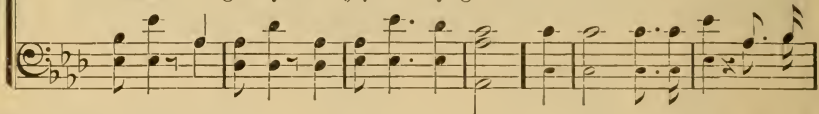
cit - y of gold, A ves - sel is sinking, for heav - y the gale, The floating for me; Tho' thunders were rolling, and billows at strife, Lo, Captain will be; His bos - om my ref - uge, my "haven of rest." I'm songs never cease; Fair moonbeams, bright sunshine, illumine the tide, While



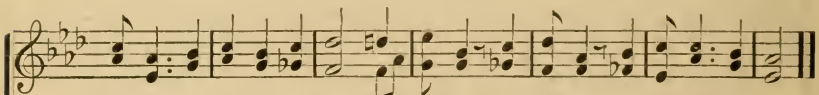
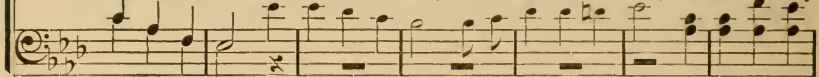
CHORUS.



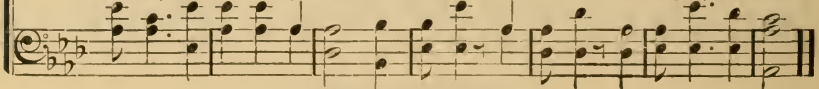
ca - ble is broken, and tattered each sail. }
 Je - sus was calling, "escape for thy life." } Poor child of the wreck, see the
 rescued from shipwreck, so happy and blest. }
 onward to glo - ry we'll joy - ful - ly glide.



life - boat is near, A sweet voice is heard, for the Master is here; He walks ev'ry



billow, controls ev'ry wave, 'Tis Jesus, King Jesus, "the mighty to save."



Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. When my heart is sad with life's cares and toils, I will hush my troubled
 2. When the path is rough, and the way is hard, And no rest- ing for my
 3. When the day grows dark, and the clouds o'erhang, And they close out all the
 4. Then my heart be brave, and my soul re- joice, For his promise standeth

spir- it's anx- ious cry; For the day is com- ing fast, when my
 wea- ry feet is nigh; I will brave- ly press a- long sing- ing
 sunshine from the sky; Tho' in dark- ness I a- bide, he is
 sure—on it re- ly; And for all the care and pain there shall

cares shall all be past, I shall see him! I shall see him by and by.
 still my hope-ful song, I shall see him! I shall see him by and by.
 still my faith-ful guide, I shall see him! I shall see him by and by.
 be e- ter- nal gain, When I see him! When I see him by and by.

CHORUS.

I shall see him! My Redeem-er! O my heart, be brave, be strong!

I shall see him!

I shall see him, and I'll praise him With an ev- er- last- ing song.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Why art thou sad O troub - led Soul? There's One that makes the
 2. How - ev - er dark thy path may be, Tho' tri - als deep may
 3. He can - not fail to lead thee right, To turn to day thy
 4. He wipes the tears from sor - row's eyes, He calms to peace heart -
 5. Sure he who sets the mount - ains fast, When all earth's clouds are

wound - ed whole; Up - on the Lord thy bur - den roll,
 come to thee, He rules on high thy des - ti - ny;
 dark - est night, And flood from heav'n thy path with light;
 bro - ken sighs, And points thee up - ward to the skies;
 o - ver past, Will jus - ti - fy his ways at last;

Leave it to him, Leave it to him, Leave it to him.....
 Leave it to him, Leave it to him, Leave it to him.

FINE.

CHORUS.

Leave it to him..... who knoweth all,..... Him who
 Leave it to him who know-eth all, Leave it to him,

marks..... the sparrow's fall, Who lis - tens to the raven's call,
 Leave it to him who marks the sparrow's fall,

D.S.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. O sin-ner, your Sav-iour now wait - ing stands He points to his
 2. Your pardon he purchased on Cal - va - ry, His blood was
 3. Still watching and wait-ing! be - hold your Lord; Oh! rest your sal-

side and his wounded hands, And of-fers you pardon for all your sin, Just
 shed to set you free; Then tar-ry no lon-ger, but haste a - way From
 vation up - on his word; He's willing to save you, oh! come to - day, With-

CHORUS.

now if you'll let him he'll cleanse you within.
 end - less darkness to end - less day. } Then list! 'tis Je - sus' voice,
 stand him no longer, lest he turn a-way. }

For Bass.—Then list! O list 'tis Jesus' voice,

He bids you make him your choice, He's watching, and waiting, He's
 Just now he bids you make him your choice,

call-ing you, "Come, in me find a ref-uge In heav'n find a home."

COUNTLESS MERCIES.

"According to the multitude of his mercies."—Lam. 3: 32.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Are you heavy-laden and with sorrow tried? Stop and look to Jesus, Helper,
 2. Think of hidden dangers he hath bro't you thro'; Think of all the burdens he hath
 3. Does your pathway darken 'neath a cloud of fear? Count your many mercies; dry each
 4. As he looks from heaven now on you and me, Don't you know he chooseth what each

Friend and Guide; Think of all his mercies; such a boundless store!
 borne for you; Count his words of comfort in your deep - est need;
 bit - ter tear. E - ven 'mid the shadows trust him with - out fear;
 day shall be? Trust his lov - ing wis - dom, though the hot tears start,

CHORUS.

Tears will change to praises as you count them o'er. Count - less mercies!
 Count the times when Jesus proved a Friend indeed. }
 "Home will be the sweeter for the dark down here." }
 Give to him the incense of a grate - ful heart. Countless mercies! such a

such a boundless store! Countless mercies! pressed and running o'er! Countless
 boundless store! Countless mercies! pressed and run - ning o'er! Countless mercies!

mercies! try to count them o'er Till you gaze in wonder at your boundless store.
 try to count them o'er

1. Is there an- y-one can help us, one who understands our hearts When the
 2. Is there an- y-one can help us when the load is hard to bear, And we
 3. Is there an- y-one can help us who can give a sinner peace, When his
 4. Is there an- y-one can help us, when the end is drawing near, Who will

thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sympathizes with us, who in
 faint and fall beneath it in a-larm; Who in tenderness will lift us, and the
 heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon that af-
 go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way before us, and dis-

wondrous love imparts Just the ver - y, ver - y blessing that we need?
 heav - y bur - den share, And support us with an ev - er - last - ing arm?
 fords a sweet release, And whose blood can wash and make as white as snow?
 pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir - its safely o'er the tide?

CHORUS.

Yes, there's One, on-ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, he's the One; When af-
 Yes, there's Onc, only One,

fiction's press the soul, when wars of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, he's the one.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are nev-er, nev-er wea-ry of the grand old song; Glo-ry to God,
 2. We are lost a-mid the rap-ture of re-deem-ing love; Glo-ry to God,
 3. We are go-ing to a pal-ace that is built of gold; Glo-ry to God,
 4. There we'll shout re-deem-ing mercy in a glad, new song; Glo-ry to God,

hal-le-lu-jah! We can sing it loud as ev-er, with our faith more strong;
 hal-le-lu-jah! We are ris-ing on its pin-ions to the hills a-bove:
 hal-le-lu-jah! Where the King in all His splendor we shall soon be-hold:
 hal-le-lu-jah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-wash'd throng;

FINE. CHORUS.
 Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah! O, the chil-dren of the Lord have a

right to shout and sing, For the way is grow-ing bright, and our

D.S.
 souls are on the wing; We are go-ing by and by to the pal-ace of a King!

THE HEAVENLY SUMMERLAND.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Beyond the winter's storm and blight, Beyond the summer's shining strand,
 2. No ling'ring shad-ow of the night, Shall dim the glo-ry of that shore;
 3. No part-ing word, no tears nor pain, Shall pass those portals fair and bright,

There waits a land of joy and light—O bright and fadeless summer-land!
 There all is joy and song and light, And rest and peace for-ev-er-morc!
 There part-ed friends shall meet again, With-in that Land of love and light!

CHORUS.

O summer-land..... that gleams a-far,..... Beyond the light.....
 O summerland that gleams afar beyond the light,

of sun or star,..... O sum-mer-land,..... O sum-mer,
 of sun or star, O summerland,

land..... we long for thee, dear sum-merland.
 O summerland, thee, we long for thee, dear summerland.

No. 154. MY HEART IS BURNING WITH HIS LOVE.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. 'Twas when to Christ I ful-ly gave My heart, my life, my all;
 2. 'Twas when I felt all else was vain, That Christ was first and best;
 3. The gift tho' small the Saviour saw Up-on the al-tar lie;
 4. On us descend oh Heavenly Dove 'Till ev-'ry soul is thrilled;

The gift of His re-deem-ing grace On me did sweet-ly fall.
 The "Dove of Peace" from glo-ry came, And com-fort filled my breast.
 And sent from heaven a liv-ing flame The gift to sanc-ti-fy.
 'Till with the full-ness of Thy love Our ev-'ry heart is filled.

CHORUS.

My heart is burning with His love, My heart is burn-ing
 Yes 'tis burn-ing with His love,

with His love,..... The fire comes down..... from heaven a-
 yes, 'tis burn-ing with His love, The fire comes down

bove; My heart is burn-ing with His love.
 from heaven a-bove, Yes 'tis burn-ing with His love.

No. 155. LOVE, MIGHTY AND WONDERFUL.

Mrs. ANNA M. ROBBINS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Love in its grandeur, its maj - es - ty see, Love in its
 2. Pre - cious, how precious, this won - der - ful love, Reach - ing in
 3. Let us re - joyce in his love ev - 'ry day, Tell the glad
 4. Earth will be bright - er, its pleas - ures more dear, When the kind
 5. Soft - ly and gen - tly love's bil - lows shall roll, Fill - ing with

greatness for you and for me, Love in its ful - ness of
 mer - cy to earth from a - bove; Meas - ure - less, boundless, an
 sto - ry to all by the way; Bring - ing to Je - sus, in
 voice of the Sav - iour you hear Call - ing you up - ward to
 rap - ture and glo - ry my soul; Je - sus, thy love in its

strength when it came, Cloth'd in the sweetness of Je - sus' dear name.
 in - fi - nite sea, Such is God's love un - to you and to me.
 love's sweet con - trol, Each ransom'd pow - er of bod - y and soul.
 joys that en - dure, Pleas - ures e - ter - nal, a - bid - ing and pure.
 beau - ty doth shine, Flood - ing my heart with a ra - diance di - vine.

CHORUS.

Love, love, might - y and won - der - ful! Love, love, so pre - cious, so free!

Love, love, might - y and won - der - ful! Reaching to you and to me.

MARY S. B. DANA.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can
 2. Of that cit-y, to which I jour-ney; My Re-deemer, my Re-
 3. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin-ing, O my longing heart, my

tar-ry but a night! Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the
 deemer, is the light; There is no sor-row, nor an-y sighing, Nor an-y
 longing heart is there; Here in this country, so dark and dreary, I long have

CHORUS.

I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger;

fountains are ev-er flow-ing; }
 tears there, nor an-y dy-ing; } I'm a pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim, and a stranger, and a stranger;
 wander'd forlorn and weary: }

I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night; I'm a pil-grim, and

tar-ry, tar-ry, tarry but a night; pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim,

I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night!

and a stranger, and a stranger, tar-ry, tar-ry, tarry but a night.

1. I once was in the des-ert, all wea-ry sad and lone, Un-til my Saviour
 2. I left the bar-ren des-ert and sought his lov-ing face, Depending on his
 3. He gives me joy-ous sing-ing and makes the sun to shine, And oft he smiles up-
 4. And in the si-lent watch of the lone-ly midnight hour, He comes my soul to

told me that I was still his own, He bade me leave my fol-ly and
 mer-cy and on his sav-ing grace; He smiled up-on me gen-tly; from
 on me, and then I know he's mine, He car-ries all my bur-dens and
 res-cue and shows his mighty pow'r, And when the light of glo-ry come

from the danger flee, And since I found the Sav-iour, he's ev-'ry-thing to me.
 sin he set me free, And since I found the Sav-iour, he's ev-'ry-thing to me.
 keep me on life's sea, For since I found the Sav-iour, he's ev-'ry-thing to me.
 shining o'er death's sea, O! then I'll sing in triumph: "He's ev-'ry-thing to me."

CHORUS.

He's ev-'ry-thing, yes, ev-'ry-thing to me, He's ev-'ry-thing, yes,
 He's ev-'ry-thing, yes, ev-'ry-thing, He's ev-'ry-thing to me, He's ev-'ry-thing, yes, ev-'ry-thing, He's

ev-'ry-thing to me, Through night and day, Where'er I stray, — He's ev-'ry-thing to me.
 ev-'ry-thing to me, to me.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I shall wear a golden crown, When I get home; I shall lay my
 2. All the darkness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the
 3. I shall see my Saviour's face, When I get home; Sing a - gain of

bur - dens down, When I get home; Clad in robes of glo - ry,
 light at last, When I get home; Light from heaven streaming,
 sav - ing grace, When I get home; I shall stand be - fore him;

I shall sing the sto - ry Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home.
 O'er my pathway beaming, Ev - er guides me onward Till I get home.
 Gladly I'll a - dore him; Ev - er to be with him, When I get home.

CHORUS.

When I get home, When I get home, All
 When I get home, when I get home, When I get home, when I get home,

sor - row will be o - ver, When I get home; When I get home, When
 When I get home, when I get home, When

WHEN I GET HOME. - Concluded.

I get home, All sor-row will be o-ver, When I get home.
I get home, when I get home,

No. 159.

GOING HOME.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

"That great city."—Rev. 21: 10.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. The day is done, its tasks are o'er, The evening shades un-
2. The day held cares, its paths were rough, The moments wore on
3. Life's day wears on with rap - id stride, 'Mid scenes of earth I'll

bid - den come; I'm wea - ry, still my heart is glad, For
wea - ri - some; I'm hap - py, now its strife is past, And
cease to roam; I'm hap - py in the thought that then I'll

CHORUS.

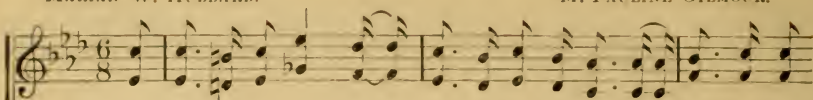
I am go - ing home. }
I am go - ing home. } Home, home, yes, "Home, sweet
but be go - ing home. }

home;" There's no joy like that of go - ing home.

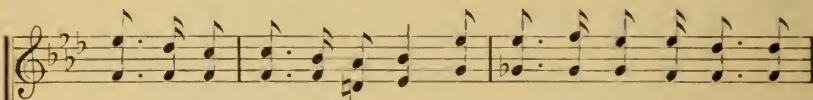
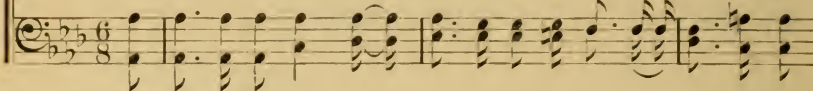
No. 160. OUR DEARLY LOVED BANNER.

MARIAN W. HUBBARD.

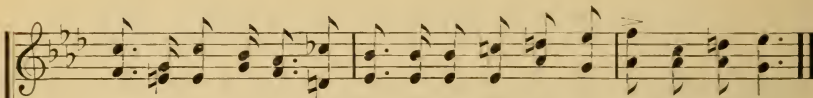
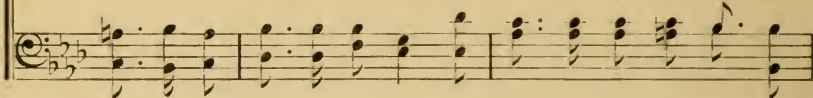
M. PAULINE GILMOUR.



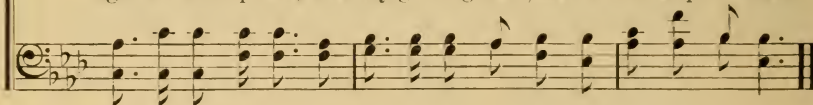
1. Our country, so dear to the hearts of thy children, In - spire us with
2. Wide o - pen we fling our doors to the homeless, From the ends of the
3. Our country! thy warm heart is always re - spon - sive To the cries of the
4. O God of our fa - thers who made us a na - tion, Still guard, and pro -



rap - ture when sing - ing of thee, Thy mountains and val - leys, thy earth they are turn - ing to thee, The rich - es and learn - ing of suff'ring where - e'er they may be, From Maine, un - to Tex - as, from tect, leave us not to our fate, Bless ar - my, and na - vy, let

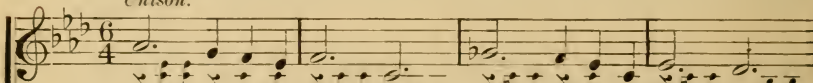


lakes, and thy riv - ers, And o - ver them all, floats the flag of the free. na - tions are gather'd, With - in thy broad borders, oh land of the free. o - cean to o - cean, And hearts touch'd with sorrow far o'er the sea. right be triumphant, With thy guiding hand, steer the old ship of state



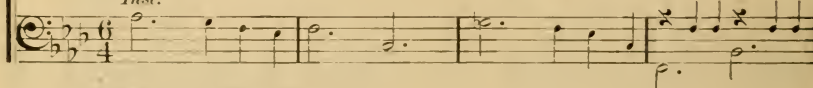
CHORUS.

Unison.



Our dearly lov'd ban - ner, Our star-spangled ban - ner,

Inst.



OUR DEARLY LOVED BANNER.—Concluded.

Harmony.

The proud flag that ev - er floats o - ver the free ;

Unison.

Our dear-ly lov'd ban - ner, our star-spangled ban - ner,

Harmony.

The proud flag that ev - er floats o - ver the free.

No. 161. MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH.

TUNE, "America."

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my

eres.

father's died! Land of the pilgrim's pride From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God our King.

No. 162. CLOSE TO THY CROSS, O CHRIST.

REV. JOSEPHUS ANDERSON, D.D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Close, close to thy cross, O Christ! My guilt - y soul would fly; Thy
 2. Close, close to thy cross, O Christ! My burdened soul would go; There's
 3. Close, close to thy cross, O Christ! My tempted soul would stand; No
 4. Close, close to thy cross, O Christ! My wea - ry soul would rest; No

flow - ing blood can wash me white From sins of crim - son dye!
 sweet re - lief in thy warm love For ev - 'ry grief I know!
 foe can harm, no work o'er-task, While un - der thy kind hand!
 wrath, no fear, no shad - ows there Dis - turb my qui - et breast!

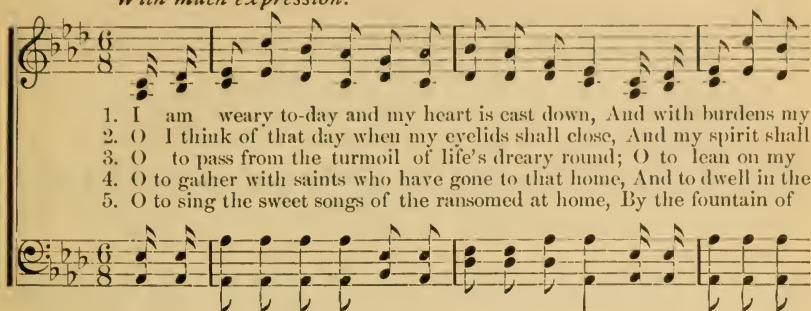
CHORUS.

Close to thy cross, close to thy cross, Je - sus, my Lord, I cling;.....
 I cling,

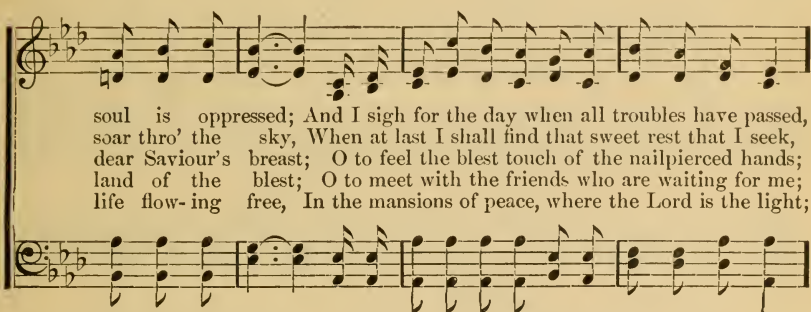
Shel - ter me there, shel - ter me there, 'Neath thy pro - tect - ing wing.

IRVIN H. MACK.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

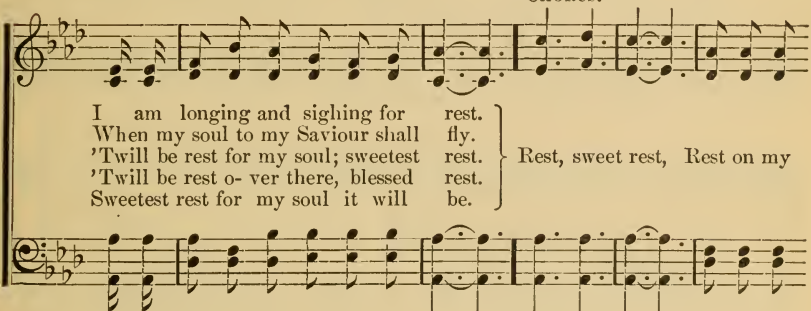
With much expression.


1. I am weary to-day and my heart is cast down, And with burdens my
 2. O I think of that day when my eyelids shall close, And my spirit shall
 3. O to pass from the turmoil of life's dreary round; O to lean on my
 4. O to gather with saints who have gone to that home, And to dwell in the
 5. O to sing the sweet songs of the ransomed at home, By the fountain of



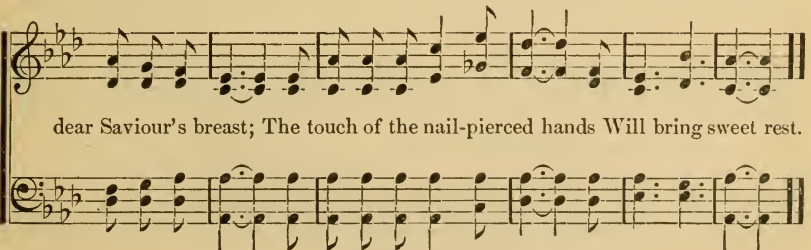
soul is oppressed; And I sigh for the day when all troubles have passed,
 soar thro' the sky, When at last I shall find that sweet rest that I seek,
 dear Saviour's breast; O to feel the blest touch of the nailpierced hands;
 land of the blest; O to meet with the friends who are waiting for me;
 life flow-ing free, In the mansions of peace, where the Lord is the light;

CHORUS.



I am longing and sighing for rest.
 When my soul to my Saviour shall fly.
 'Twill be rest for my soul; sweetest rest.
 'Twill be rest o- ver there, blessed rest.
 Sweetest rest for my soul it will be.

Rest, sweet rest, Rest on my



dear Saviour's breast; The touch of the nail-pierced hands Will bring sweet rest.

H. L. G.

John 21: 4.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Je - sus stood on the shore, when the morning came, Appearing to his
 2. Je - sus stood by the way, when the beg - gar blind, For mercy cried thro'
 3. Je - sus stood by the grave of the friend he lov'd, And showed his res - ur -
 4. Je - sus stand - eth to - day at the mer - cy seat, Our Ad - vo - cate with

friends once more, The be - lov - ed dis - ci - ple knew the Lord, Who
 na - ture's night, As he cast down his gar - ments at his feet, By
 rec - tion pow'r; Quickly gave the command "come forth, come forth" Un -
 God a - bove; Shows his nail - pierc - ed hands, and plead - ing stands, Un -

CHORUS.

lov'd him as in days of yore.
 faith he there re - ceived his sight.
 loose, and let him go this hour. } Je - sus stands on the shore to -
 chang - ing in his won - drous love.

day, to - day, Helping struggling souls by the way, by the way, On the

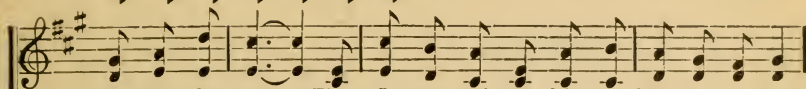
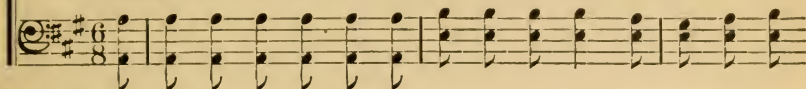
land, or wave, Je - sus waits to save, He never turns a soul a - way.

M. LOUISE SMITH.

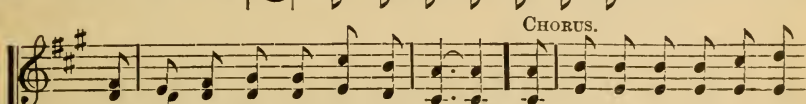
HOWARD E. SMITH.



1. 'Twas when I was com-fort-less, lone-ly, and sad, My soul fill'd with
2. If on-ly I'd known what a bless-ing would come, By serv-ing this
3. No songs of bright hope and of peace could I sing, When I was a
4. How sweet the as-sur-ance he'll e'er be my guest! He'll nev-er, no,

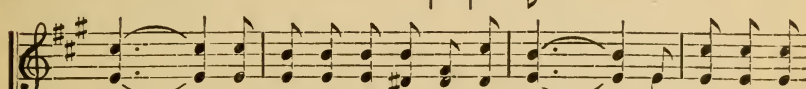
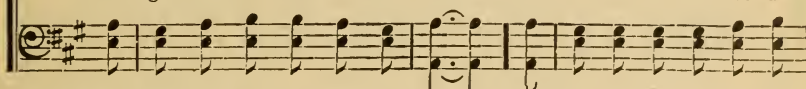


yearn-ing for rest, That Je-sus took up his a-bode in my heart,
 guest so di-vine, Years since I'd have o-pen'd the door of my heart,
 strang-er to him; But now my whole life is one glad sweet refrain,
 nev-er leave me, And ev-er a-bove, I shall dwell in his love,

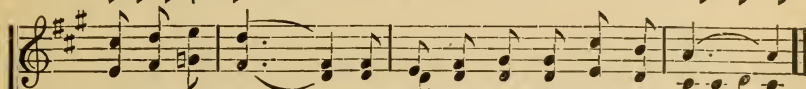


CHORUS.

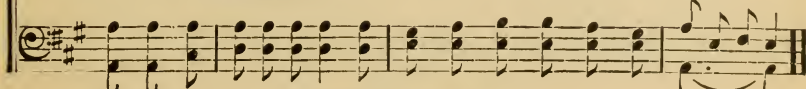
A joy-giv-ing, com-fort-ing guest,
 And said, "Lord, come in! I am thine." } O, yes! He a-bides in my
 For Je-sus has cleans'd me from sin. }
 And glo-ries of heav-en shall see. He a-



heart,..... And nev-er-more will he de-part;..... My life is all
 bides in my heart, nev-er-more will he de-part;



brightness and peace,..... For Je-sus a-bides in my heart,.....
 all brightness and peace, in my heart,



REV. WM. STONE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. See the foe advanc-ing like a might - y throng, Onward to the
 2. Fierce the battle ra-ges, who will gain the day, Forward, ev - er
 3. Long the conflict wa-ges, courage we shall need, Ere the foe is

conquest, raise the battle song; Never fear the conflict, we will gain the day,
 forward, hear the Captain say; We shall gain the conquest, victory or die;
 vanquished and from sin we're freed; But we'll never falter till the battle's o'er,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is our Captain and will lead the way.
 Vic - to - ry and freedom, shout the bat - tle cry. } Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!
 Then we'll shout a "vict'ry" on the oth - er shore. }

"Forward!" is the cry, Take the world for Jesus, victo - ry or die; Vic - to - ry!

vict - o - ry! raise the banner high, "Victory and freedom!" shout the battle cry.

E. E. HEWITT.

A. F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Fa-ther a-bove, No gift so pre-cious to
 2. "Give me thy heart," says the Sav-iour of men, Call-ing in mer-cy a-
 3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir-it di-vine, All that thou hast, to my

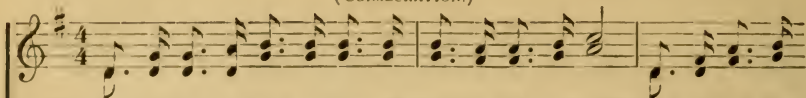
Him as our love; Soft-ly He whis-pers, wher-ev-er thou art,
 gain and a-gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e-vil de-part,
 keep-ing re-sign; Grace more a-bound-ing is mine to im-part,

CHORUS.

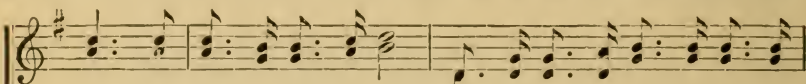
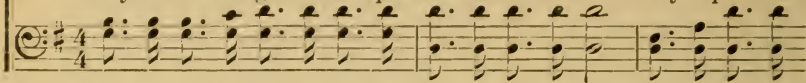
"Grate-ful-ly trust Me, and give Me thy heart."
 Have I not died for thee? give Me thy heart." "Give Me thy heart,
 Make full sur-ren-der, and give Me thy heart."

p
 give Me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher-ev-er thou art; From this dark

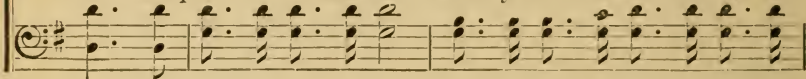
rit.
 world, He would draw thee a-part, Speaking so ten-der-ly, "give Me thy heart."



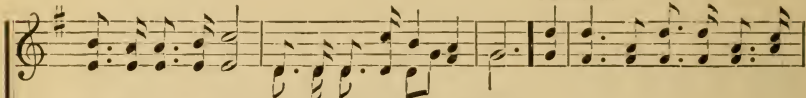
1. Would you live for Jesus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have him make you free, and follow at his call? Would you know the
3. Would you in his kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove him



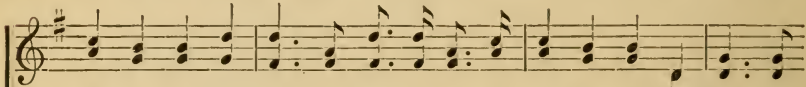
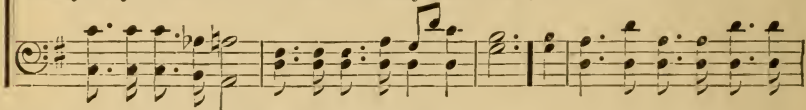
him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have him bear your burden,
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have him save you, so that
true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in his ser - vice la - bor



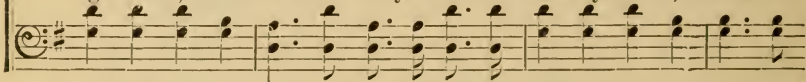
CHORUS.



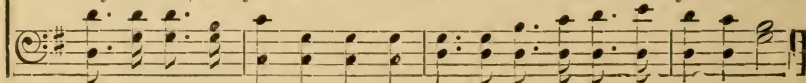
carry all your load? Let him have his way with thee. } His power can make you what you
you need never fall? Let him have his way with thee. }
always at your best? Let him have his way with thee }



ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can



fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for him to have his way with thee.



1. There's a precious fountain, flowing deep and wide, There is perfect cleansing
 2. We are living safe beneath the fountain's flow, Free from sinful dross, with
 3. From the bonds of sin the Lord hath brought release, Bade our cry of mourning
 4. From our hearts the praise of Jesus Christ we sing, By our service we will

in its crimson tide; Underneath it's cur- rent we would e'er a- bidē,
 raiment white as snow; We've a hand to guide us, as we onward go,
 ev- ermore to cease; We are filled each moment with his blessed peace,
 crown him Lord and King; To his feet an of- fer- ing of love we bring,

CHORUS.

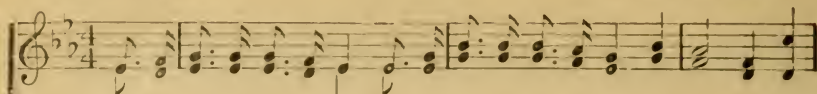
Walking in the light of God. If we walk in the light, as

he is in the light, we have fel- lowship one with an- other, and the

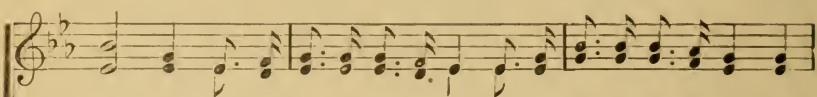
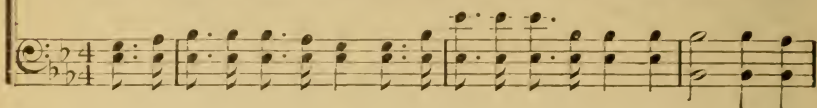
blood of Je- sus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

A. A. PAYN.

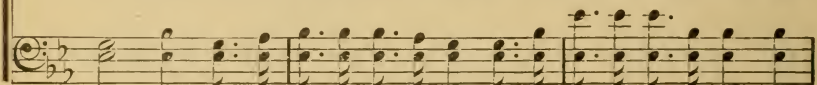
C. AUSTIN MILES.



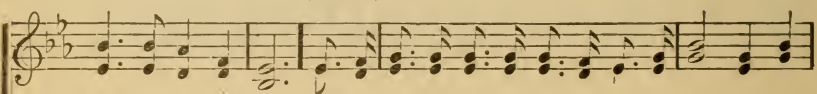
1. He will hear me when I call, He will help me when I fall, My Saviour, my
2. I will la-bor, I will pray, I will trust him ev'ry day, My Saviour, my
3. When I'm weary and distressed, I will go to him for rest, My Saviour, my
4. May I nev-er, never stray From thy precious side away, My Saviour, my



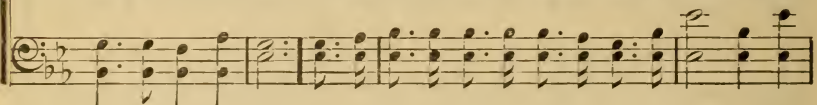
Saviour ; He will give me strength to bear Ev'ry grief that may appear ; My
Sav - iour ; I will look to him in faith, I will trust him un-til death ; My
Sav - iour ; To his loving arms I'll fly, Ev-'ry need he will supply, My
Sav - iour ; Naught of e-vil will I fear, While I have my Saviour near ; My



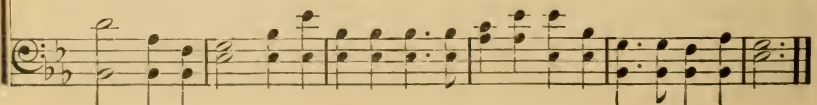
CHORUS.



all in all is he. Yes, a sat-is-fy-ing portion is my Saviour, My



Saviour, my Saviour ; My rock, my stay, by night and day My all in all is he.



T. O. CHISHOLM.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O! to be like thee, bless-ed Re-deem-er, This is my con-stant
 2. O! to be like thee, full of com-pas-sion, Low-ing, for-giv-ing,
 3. O! to be like thee, low-ly in spir-it, Ho-ly and harm-less,
 4. O! to be like thee, Lord, I am com-ing, Now to re-ceive th'a -
 5. O! to be like thee, while I am plead-ing, Pour out thy Spir-it,

long-ing and prayer; Glad-ly I'll for-feit all of earth's treasures,
 ten-der and kind, Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint-ing,
 pa-tient and brave; Meek-ly en-dur-ing cru-el re-proach-es,
 noint-ing di-vine, All that I am and have I am bring-ing,
 fill with thy love, Make me a tem-ple meet for thy dwell-ing,

CHORUS.

Je-sus, thy per-fect like-ness to wear. O! to be like thee,
 Seek-ing the wand-ring sin-ner to find.
 Will-ing to suf-fer, oth-ers to save.
 Lord, from this mo-ment all shall be thine.
 Fit me for life and heav-en a-bove.

O! to be like thee, Blessed Re-deem-er, pure as thou art; Come in thy

Rit.

sweetness, come in thy full-ness; Stamp thine own image deep on my heart.

Mrs. C. H. M. 4th verse by H. L. G.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. I had heard the gos-pel call, of-fering par-don free for all, And I
 2. Now the load of sin is gone, and by faith I trav-el on, And I
 3. From the mire an- from the clay, Je-sus took my reet a-way And H,
 4. When I reach the gold-en street, and the loved ones gladly meet, The re

hearkened to the bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion; Laid my sins at Je-sus'
 rest no long-er un - der con-dem - na - tion; For the blood has been ap-
 placed them on the Rock, the sure Founda-tion; Whether now I live or
 deemed which came out of great tribu-la - tion, Having washed their garments

feet, tast - ed there re-demp-tion sweet, And He saved me with an
 plied, and my soul is sat - is - fied With this full, and free, this
 die, this shall be my con-stant cry Je - sus saves me with an
 white, prais - ing God both day and night For this full, and free, this

CHORUS.

ut - ter-most sal - va - tion. Je-sus saves, sweetly saves, Je-sus
 Je-sus saves, sweetly saves,

saves me with an ut - termost sal - va - tion; Tho' I can - not tell you how,

JESUS SWEETLY SAVES.—Concluded.

Je-sus sweetly saves me now, With a full, and free, an uttermost salva-tion.

No. 173. NEARER, STILL NEARER.

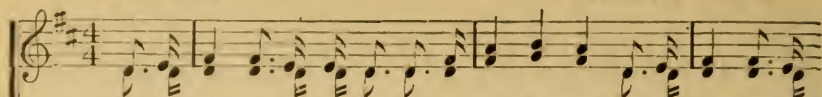
C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

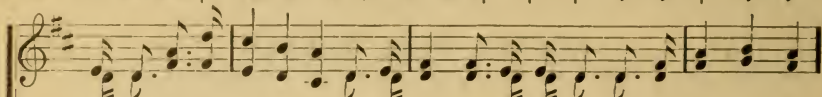
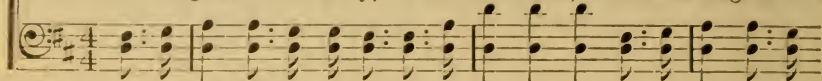
1. Near-er, still near-er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Saviour, so
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth- ing I bring, Naught as an off'ring to
3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be thine Sin, with its fol- lies, I
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo- ry my

precious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shelter me
Je- sus my King; On- ly my sin- ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad- ly re- sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
an- chor is cast; Thro' endless a- ges, ev- er to be, Near-er, my

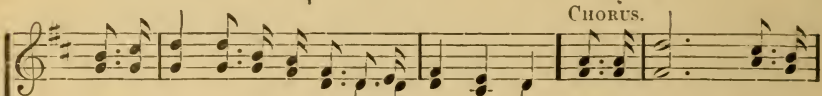
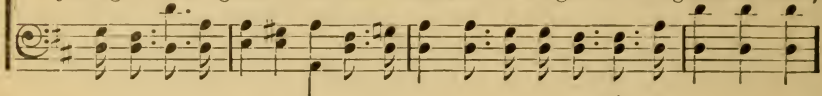
safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.
Je- sus, my Lord cru- ci- fied, Give me but Je- sus, my Lord cru- ci- fied.
Saviour, still nearer to thee, Nearer, my Saviour, still near-er to thee.



1. Thro' the gates to the cit-y, In - to endless day, Where all tears and all
2. Thro' the gates to the cit-y See the hosts move on, Passing in to the
3. Thro' the gates to the cit-y Of e - ter - nal fame, By the throne of the
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y; O the bliss untold, When with songs of re-

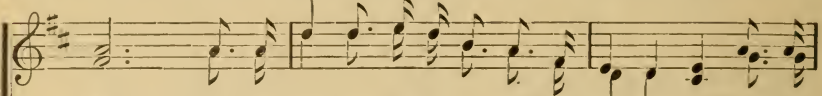
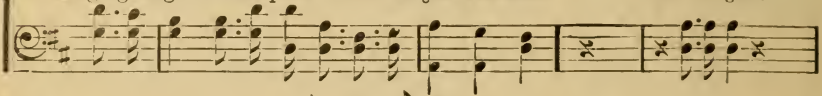


sorrow shall be wiped away; Where the life-giving waters Shall fore-er flow
mansions For the triumph won; There a welcome is waiting By the ris - en Son;
Father, There to praise his name. O the rapture of living In an end- less day,
joining Will the gates unfold And the saved of all ages Will be gathered home,

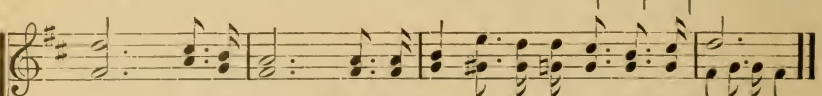
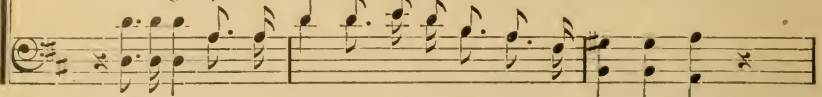


CHORUS.

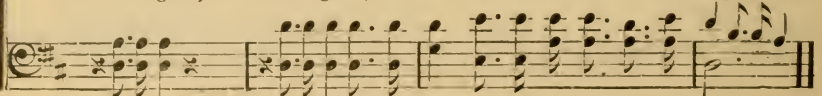
And the leaves of God's healing Shall forever blow. Thro' the gates, thro' the
There reward shall be given For the work well done. }
Where all sorrow and sighing Shall have passed away. }
Singing songs of redemption Round the great white throne. Thro' the gates



gates, Thro' the gates to the cit-y they shall en - ter in; Thro' the
thro' the gates,

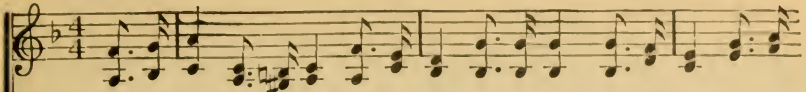


gates, thro' the gates, Thro' the gates to the cit-y bright and fair.
Thro' the gates, thro' the gates; bright and fair

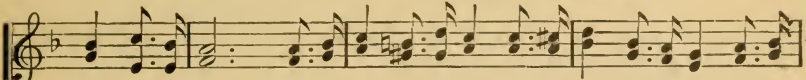


DOING HIS WILL.

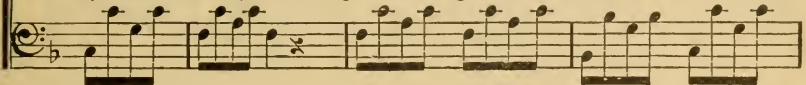
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



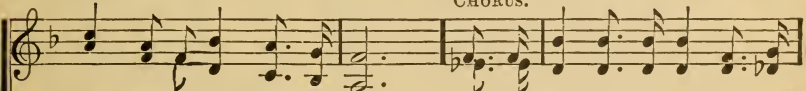
1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on his word, Just to feel I am
2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je - sus for



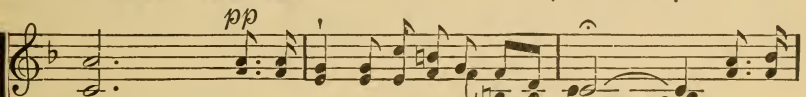
his ev-'ry day; Just to walk by his side with his Spir- it to guide, Just to
 Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to his will, just to trust and be still, Just to
 my dearest friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to obtain, True and



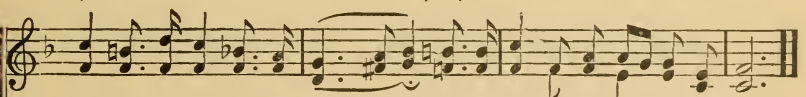
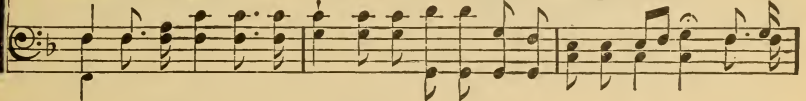
CHORUS.



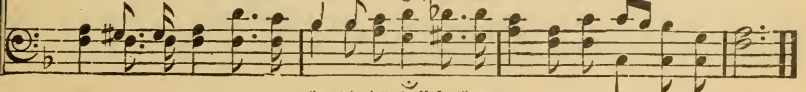
fol - low where he leads the way. Just to say what he wants me to
 lean on his bos - om and rest. }
 faith - ful he'll be to the end. } what he



say, And be still when he whispers to me;..... Just to
 waLs me to say, when he whispers to me;

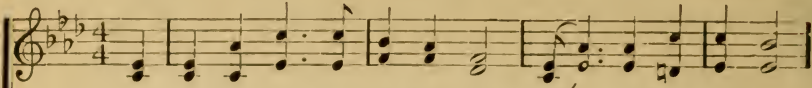


go where he wants me to go,..... Just to be what he wants me to be.
 where he wants me to go,

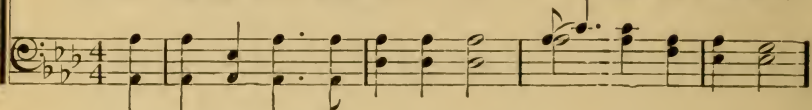
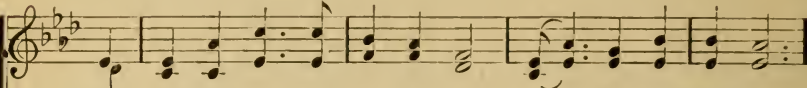


REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. John 3: 16.

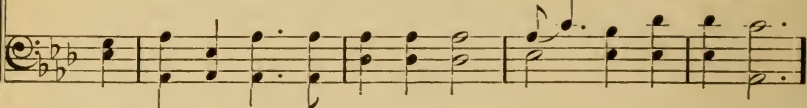
H. L. GILMOUR.



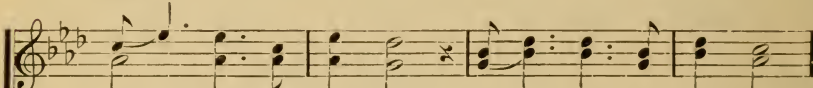
1. I have a Friend, a precious Friend, O how he loves me;
 2. Why he should come, I can-not tell, O how he loves me;
 3. He died to save my soul from death, O how he loves me;
 4. He walks with me a-long life's road, O how he loves me;
 5. He has a home prepared for me, O how he loves me;

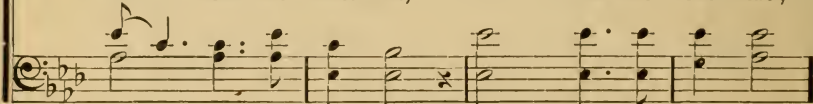
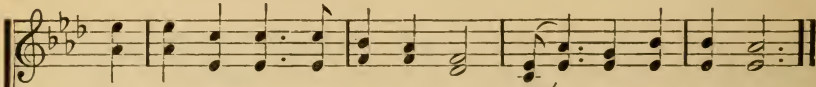
He says his love will nev-er end, O how he loves me.
 In my poor brok-en heart to dwell, O how he loves me.
 I'll praise him while he gives me breath, O how he loves me.
 He car-ries ev-'ry heav-y load, O how he loves me.
 With him I'll spend e-ter-ni-ty, O how he loves me.



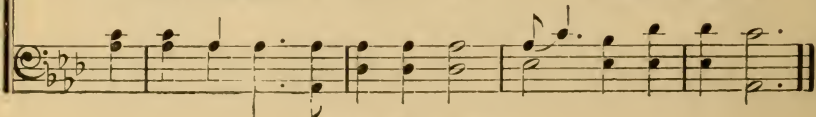
CHORUS.



O how he loves me, O how he loves me;

I know not why, I on-ly cry, O how he loves me.



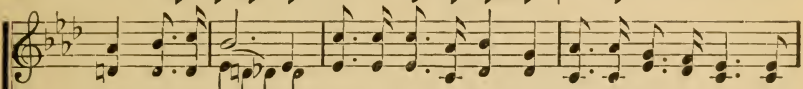
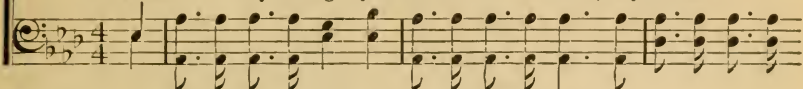
No. 177. HE WILL MEET ME AT THE GATE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

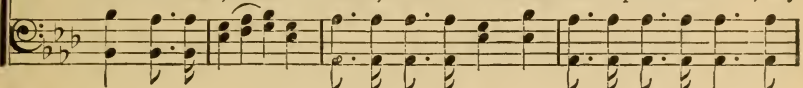
C. AUSTIN MILES.



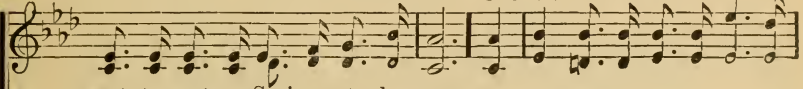
1. My Saviour has a home prepared beyond the skies, Where ransomed ones my
2. I long to see his face, my Prophet, Priest and King; I long to meet those
3. Within that city fair the streets are paved with gold, There loved ones never
4. So all the way along by faith I'll hold his hand, My life and all to



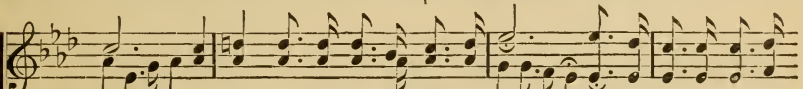
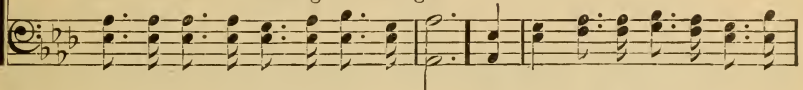
com - ing a - wait; And when my Lord shall bid me enter Par - a - dise, I
 loved ones who wait Within the jasper walls, where harps of angels ring; I
 more sep - a - rate; But sweeter still the thought that Jesus I'll behold, For
 him. consecrate, And know that, when at last I reach the promised land, My



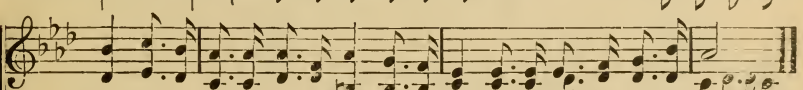
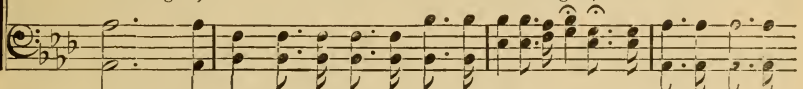
CHORUS.



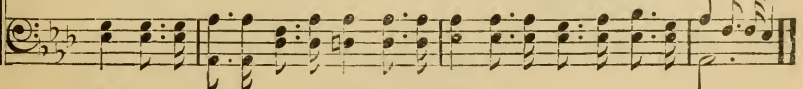
want to meet my Saviour at the gate.
 long to meet my Saviour at the gate. } I know he will meet me at the
 sure - ly he will meet me at the gate.
 Sav - iour will be waiting at the gate.



gate, I know he will meet me at the gate; When before the jasper
 at the gate, at the gate;



wall, on my Saviour's name I call, Then I know he will meet me at the gate.
 at the gate.



1. The pow'r that fell at Pen-te-cost, When in that up- per room, Up-
 2. "Ye shall have pow'r (said Jesus) when, The Ho - ly Ghost is come ;" Your
 3. The wav'r-ing shall steadfast become ; The weak in faith be strong, With
 4. Breathe on us now the Ho - ly Ghost, The young and old inspire ; Let

on the watch-ing, wait-ing ones, The Ho-ly Ghost had come, Re-maineth ev - er-
 loos-en'd tongues shall speak his praise, Your lips no more be dumb, The tim-id, shrink-ing
 ho-ly boldness go-ing forth. Denounc-ing sin and wrong, With burn-ing zeal each
 each receive his Pen-te-cost, Send hearts and tongues of fire, Thou wonder-ful trans-

CHORUS.

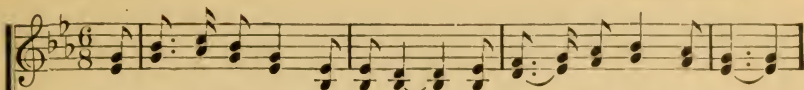
more the same ; Unchang-ing still, oh praise his name. } The pow'r, the pow'r, the
 ones be brave, To reach a hand the lost to save. }
 heart a flame, A whole sal-va-tion to proclaim. }
 forming pow'r, Come now in this ac-cept-ed hour. } The pow'r, The pow'r,

Pen-te-cost-al pow'r, Is just the same to-day, Is just the same to-day,
 Is just the same, the same to-day, Is just the same, the same to-day.

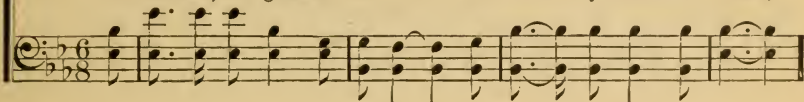
The pow'r, the pow'r, The Pen-te-costal pow'r, Is just the same to-day.
 The pow'r, the pow'r, just the same,

J. W. H.

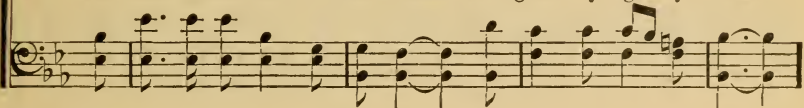
J. WESLEY HUGHES.



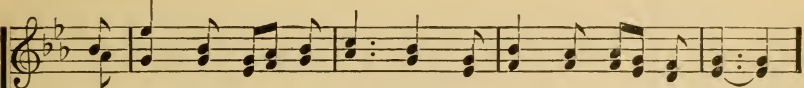
1. There's man - y a soul will per - ish, For want of friendly aid,
2. The Master hath need of help - ers, He calls for you to - day;
3. Then res - cue a soul for Je - sus, If on - ly one soul it be;
4. If on - ly a cup of wa - ter Be giv - en in Je - sus' name
5. Re - member, the greatest val - or Not on - ly claims re - nown,



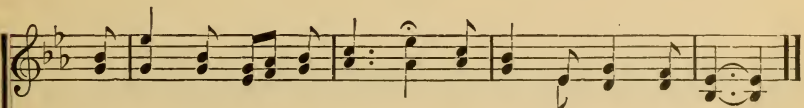
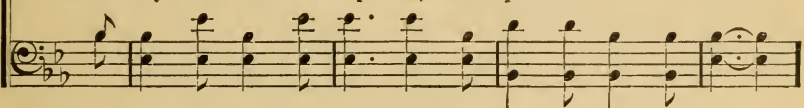
Whom Je - sus has died to ran - som; Their full re - demption paid!
 Then answer the summons glad - ly, Thy ser - vice he'll re - pay.
 'Twill bring thee a hallowed pleas - ure To all e - ter - ni - ty!
 To one who is faint and wea - ry, It shall not be in vain.
 But low - li - est deeds of kind - ness Will gem thy glo - ry crown!



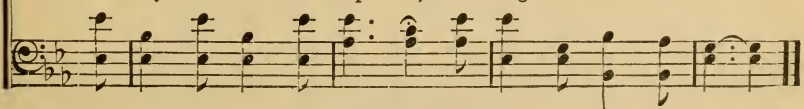
CHORUS.



Then why not be a help - er, Some precious soul to win?



Then why not be a help - er, To bring the lost ones in?



No. 180. HAPPY IN THE LOVE OF JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Home to Zi - on we are bound, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus,
 2. Trust - ing we will for - ward go, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus,
 3. We will sing sal - va - tion's song, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus,
 4. Soon we'll reach the home - land fair, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus,

Peace a - bid - ing we have found, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.
 Tread - ing change - ful paths be - low, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.
 All our earth - ly way a - long, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.
 And shall dwell for - ev - er there, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Hap - py, hap - py, Sing - ing all the way, Hap - py all the day;

Hap - py, hap - py, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.

No. 181. WITH THE BLOOD-BOUGHT I'LL BE THERE.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Marching, marching, Jesus leading onward To the land that knows no sin;
 2. Marching, marching, joyfully each moment, Praising Christ by day or night;
 3. Marching, marching, on the way to glo-ry, To a cit - y built on high;

Where the an - gels fill the air with singing While the saved march in.
 Praising him who guides my footsteps ev - er To the land of light.
 In his pres - ence, where there is no sad - ness, I'll rest by and by.

CHORUS.

When the Mas - ter shall assemble his loved and own; When the ran -
When the Mas-ter When the

somed gather around the crystal throne; When the saved meet, freely to
ransomed When the saved meet to

know as they are known; With the blood-bought company, I'll be there.
I'll be there.

W. C. AGAR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My life is full of sunshine, my heart o'erflows with song, Since Jesus seal'd my
 2. No more I'll walk in darkness, for Jesus gives me light, The sky is bright a -
 3. Ho, ev'ry one that thirsteth, come ev'ry one who will, The fountain that he

pardon, I'm hap - py all day long : I heard his "who - so - ev - er," may
 bove me, to me there is no night : I can - not help but love him, he
 o - pen'd, is flow - ing free - ly still : For he who calls on Je - sus, shall

to the fountain go, My sins that were as scarlet, were made as white as snow.
 did so much for me, He left his home in glo - ry, to die on Cal - va - ry.
 nev - er call in vain, Come to the liv - ing wa - ters and never thirst again.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - jah, Hal - le - lu - - jah, He has
 Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

open'd wide the fountain, Praise his name, praise his name, Hallelu - jah, Hal - le -
 Hal - le - lu - jah,

THE LIVING WATERS. Concluded.

lu - jah, He who drinks this living water he'er shall thirst a - gain.
Hal - le - lu - jah,

No. 183. MINE EYES SHALL BEHOLD HIM.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I know not the hour of his com-ing, Nor how he will speak to my heart;
2. I know not the bliss that awaits me, At rest with my Saviour a - bove;
3. Per - haps in the midst of my la - bor, A voice from the Lord I shall hear;
4. I know not, but oh, I am watching, My lamp ever burning and bright;

Or wheth - er at morning or mid-day, My spir - it to him will de-part.
I know not how soon I shall en-ter, And bathe in the o - cean of love.
Per - haps in the slumber of midnight, Its mes - sage may fall on my ear.
I know not if Je - sus will call me At morn - ing, at noon, or at night.

CHORUS.

But I know I shall wake in the likeness Of him I am longing to see;
I know of him

I know that mine eyes shall behold him, And that is enough for me.
I know is enough

1. Close, close to thee! In childhood's fleeting moments; Close to thy side in
 2. Close, close to thee! There e- vil cannot harm me; Close to thy side O
 3. Close, close to thee! Thy hand shall ever guide me; Thee will I trust, e'en
 4. Close, close to thee! When shades of ev'ning gather; When thro' the vale no

youth's bright hours I'll be; Thee will I trust, when sorrow overwhelms me,
 may I ev - er be; Tho' dark the night, the morning still shall find me,
 tho' I cannot see; I am content if thou wilt be my guardian;
 gleam of light I see; When morning breaks in that ce - les - tial cit - y,

CHORUS.

If thou but keep me, Saviour, close, close to thee. } Close, close to thee,
 With faith renewed and strengthen'd, still close to thee. }
 I am content, my Saviour, close, close to thee. } Close, close to
 O may it find me, Saviour, close, close to thee. }

close, close to thee; O my blessed Saviour, keep me close to thee; Close, close to
 thee; Close, close to thee; close to thee;

rall. *p*

thee, close, close to thee; O my blessed Saviour, keep me close, close to thee.
 Close, close to thee, close, close to thee, my

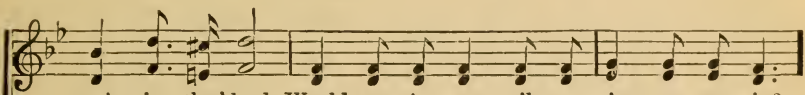
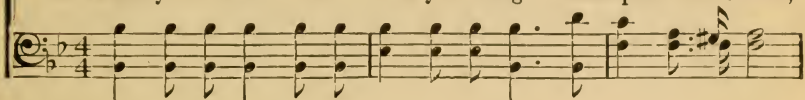
No. 185. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

L. E. J.

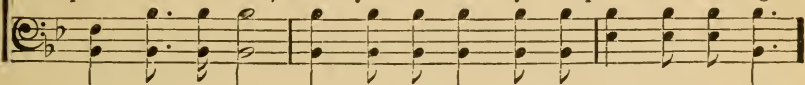
L. E. JONES.



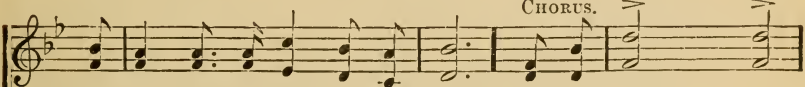
1. Would you be free from your bur- den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit- er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r 'n the blood,
4. Would you do serv- ice for Jesus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,



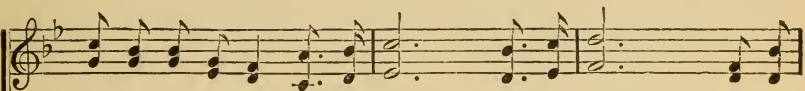
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'cr e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans- ing to Cal - va- ry's tide,
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly his prais - es to sing?



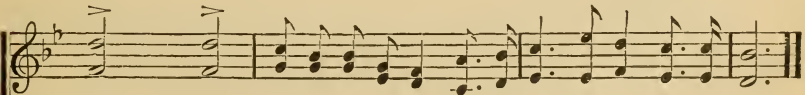
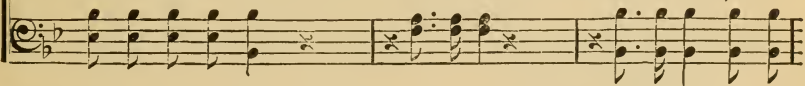
CHORUS.



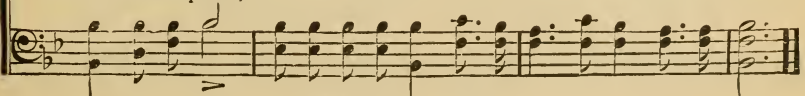
There's won- der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
 There is pow'r,



wonder-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is
 In the blood of the Lamb;



pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
 There is pow'r,



Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS.
Martial style.

M. PAULINE GILMOUR.

1. Vol - unteers are want - ed! hear the stir - ring call, O be swift to
 2. Vol - unteers are want - ed! val - iant men and true, In the ranks, my
 3. Vol - unteers are want - ed! for on land and sea Satan's starving
 4. Vol - unteers are want - ed! on the bat - tle - plain Soldiers brave are
 5. Vol - unteers are want - ed! let the ranks be filled, Soon the din of

an - swer, comrades, one and all; Gird - ing on your ar - mor,
 broth - er, there is room for you; Christ is the Command - er,
 bond - men clam - or to be free; Hast - en to their res - cue,
 fall - ing, ne'er to fight a - gain; Who will take their plac - es
 bat - tle will in peace be stilled; See! the clouds are lift - ing,

haste to march a - way, For the Lord is calling, "to the front to - day!"
 let us all o - bey, When he gives the or - der, "to the front to - day!"
 if you still delay Blood - bought souls must perish, to the front to - day!
 in the dead - ly fray? Who will march with Jesus to the front to - day?
 soon they'll clear away, Glo - ry gilds the heights along the front to - day.

CHORUS.

A - way to the bat - tle - field, a - way, a - way! The King calls for
 A - way, a - way to the bat - tle - field, a - way,

sol - diers in his ranks to - day; Hear the bu - gle call - ing,
 sol - diers in his ranks to - day;

in - to line be fall - ing, Forth to the bat - tle field, a - way, a - way!

No. 187. WHEN THE CURTAINS ARE LIFTED.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When the cur-tains are lift-ed, Oh, what shall I see? Will my Lord with His
 2. Will the heav-en-ly cit-y burst full on my sight; And the throne of His
 3. Now the fu-ture is hid-den, I see but a pace, Yet it may be I'm
 4. When His glo-ri-fied presence Shall gladden mine eyes, I'll be changed and be

an-gels Be wait-ing for me? Will He wel-come my com-ing, And
 glo-ry, That giv-eth it light; Will the feet torn and wea-ry Reach
 near-ing The end of the race; It will mat-ter but lit-tle What
 like Him, And with Him a-rise; And the hands hard with la-bor A

crown me His own, With the saints of all a-ges, That cir-cle His throne?
 pavements of gold, And the eyes red with weeping The Sav-iour be-hold?
 chang-es may come, If my Lord with His an-gels Shall welcome me home.
 vic-tor's palm raise; And the lips tuned to sor-row Sing anthems of praise.

CHORUS.

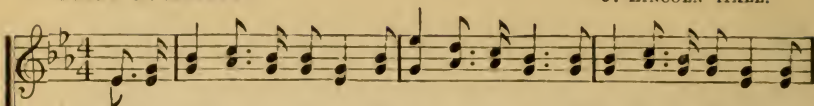
(1,2,3.) When the cur-tains are lift-ed, Oh, what shall I see? Will my
 (4.) When the cur-tains are lift-ed, Oh, this shall I see, That my

Lord and His an-gels be wait-ing for me, Be wait - - - ing, be
 Lord and His an-gels are wait-ing for me, Are wait - - - ing, are
 Be waiting for me? be
 Are waiting for me? are

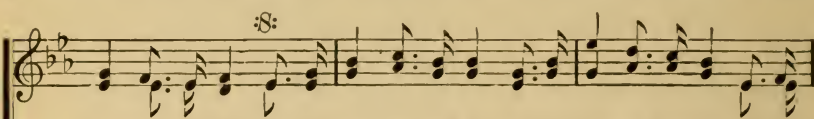
ad lib.
 wait - - - ing, Will my Lord and His an-gels be wait-ing for me?
 wait - - - ing, That my Lord and His an-gels are wait-ing for me!
 wait-ing for me?

FRANK H. MASHAW.

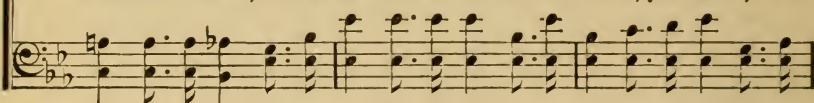
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. I was poor as the poorest outcast from the fold, I sank by the wayside with
2. I was poor as the poorest, I shrank from the throng, I hid in the darkness that
3. I was poor as the poorest, I wandered alone, No dwelling had I, and my
4. I was poor as the poorest, he came from the sky With love that was deathless for
5. I was poor as the poorest till Jesus stooped low And washed all my sins of the



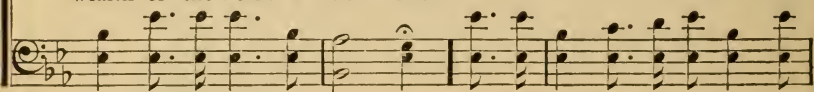
hunger and cold; But he bade me look up, all his riches behold; O the dwelt with me long; But he came like the morning with sunlight and song, Now the pillow a stone; But I heard someone whisper, "My child, still my own;" Now the sinners to die; And he bled on the cross, and my heart said, "'Tis I;" Now the whiteness of snow; And so that is the reason I love him, you know; O the



D. S.—And a mansion above that will never grow old, For the

Fine. CHORUS.

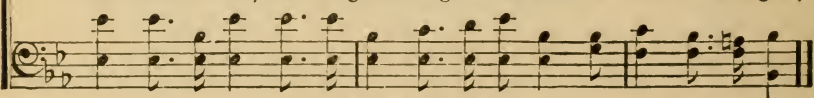
wealth of the world is	Je - sus.	} I was poor as the poorest out-
light of my life is	Je - sus.	
peace of my heart is	Je - sus.	
love in my soul is	Je - sus.	
wealth of the world is	Je - sus.	



wealth of the world is Je - sus.



D. S.
cast from the fold, But he gave me great treasures of sil - ver and gold,



E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

1. There's an hour which no man knoweth, Nor the an - gels round the throne,
 2. What a bless - ed transform - a - tion, In the twinkling of an eye,
 3. Though our sins have been as scar - let, Let us seek the streams that flow

When the Lord shall come in glo - ry from the sky; All the
 When the mor - tal shall im - mor - tal life put on! Those who
 From the cross that rose on Cal - v'ry's rug - ged height; He is

saints shall rise to meet him, For he call - eth for his own, They shall
 love him shall be like him, When he com - eth from on high, At the
 a - ble still to keep us, And pre - sent us white as snow, When he

CHORUS. *Faster.*

hear the trumpet sounding, by and by,
 noon-tide, at the midnight, or at dawn. } Are you read - y? are you read-y?
 comes a - gain in clouds of dazzling light. }

look - ing for the King? Ready, while you labor, watch and pray? Are you
 while you la - bor, watch and pray,

ready? ready? looking for the King? Ready for the Cor - o - na - tion Day?

No. 190. YOU MAY HAVE THE BLESSING NOW.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Are you wea-ry, heav-y la-den, as you wan-der on in sin?
 2. Are you long-ing that the Lord might work in you the doub-le cure,
 3. Hear the bless-ed Spir-it call-ing, "now is the ac-cept-ed time;"
 4. Ma-n-y mill-ions in all a-ges have to him their guilt confessed,

Come to Je-sus, at his foot-stool hum-bly bow; He will
 Set the seal of per-fect love up-on your brow? He is
 For a more con-ven-ient sea-son wait-est thou? Full sal-
 Just as sin-ful and un-wor-thy they as thou; He be-

speak your sins for-giv-en, he will give you peace with-in, You may
 a-ble, he is will-ing, he will cleanse and make you pure, You may
 va-tion is the pearl of great-est price, O make it thine! You may
 stow'd the kiss of par-don and with full sal-va-tion blessed, You may

CHORUS.

have the blessing now. Hear the message that we bring, hal-le-

lu-jah! You may have the blessing now; O repent and turn to God,
 praise the Lord!

YOU MAY HAVE THE BLESSING NOW.—Concluded.

Yield to him and trust the blood, You may have the blessing now.

No. 191. ON THE AGED AND THE YOUNG.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Arr. by C. AUSTIN MILES

1. O that in me the sa - cred fire Might now be - gin to glow,
 2. O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con - sume!
 3. Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart; Il - lum - in - ate my soul;
 4. My stead - fast soul, from fall - ing free, Shall then no lon - ger move,

Burn up the dross of base de - sire And make the mountains flow!
 Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for thee I call; Spir - it of burn - ing, come!
 Scat - ter thy life thro' ev - 'ry part, And sanc - ti - fy the whole.
 While Christ is all the world to me, And all my heart is love.

CHORUS.

On the a - ged and the young let it fall, Thy prom - ise now ful - fill,

It will guide us on to Truth—let it fall, And sanc - ti - fy the whole.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's One a-bove all earthly friends Whose love all earthly love transcends,
 2. He's mine because he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;
 3. He's mine because he's in my heart, And nev-er, nev-er will we part;
 4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo-ry shall behold,

It is my Lord and Christ divine, My Lord, because I know he's mine.
 With joy I worship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
 Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.
 Then, while his arms around me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

CHORUS.

I know he's mine, this friend so dear, He lives with
 I know he's mine, this friend so dear,

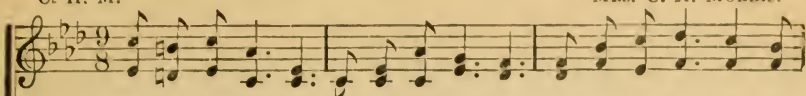
me, he's ev - er near; Ten thousand
 He lives with me, he's ev - er near;

charms . . around him shine, . . And, best of all, I know he's mine.
 Ten thousand charms around him shine,

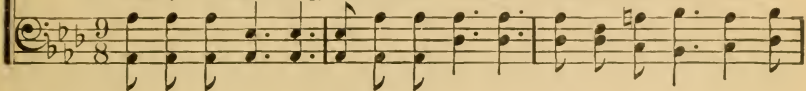
No. 193. HAVE YE RECEIVED THE HOLY GHOST?

C. H. M.

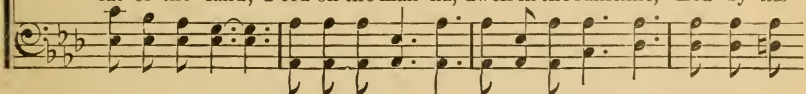
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



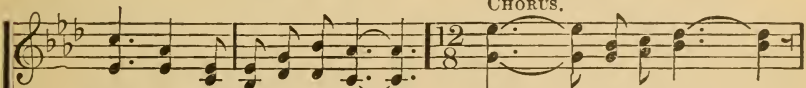
1. Ye are the tem- ples, Je- sus hath spoken, Temples of God's ho - ly
2. He who has pardoned surely will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
3. Showers of mer - cy, ful - ness of blessing, Ev - er the Spir - it's in -
4. Wea - ry of wand'ring, come in - to Canaan, Feast on the ful - ness and



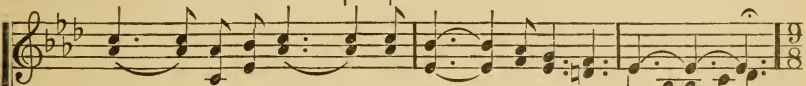
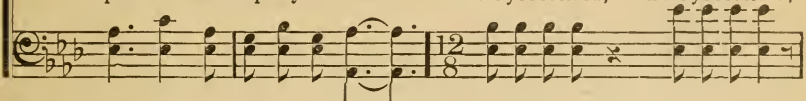
Spir - it di - vine; Have ye received him, bidden him en - ter, Make his a -
nature re - fine; Cleansed from all sin, his Spirit will en - ter, Fill you and
dwelling at - tend; 'Tis this enduement, pow - er of service, Fruits for your
fat of the land; Feed on the man - na, dwell in the sunshine, Led by his



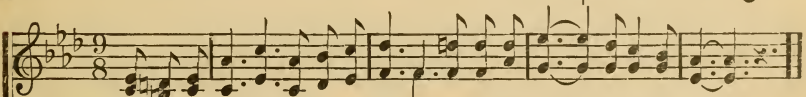
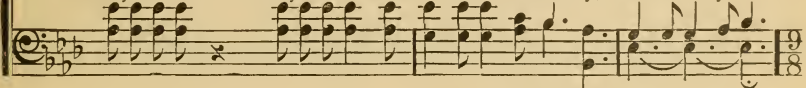
CHORUS.



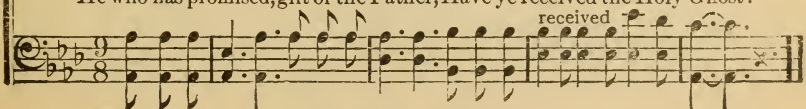
bode in that poor heart of thine? Have..... ye received,.....
thrill you with power di - vine. }
la - bor he surely will send. }
Spir - it and kept by his hand. } Have ye received, have ye received,



since ye be - lieved, The bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost?.....
since ye believed. since ye believed, blessed, blessed Holy, blessed Holy Ghost?



He who has promised, gift of the Father, Have ye received the Holy Ghost?
received



FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. A won-der-ful Saviour is Je-sus my Lord, A won-der-ful Saviour to
 2. A won-der-ful Saviour is Je-sus my Lord, He tak-eth my burden a -
 3. With numberless blessings each moment He crowns, And fill'd with His fullness di-
 4. When clothed in His brightness transported I rise To meet Him in clouds of the

me, He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where riv-ers of
 way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giv-eth me
 vine, I sing in my rap-ture, oh, glo-ry to God For such a Re-
 sky, His per-fect sal-va-tion, His won-der-ful love, I'll shout with the

CHORUS.

pleasure I sec.
 strength as my day. } He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That
 deem-er as mine.
 mill-ions on high.

shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of His

love, And covers me there with His hand, And covers me there with His hand.

E. E. HEWITT

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. There's a word of ten-der beau-ty In the say-ings of our Lord,
 2. Though I'm least of all His children, So un-wor-thy of His love,
 3. O the wounded hands of Je-sus All the springs of life con-trol,

How it stirs the heart to mu-sic, Wak-ing grat-itude's sweet chord;
 Yet, for me, there's kind remembrance In the Fa-ther-heart a-bove;
 Is there an-y ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?

For it tells me that "Our Father," From His throne of roy-al might,
 He will ev-er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way:
 Let me, like the lit-tle sparrow, Trust Him where I can-not see,

Cho.—In my Fa-ther's bless-ed keep-ing I am hap-py, safe, and free;

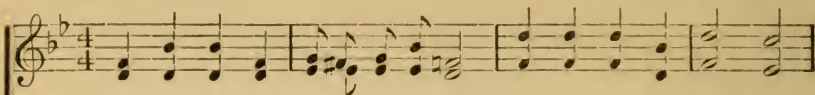
D.S. Chorus.

Bends to note a fall-ing sparrow, For 'tis pre-cious in His sight.
 For my Sav-iour gent-ly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
 In the sun-shine and the shad-ow, Sing-ing "He will care for me."

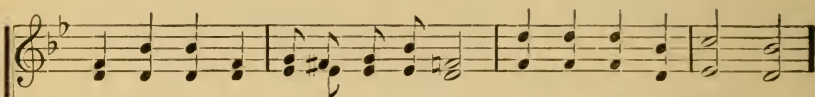
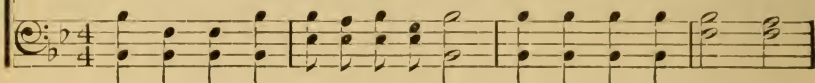
While His eye is on the sparrow I will not for-got-ten be.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

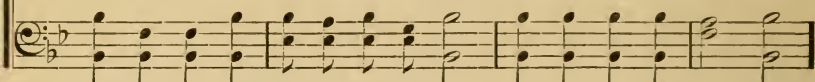
B. FRANK BUTTS.



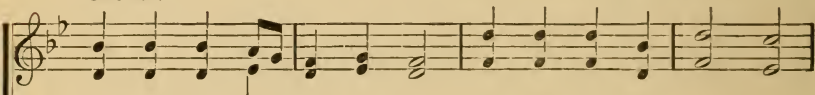
1. For the soul, thro' sin condemned to die, I have found a ran - som,
2. For the soul that's sunken deep in sin I have found a ran - som,
3. For the soul bowed down with weight of woe I have found a ran - som,



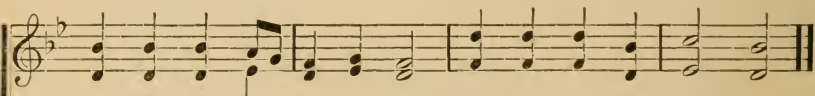
- If that soul in pen - i - tence will cry, I have found a ran - som.
 If that soul but wish to pardon win, I have found a ran - som.
 Poor, lost soul, with nowhere else to go, I have found a ran - som.



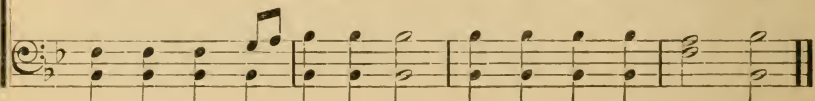
CHORUS.



Je - sus died and paid it all; What a wondrous sto - ry—



Died to ran - som great and small; To his name be glo - ry.



Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

G. H. COOK.

1. Walking in sun-light, all of my jour-ney; O-ver the mountains,
 2. Shadows a-round me, shadows a-bove me, Nev-er con-veal my
 3. In the bright sun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Press-ing my way to

through the deep vale; Je-sus has said I'll nev-er for-sake thee,
 Sav-iour and Guide; He is the light, in him is no dark-ness,
 mansions a - bove; Sing-ing his prais-es, glad-ly I'm walk-ing,

CHORUS.
 Prom-ise di-vine that nev-er can fail. }
 Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to his side. } Heav-en-ly sun-light,
 Walk-ing in sun-light, sun-light of love.

heav-en-ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine: Hal-le-

lu-jah, I am re-joic-ing, Singing his prais-es, Je-sus is mine.

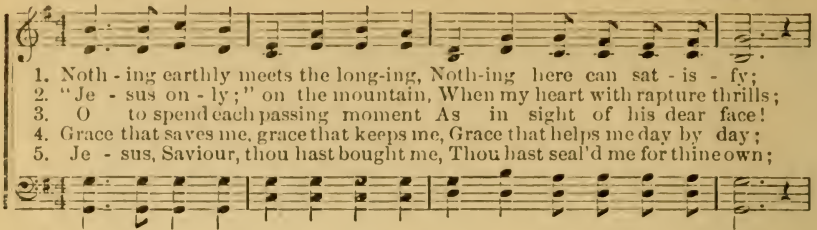
No. 198.

"JESUS ONLY."

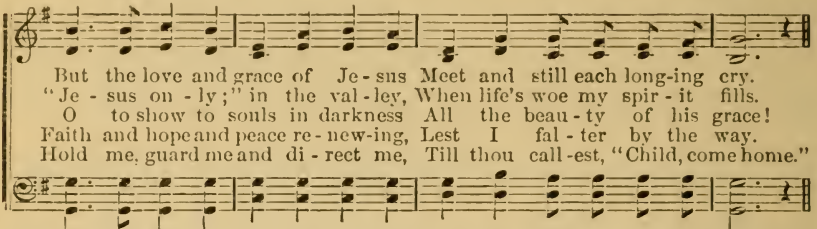
FLORA KIRKLAND.

Matt. 17: 8.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

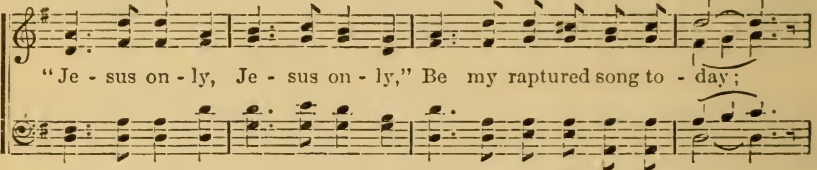


1. Noth - ing earthly meets the long - ing, Noth - ing here can sat - is - fy;
2. "Je - sus on - ly;" on the mountain, When my heart with rapture thrills;
3. O to spend each passing moment As in sight of his dear face!
4. Grace that saves me, grace that keeps me, Grace that helps me day by day;
5. Je - sus, Saviour, thou hast bought me, Thou hast seal'd me for thine own;

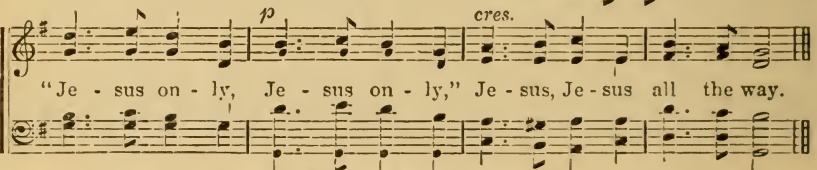


But the love and grace of Je - sus Meet and still each long - ing cry.
 "Je - sus on - ly;" in the val - ley, When life's woe my spir - it fills.
 O to show to souls in darkness All the beau - ty of his grace!
 Faith and hope and peace re - new - ing, Lest I fal - ter by the way.
 Hold me, guard me and di - rect me, Till thou call - est, "Child, come home."

CHORUS.



"Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly," Be my raptured song to - day;



"Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly," Je - sus, Je - sus all the way.

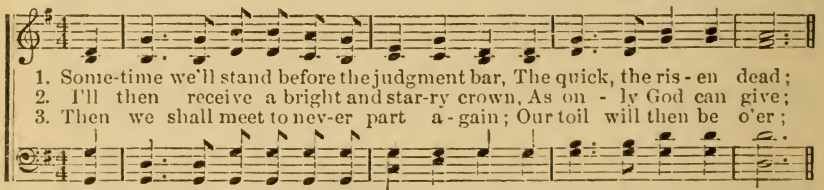
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No. 199.

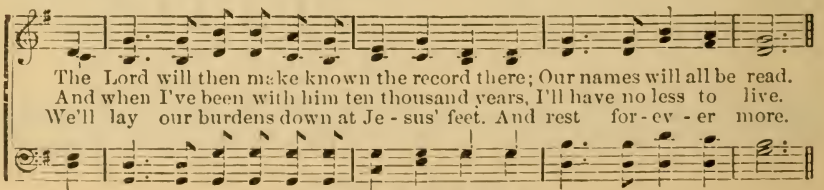
SAVED THROUGH JESUS' BLOOD.

J. W. V.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.



1. Some - time we'll stand before the judgment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead;
2. I'll then receive a bright and star - ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
3. Then we shall meet to nev - er part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er;



The Lord will then make known the record there; Our names will all be read.
 And when I've been with him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
 We'll lay our burdens down at Je - sus' feet. And rest for - ev - er more.

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SAVED THROUGH JESUS' BLOOD.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I'll be present when the roll is called, Pure and spotless thro' the crimson flood ;

I will an-swer when they call my name; Saved thro' Je - sus' blood.

No. 200. LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR HEART.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come into your heart ;
2. If 'tis for pur - i-ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come into your heart ;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je - sus come into your heart ;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je - sus come into your heart ;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come into your heart ;

If you de-sire a new life to be - gin, Let Je - sus come into your heart.
 Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je - sus come into your heart.
 If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je - sus come into your heart.
 Find what a Friend he will be unto you, Let Je - sus come into your heart.
 If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Je - sus come into your heart.

CHORUS.

Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject him no more;
 Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject - ing no more;

Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
 Just now, I o - pen the door And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I was wand'ring in a wil- derness of deep despair and sin, And my
 2. I was followed by the tempter, as he watched me day by day, While I
 3. Af- ter days of joy- ful dreaming came a time of grief and care, When I
 4. So I pave the path be- fore me with the promis- es of God, They have

feet were grow- ing weary of the road ; But my sorrow, doubt and care Fled, when
 sought the shining path my Saviour trod ; But with panoply and shield, And the
 sank beneath the heavy chast'ning rod ; And the heart so torn by grief Found its
 brightened ev'ry step my feet have trod ; And this shining, happy way Brightens

Je- sus met me there, And I learned to trust the promis- es of God.
 Spirit's sword to wield, I have conquered through the promises of God.
 com- fort and re- lief On- ly through the blessed promis- es of God.
 in - to per- fect day, Through the never- fail- ing promis- es of God.

CHORUS.

I be- lieve the prom- is- es of God, I can trust his

nev- er- fail- ing Word : When earth- ly hopes shall fail, Or

THE PROMISES OF GOD.—Concluded.

hosts of sin as-sail, I rest up-on the prom-is-es of God.

No. 202.

IS IT THERE?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the book which thou art keeping, In thy book of life so fair, Tell me,
2. Lighter far the dai-ly tri-als That my weary heart must bear, Lighter
3. Tho' I oft have failed in du-ty, Yet my faith still clings to thee; When thou

CHORUS.
O my Saviour, tell me, Is my name recorded there? } Is it there? Is it
far my toil and labor, If I knew my name was there. } (4 and 5.)
makest up thy jewels, Will my name remembered be? } Yes, 'tis there, Yes, 'tis
Is it there?

there? In thy Book of Life so fair? Tell me, O my Saviour, tell me,
there, In thy Book of Life so fair; I believe, O blessed Saviour,
Is it there? In thy Book Tell me, O my

Is my name recorded there?
That my name is written there.
Is my name

4 Let me hear thy Loving Spirit,
Softly whisper, "All is well;"
That my name in light is shining,
Where I soon with thee shall dwell.

5 When from earth my thoughts are roam-
ing
To the heav'nly mansions fair,
Let me feel the sweet assurance
That my humble name is there.

No. 203.

DEEPER YET.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
 2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more
 3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing him each day; What I ask
 4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

CHORUS.

free from dross Still I would en-ter in.
 of his pow'r Ev-er my pray'r would be.
 he will give, So then with faith I pray. } Deep-er yet, Deep-er yet,
 I'll not cease Till I am pure within.

Into the crimson flood; Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the precious blood.

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No. 204.

I WILL GO.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I cannot stay From the arms of love away; O for strength of
 2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-night I'll
 3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can never heal my woe; I will rise at
 4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' my sins like mountains roll, Jesus' blood will
 5. I o-bey the Saviour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his feet, where

CHORUS.

faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
 try a - gain, Je - sus, help thou me.
 once and go, Je - sus died for me. } Can it be, O can it be
 make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
 oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.

1888. Copyright of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

I WILL GO.—Concluded.

rit.

There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Jesus died for me.

No. 205. MAKE ME A BLESSING TO-DAY.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way;
2. Around me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;
3. To those who once thy love have known, But now are far a - stray;
4. Some saints of thine are in distress, And for deliv'rance pray;
5. Whatev - er errand thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;

Inspire each tho't and prompt each word And make me a blessing to - day.
 Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a blessing to - day.
 Help me to win them back to thee, And make me a blessing to - day.
 O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a blessing to - day.
 Use me in an - y way thou wilt, And make me a blessing to - day.

CHORUS.

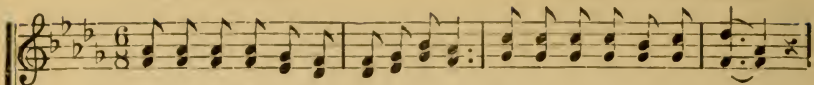
Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll gladly thy message con - vey;

Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to - day.

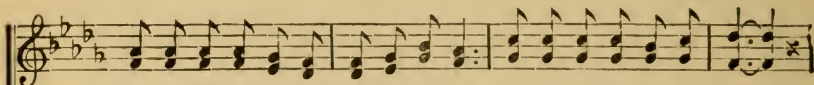
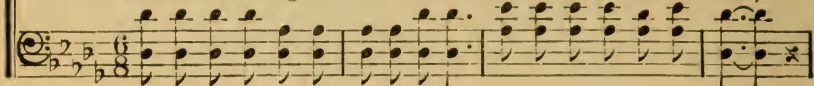
HE IS THE SAVIOUR FOR ME.

E. E. HEWITT.

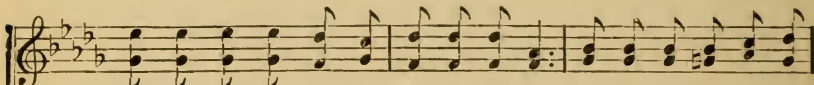
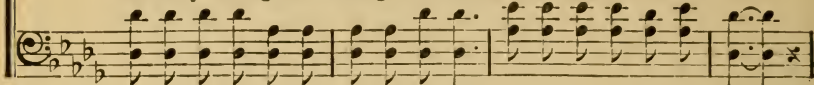
HOWARD E. SMITH.



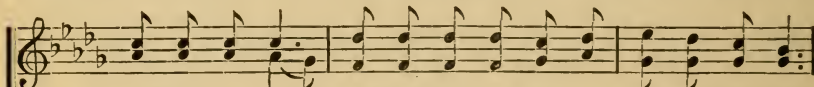
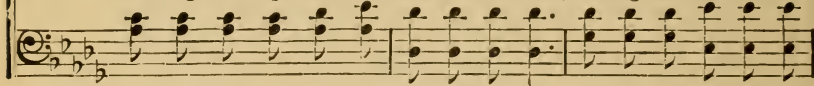
1. One who will freely for-give all my sin, He is the Saviour for me;
2. One who can turn bitter waters to sweet, He is the Saviour for me;
3. One who is lov-ing and tender and true, He is the Saviour for me;



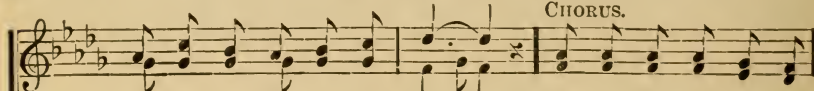
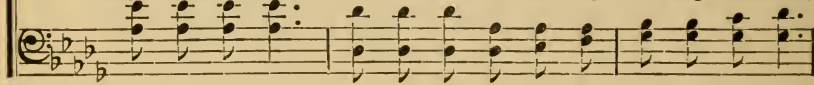
Bring-ing His pre-cious sal-vation with-in, He is the Saviour for me.
 Peace, "perfect peace," as I wait at His feet, He is the Saviour for me.
 Able my cour-age and strength to re-new, He is the Saviour for me.



Spread-ing His mer-cy, like sun-shine, a-round, Won-der-ful grace that will
 Clean-sing me, keep-ing me, day af-ter day, Help-ing me walk in His
 Lift-ing me up as His cross I shall bear, Call-ing me ev-er to



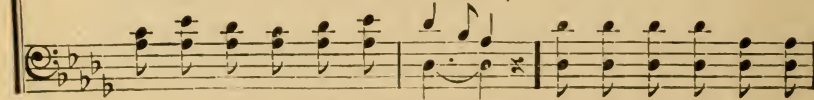
"much more a - bound;" Just such a Sav-iour in Je - sus I've found,
 roy - al high - way, Hear-ing and ans'ring as hum-bly I pray,
 heights pure and fair, In His great har-vest-ing, let-ting me share,



CHORUS.

He is the Sav-iour for me.	}	He is the Sav-iour for
He is the Sav-iour for me.		
He is the Sav-iour for		

for me;



HE IS THE SAVIOUR FOR ME.—Concluded.

me; Glo - ry to him ev - er be; Just such a
for me;

Saviour in Je - sus I've found, He is the Saviour for me.
for me.

Detailed description: This is a two-staff musical score in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

No. 207.

HE ROLLED THE SEA AWAY.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. When Is - rael out of bond - age came, A sea be - fore them lay;
2. Be - fore me was a sea of sin, So great I feared to pray;
3. When sor - rows dark, like storm - y waves, Were dashing o'er my way;
4. And when I reach the sea of death, For need - ed grace I'll pray;

The Lord reached down his mighty hand, And rolled the sea a - way.
My heart's de - sire the Sav - our read, And rolled the sea a - way.
A - gain the Lord in mer - cy came, And rolled the sea a - way.
I know the Lord will quick - ly come, And roll the sea a - way.

CHORUS.

Then forward still, 'tis Je - hovah's will, Tho' the bil - lows dash and spray;

With a conquering tread we will push a - head, He'll roll the sea a - way.

Detailed description: This is a two-staff musical score in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The score includes four numbered verses of lyrics, a chorus, and a final line of lyrics. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

No. 208.

SAVED TO THE UTTERMOST.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Saved to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my
 2. Saved to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keep - ing me
 3. Saved to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was
 4. Saved to the ut - ter-most: cheer - ful - ly sing Loud hal - le -

Sav - our, sal - va - tion af - fords; Gives me His Spir - it a
 safe - ly, He cast - eth out fear; Trust - ing His prom - is - es,
 dark - ness, but now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of
 lu - las to Je - sus, my King! Ran - somed and par - doned, re -

wit - ness with - in, Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin.
 how I am blest; Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest.
 glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright - ness re - vealed un - to me.
 deemed by His blood, Cleans'd from un - right - eous - ness, glo - ry to God.

REFRAIN.

Saved, saved, saved to the ut - termost: Saved, saved, by pow - er di - vine:

Saved, saved, saved to the ut - termost: Je - sus, the Sav - our, is mine.

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No. 209.

THE COMFORTER HAS COME!

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, spread the ti - dings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher -
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
 4. O bound - less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And

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THE COMFORTER HAS COME!—Concluded.

ev - er hu-man hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let e - 'ry Christian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - er
ev - ry cap - tive soul a full do - liv'rance brings; And thro' the va - cant
wond'ring mor - tals tell the matchless grace di - vine - That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less

D.S.—Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa - ther's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tid - ings

tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - vanc - es fast! Tho Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri - umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

D.S.

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

No. 210. FOLLOW ALL THE WAY.

GEO. W. COLLINS.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I have heard my Sav - iour call - ing, I have heard my Sav - iour call - ing,
2. Tho' He leads me thro' the val - ley, Tho' He leads me thro' the val - ley,
3. Tho' He leads me thro' the gar - den, Tho' He leads me thro' the gar - den,

CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

D.C. for Chorus.

I have heard my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low me."
Tho' He leads me thro' the val - ley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

4 |: Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :|
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

5 |: Tho' He leads me to the conflict, :|
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 |: Tho' He leads through fiery trials, :|
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

7 |: I will follow on to know Him :|
He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.

8 |: He will give me grace and glory, :|
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

9 |: O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus :|
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

WINNING ITS WAY.

"The light shineth in darkness."—John 1 : 5.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Dedicated to the Rev. Wallace MacMullen.

1. O let us rejoice in the work of the Lord, The service of Jesus bring
 2. The mountains are kindling, and soon the bright glow Will carry the joy to the
 3. The darkness may linger, the night may seem long, But Christ shall be Victor, right
 4. The moon as the glittering sunlight will shine, The sun seven-fold in his

blessed reward; The shadows shall flee from love's conquering day, The light of the
 valleys below; The King presseth onward, his wheels will not stay, The light of the
 triumph o'er wrong; We'll tell the glad story, his bidding obey, The light of the
 glory divine; The sky's growing radiant with hope's blushing ray, The light of the

CHORUS.

gospel is winning its way. Winning its way, winning its way,

Glo - ri - ous dawn of a bet - ter day; Winning its way,

winning its way, The light of the gos - pel is winning its way.

No. 212.

JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God I come, I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God I come, I come!
 Fightings and fears within, without, O Lamb of God I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 213.

I'LL BE THERE.

ISAAC WATTS.

Adapted by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; }
 { In - fl - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain. }
 2. { There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with - ring flow'rs; }
 { Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'nly land from ours. }

CHORUS.

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there,
 I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there,
 I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,

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3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
 Should fright us from the shore. flood

No. 214.

CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 3. O that, with yon-der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 215.

O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise!
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad,
 The honors of Thy Name.

- 3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the pris'n'ner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood avail'd for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 216.

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

J. BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an-noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming, Light and love up-on my way,
 4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - dianc - e streaming, Adds more lus - ter to the day.
 Peace is there, that knows no meas - ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

No. 217.

DENNIS. S. M.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

H. G. NÄGELI.

1. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare;
 2. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate soul - thirst for Thee;
 3. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make thy peo - ple hear.
 And hung'ring for the Bread of Life, O may our spir - its be!
 And by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in-flame.

No. 218. BLEST BE THE TIE. S. M.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares,
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT.

No. 219. A CHARGE TO KEEP. S. M.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill,
 O may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live;
 And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

CHAS. WESLEY.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

No. 220. And Can I Yet Delay. S. M.

- 1 And can I yet delay
 My little all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth away
 For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
 I can hold out no more:
 I sink, by dying love compelled,
 And own Thee conqueror!
- 3 Though late, I all forsake;
 My friends, my all resign:
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever Thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove:
 Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
 With all thy weight of love.

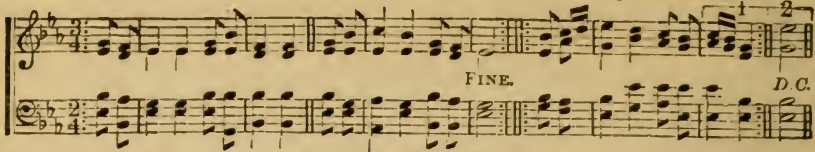
CHAS. WESLEY.

No. 221. Evils of Intemperance. S. M.

- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
 The youthful and the strong;
 Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
 And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
 Eternal life and light
 Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
 And turned to hopeless night.
- 3 Mourn for the lost;—but call,
 Call to the strong, the free;
 Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
 And to the refuge flee.
- 4 Mourn for the lost;—but pray,
 Pray to our God above,
 To break the fell destroyer's sway,
 And show His saving love.

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH



No. 222. COME THOU FOUNT.

- 1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of Thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by Thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood!
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee!
Prono to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prono to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for Thy courts above.

R. ROBINSON.

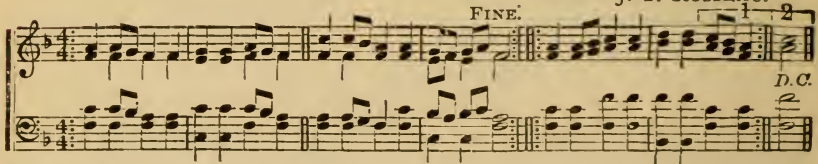
No. 223. JESUS, I MY CROSS.

- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!
- 2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.
- 3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HENRY F. LYTE.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. T. ROSSEAU.



No. 224. COME, YE SINNERS.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,

You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

JOSEPH HART.

No. 225. THE PILGRIM'S GUIDE.

- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, now, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

No. 226.

DUKE ST. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

JOHN HATTON.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word;

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung Thro' ev' - ry land, by ev' - ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore Till suns shall rise and set no more.

No. 227. Jesus Shall Reign. L. M.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at His feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word.
- 3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 228. Glorying in the Cross. L. M.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

No. 229. LORD, I AM THINE. L. M.

- 1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine would I be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.
- 3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.
- 4 Do Thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

No. 230. Not Ashamed of Jesus. L. M.

- 2 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

CHARLES WESLEY.

THOMAS A. ARNE.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
 2. A heart resigned, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne,
 3. O for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean,
 4. A heart in ev-'ry thought renewed, And full of love di-vine;

A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!
 Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.
 Which nei-ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in!
 Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good—A cop-y, Lord, of Thine.

No. 232. O FOR A FAITH. C. M.

- O for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe!
- That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God;
- A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt;
- Lord, give us such a faith as this;
 And then, what'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

No. 233. AM I A SOLDIER. C. M.

- Am I a soldier of the cross,
 A foll'wer of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name?
- Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?
- Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- Sure I must fight if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord:
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.

No. 234. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

- Forever here my rest shall be,
 Close to Thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died.
- My dying Saviour and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.
- Wash me, and make me thus Thy own;
 Wash me, and mine Thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
 My hands, my head, my heart.
- Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 235. The Dearest Name. C. M.

- How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.
- Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.
- Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

No. 236. Jesus, Thine All. Key A.

- 1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.
- 2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!
- 3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!
- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

No. 237. Blessed The Name. Key A.

- 1 All praise to him who reigns above,
In majesty supreme,
Who gave his Son for man to die,
That he might man redeem.
- CHO.—||: Blessed be the name, :||
Blessed be the name of the Lord;
||: Blessed be the name, :||
Blessed be the name of the Lord.
- 2 His name above all names shall stand,
Exalted more and more,
At God the Father's own right hand,
Where angel hosts adore.
 - 3 Redeemer, Saviour, Friend of man
Once ruined by the fall,
Thou hast devised salvation's plan,
For thou has died for all.
 - 4 His name shall be the Counselor,
The mighty Prince of Peace,
Of all earth's kingdoms conqueror,
Whose reign shall never cease.

W. H. CLARK.

No. 238. Marching to Zion. Key G.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
 - 3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

No. 239. The Morning Light. Key B \flat .

- 1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

- 3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

SAMUEL F. SMITH

No. 240. At the Cross. Key E.

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHO.—At the cross, at the cross,
Where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith
I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

- 2D CHO.—Help me, dear Saviour, thee to
And ever faithful be; [own,
And when thou sittest on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 241. Arise, My Soul. Key B \flat .

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears.
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

No. 242. Behold a Stranger. Key Ab.

1 Behold a stranger at the door,
He gently knocks—has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

CHO.—O let the dear Saviour come in,
He'll cleanse your heart from sin;
O keep him no more out at the door,
But let the dear Saviour come in.

2 O lovely attitude,—he stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness, and he shows,
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will,—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners? Yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

No. 243. Love Divine. Key Bb.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling!
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be.
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

CHAS. WESLEY.

No. 244. Jesus, Lover of my Soul. Key F.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. WESLEY.

No. 245. Stepping in the Light. Key Db.

1 Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour,
Trying to follow our Saviour and King;
Shaping our lives by his blessed example,
Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring.

CHO.—How beautiful to walk in the steps
of the Saviour,
:] Stepping in the light,]
How beautiful to walk in the steps
of the Saviour,
Led in paths of light.

2 Pressing more closely to him who is lead-
ing, [way;
When we are tempted to turn from the
Trusting the arm that is strong to defend
us, [day.

Happy, how happy, our praises each
3 Walking in footsteps of gentle forbear-
ance, [love,
Footsteps of faithfulness, mercy, and
Looking to him for the grace freely
promised,
Happy, how happy, our journey above.

1 Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour,
Upward, still upward we'll follow our
Guide, [his beauty,"
When we shall see him, "the King in
Happy, how happy, our place at his
side, E. E. HEWITT.

No. 246. My Jesus, I Love Thee. Key F.

1 My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art
mine,
For thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art
thou,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2 I love thee because thou have first loved
me, [tree;
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy
brow;

If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now,
3 I will love thee in life, I will love thee in
death, [me breath;
And praise thee as long as thou ledest
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on
my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my
brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 247. My Body, Soul and Spirit. Key E.

1 My body, soul and spirit,
Jesus, I give to thee,
A consecrated offering,
Thine evermore to be.

CHORUS.

My all is on the altar,
I'm waiting for the fire;
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
I'm waiting for the fire.

2 O Jesus mighty Saviour,
I trust in thy great name,
I look for thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.

3 O, let the fire descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.

4 I'm thine, O blessed Jesus,
Wash'd in thy precious blood,
Now seal me by thy Spirit,
A sacrifice to God.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

No. 248. Whiter than Snow. Key A.

1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne
in the skies, [flee;
And help me to make a complete sacri-
I give up myself, and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait,
Come, now, and within me a new heart create; [never said'st No—
To those who have sought thee, thou
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

No. 249. Step Out. Key A♭.

1 O mourner in Zion, how blessed art thou,
For Jesus is waiting to comfort thee now,
Fear not to rely on the word of thy God;
Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

2 O ye that are hungry and thirsty, rejoice!
For ye shall be filled: do you hear that sweet voice
Inviting you now to the banquet of God?
Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

3 Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free?
O poor, troubled soul! there's a promise for thee, [God:
There's rest, weary one, in the bosom of
Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

4 The promise don't save, tho' the promise is true;
[us thro',
'Tis the blood we get under that cleanseth
It cleanses me now, hallelujah to God,
I rest on the promise,—I'm under the blood.

MAGGIE POTTER.

No. 250. Bringing in the Sheaves. Key C.

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, [eves,
Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, [the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

CHO.—[Bringing in the sheaves,;]
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, [chilling breeze;
Fearing neither clouds, nor winter's
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended, [sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master, [grieves;
Tho' the loss sustained our spirit often
When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome, [sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the

KNOWLES SHAW.

No. 251. Take my Life. Key D.

1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

CHORUS.

Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood,
Cleanse me in its purifying flood;
Lord, I give to thee my life and all, to be
Thine, henceforth, eternally.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee;
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

4 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart—it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.

5 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

No. 252. Stand Up. Key B♭.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day;
Ye that are men, now serve him,
Against unnumbered foes:
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

No. 253. Pass Me Not. Key A♭.

1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHORUS.

Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heav'n but thee?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

No. 254. Power in Jesus' Blood. Key G.

- 1 My happy soul rejoices,
The sky is bright above ;
I'll join the heavenly voices,
And sing redeeming love.
- CHO.—For there's power in Jesus' blood,
Power in Jesus' blood ;
There's power in Jesus' blood
To wash me white as snow.
- 2 I heard the blessed story
Of him who died to save ;
The love of Christ swept o'er me,
My all to him I gave.
- 3 His gracious words of pardon
Were music to my heart ;
He took away my burden,
And bade my fears depart.
- 4 I plunge beneath this fountain,
That cleanseth white as snow ;
It pours from Calvary's mountain,
With blessings in its flow.
- 5 O crown him King forever !
My Saviour and my friend
By Zion's crystal river
His praise shall never end.

No. 255. We have an Anchor. Key F.

- 1 Will your anchor hold in the storms of
life, [strife]
When the clouds unfold their wings of
When the strong tides lift, and the cables
strain,
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain ?
- REF.—We have an anchor that keeps the
soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's
love.
- 2 It is safely moored, 'twill the storm
withstand, [hand]
For 'tis well secured by the Saviour's
And the cables, passed from his heart to
mine, [divine].
Can defy the blast, through strength
- 3 When our eyes behold through the gather-
ing night
The city of gold, our harbor bright,
We shall anchor fast by the heavenly
shore,
With the storms all past forevermore.

No. 256. Are you Washed ? Key Ab.

- 1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing
power ? [Lamb ?
Are you washed in the blood of the
Are you fully trusting in his grace this
hour ? [Lamb ?
Are you washed in the blood of the
- CHO.—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the
Lamb ?
Are your garments spotless ? Are they
white as snow ? [Lamb ?
Are you washed in the blood of the
- 2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's
side ? [Lamb ?
Are you washed in the blood of the
Do you rest each moment in the cruci-
fied ? [Lamb ?
Are you washed in the blood of the
- 3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your
robes be white, [Lamb ?
Pure and white in the blood of the
Will your soul be ready for the mansions
bright ? [Lamb ?
Are you washed in the blood of the

No. 257. There's a Wideness. Key C.

- 1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.
- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good ;
There is mercy with the Saviour ;
There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

W. FABER.

No. 258. Happy Day. Key G.

- I O happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

- Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus wash'd my sins away !
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day,
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.
- 2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and he is mine ;
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

P. DODDRIDGE.

No. 259. Send It Now. Key F.

- 1 Send salvation, Lord, send thy full sal-
vation, Lord,
Send it now, send it now ;
Come in saving grace, sweep these altars,
fill this place,
Send salvation, send it now, send sal-
vation, send it now.
- 2 Send thy pardon, Lord, send thy gracious
pardon, Lord,
Send it now, send it now ;
Lost without thy grace, show thy recon-
ciled face,
Send thy pardon, send it now, send thy
pardon, send it now.
- 3 Send, O send the fire, send the all-refining
fire,
Send it now, send it now ;
O consume our sin, sanctify and make us
clean,
Send the fire, O send it now, send the
fire, O send it now.
- 4 Send, O send the power, send the Pente-
costal power,
Send it now, send it now ;
Blessed Holy Ghost, breathe upon this
waiting host,
Send the power, O send it now, send
the power, O send it now.
- 5 For he comes, he comes, lo, the blessed
Spirit comes,
Fills me now, fills me now ;
Fully saved I am, glory, glory to the
Lamb,
For he comes and fills me now, for he
comes and fills me now.

No. 260. The Haven of Rest. Key Ab.

1 My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea,
So burdened with sin and distress,
Till I heard a sweet voice saying, make
me your choice;
And I entered the "Haven of Rest!"

CHO.—I've anchored my soul in the haven
I'll sail the wide seas no more; [of rest,
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild,
stormy deep,
In Jesus I'm safe evermore.

2 I yielded myself to his tender embrace,
And faith taking hold of the word,
My fetters fell off and I anchored my soul;
The haven of rest is my Lord.

3 The song of my soul, since the Lord
made me whole,
Has been the old story so blest
Of Jesus, who'll save whosoever will have
A home in the "Haven of Rest!"

4 How precious the thought that we all
may recline,
Like John, the beloved and best,
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest
can harm,—
Secure in the "Haven of Rest!"

5 O come to the Saviour, he patiently waits
To save by his power divine;
Come, anchor your soul in the Haven of
And say, "My Beloved is mine." [Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR.

No. 261. Lord, I'm Coming Home. Key Ab.

1 I've wandered far away from God,
Now I'm coming home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod,
Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.

Coming home, coming home,
Never more to roam;
Open wide thine arms of love,
Lord, I'm coming home.

2 I've wasted many precious years,
Now I'm coming home;
I now repent with bitter tears,
Lord, I'm coming home.

3 I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord,
Now I'm coming home;
I'll trust thy love, believe thy word,
Lord, I'm coming home.

4 My soul is sick, my heart is sore,
Now I'm coming home;
My strength renew, my hope restore,
Lord, I'm coming home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

No. 262. Jesus, the Light. Key G.

1 Let my gaze be fixed on thee,
Jesus, the light of the world;
As I look, new beauties see,
Jesus, the light of the world.

CHORUS.

Walk in the light, beautiful light,
Come where the dew-drops of mercy
are bright,
Falling around us by day and by
night,

Jesus, the light of the world.

2 Let my hands be strong for thee,
Jesus, the light of the world;
And my feet be swift and free,
Jesus, the light of the world.

3 When the tempter would alarm,
Jesus, the light of the world;
Bare, O bare thy mighty arm,
Jesus, the light of the world.

4 Walk the waves, across life's sea,
Jesus, the light of the world;
Nearer come, O Lord, to me,
Jesus, the light of the world.

5 Be a shelter in the storm,
Jesus, the light of the world;
Keep, oh, keep thy child from harm,
Jesus, the light of the world.

H. L. GILMOUR.

No. 263. Come, Thou Almighty King. Key G.

1 Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Come, thou incarnate word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our pray'r attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence—evermore!
His sov'reign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

C. WESLEY.

No. 264. Revive Us Again. Key G.

1 We praise thee O God! for the Son of thy
love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone a-
bove.

CHO.—Hallelujah! thine the glory,
Hallelujah! A-men,
Hallelujah! thine the glory,
Revive us again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy spirit of
light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scat-
tered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that
was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has
cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all
grace
Who has bought us, and sought us, and
guided our way.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy
love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire
from above.

WM. P. MACKAY.

No. 265. The Saviour is Calling. Key F.

With outstretched hands and pleading
tone,

The Saviour is calling for thee;
From Calvary's cross, from yonder throne,
The Saviour is calling for thee.

CHORUS.

Calling, calling,
The Saviour is calling for thee;
Calling calling,
The Saviour is calling for thee;

- 2 From sin's defilement, sin's control,
The Saviour is calling for thee;
O yield to him thy blood-bought soul,
The Saviour is calling for thee.
- 3 By countless mercies, day by day,
The Saviour is calling for thee;
By trials sent along the way,
The Saviour is calling for thee.
- 4 He bids thee to a feast of love,
The Saviour is calling for thee;
To shining mansions built above,
The Saviour is calling for thee.
- 5 Then turn this moment, look and live!
The Saviour is calling for thee;
Full, everlasting life he'll give,
The Saviour is calling for thee.

E. E. HEWITT.

No. 266. My Faith Looks Up. Key E \flat .

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine!
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

RAY PALMER.

No. 267. Solid Rock. Key G.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
- CHO.**—On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
[; All other ground is sinking sand.;
- 2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.
 - 3 His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay,

E. MOLE.

No. 268. Work. Key F.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter;
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor—
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

SIDNEY DYER.

No. 269. I am Coming to the Cross. Key G.

- 1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.
- CHO.**—I am trusting, Lord, in thee;
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at the cross I bow;
Jesus saves me—saves me now.
- 2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me;
"I will cleanse you from all sin."
 - 3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body, thine to be—
Wholly thine for evermore.
 - 4 In the promises I trust,
In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.
 - 5 Jesus comes, he fills my soul,
Perfected in love I am,
I am every whit made whole,
Glory, glory to the lamb!

WM. McDONALD.

No. 270. O how Happy are They. Key E.

- 1 O how happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 3 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
"He hath loved me," I cried,
"He hath suffered and died."
To redeem even rebels like me."

C. WESLEY.

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